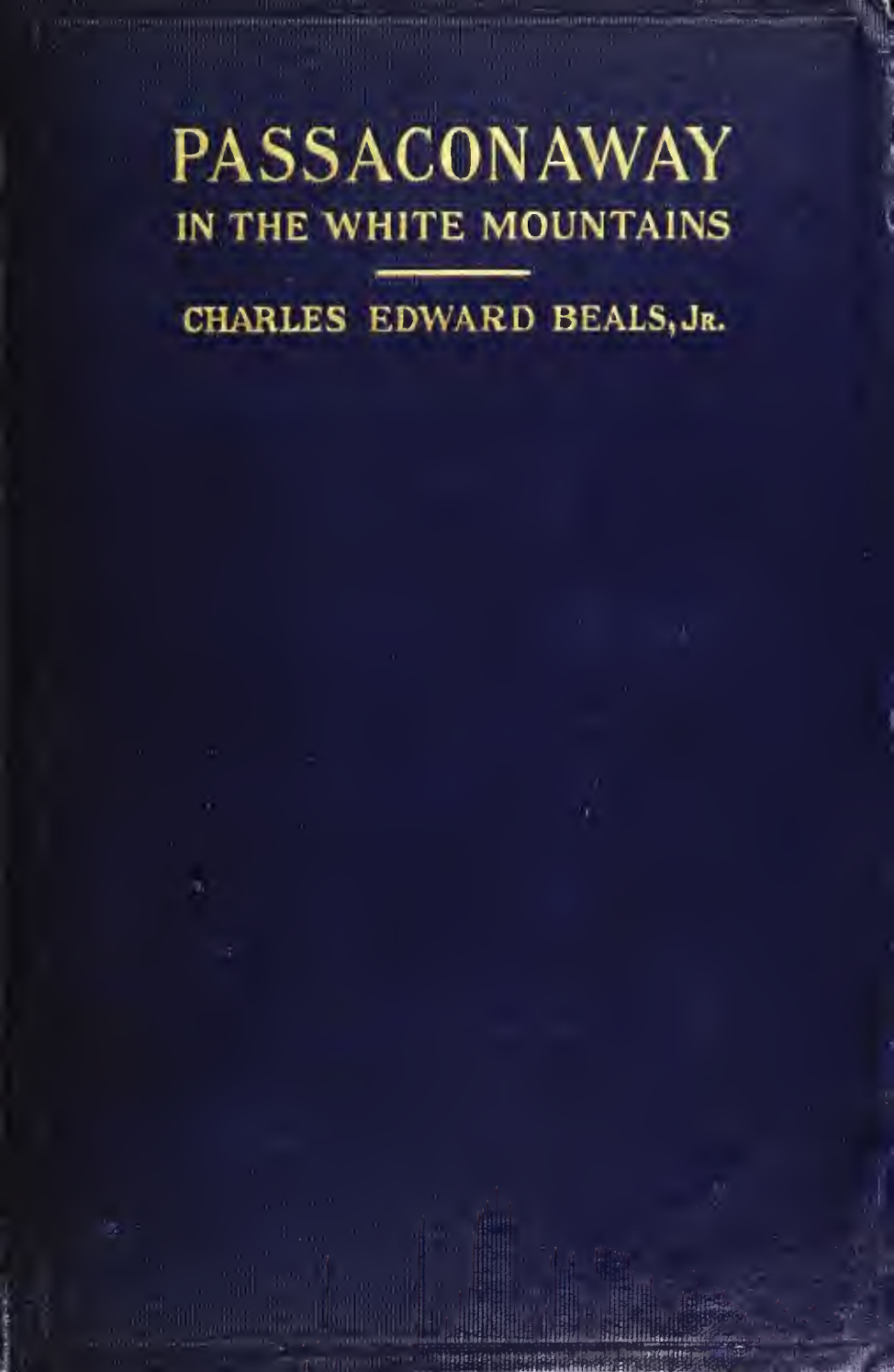


PASSACONAWAY
IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

CHARLES EDWARD BEALS, JR.



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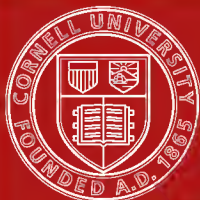
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Photo by J. T. Porcell

PASSACONAWAY INTERVALE
(Mount Passaconaway in the Background)

PASSACONAWAY

IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

BY
CHARLES EDWARD BEALS, JR.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



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Grateful acknowledgment is made to Houghton Mifflin Company for generous permission to quote from Frank Bolles's poem, "Two Sentinels," published in his "Chocorua's Tenants"; and for the use of Lucy Larcom's poem, "Clouds on Whiteface," re-published in Musgrove's "The White Hills in Poetry"; also to Mr. Stephen Henry Thayer for permission to reproduce his charming sonnet, "Whiteface."

The Gorham Press, Boston, U. S. A.

Printed in the United States of America

INTRODUCTION

THE young man who wrote this book commenced his explorations of Passaconaway-land when four years old, at which mature age he climbed to the "turn of the slide" on Mount Passaconaway. With him it was a case of "love at first sight." He cannot remember when he did not love the White Mountains. And, with each succeeding year, that feeling has deepened. How the world looks from a Beal-loved little mountain nest—"Score-o'-Peaks"—the youngster will tell. If, by his chapters, he shall succeed in imparting to some weary soul a tithe of the pleasure which has been experienced by one family during nearly a score of summers, I shall think that it was indeed a happy inspiration which led me to suggest to the lad that he record the things herein set down.

CHARLES E. BEALS.

"Score-o'-Peaks,"

Passaconaway, N. H.,

The Junior's birthday anniversary, 1916.

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PASSACONAWAY
IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

PASSACONAWAY IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

CHAPTER I

PASSACONAWAY, THE MAN

FROM my summer home in the White Mountains, I can look out upon a skyline of over twenty mountain peaks. Of these, several bear Indian names,—Passaconaway, Wonalancet,¹ Kancamagus, Chocorua and Paugus. I like to lie in the hammock on the porch, gaze upon these mighty peaks and think of the brave chiefs of long ago whose names they bear. For these were not imaginary Indians whose names have come down to us.

The first three named were famous chiefs, the heads of a powerful confederacy of thirteen or more tribes.² This federation, with the exception of the Five Nations of New York, was the most powerful Indian coalition in the East. Passaconaway welded this confederacy together under the leadership of his tribe, the Pennacook.

¹ Wonalancet, though not visible from our cottage, may be seen from certain points in the valley.

² Hubbard: *History of New England*, 30; Osgood: *White Mountains*, 24-5; Merrill: *History of Carroll County, N. H.*, 26.

Shortly before the advent of the Pilgrims, a pestilence swept through New England and did its work so thoroughly that, in many cases, powerful tribes dwindled to mere handfuls of forlorn survivors.³ In such numbers were the dusky inhabitants swept off that there were not enough left to bury the dead.⁴ Nintenths, it has been said, of the New England Indians perished in this plague.⁵ When Sir Richard Hawkins revisited the coast in 1615, the aborigines were struggling against this pestilence. He vividly tells of seeing their unburied skeletons bleaching in deserted wigwam towns.⁶

After such devastation, new tribal relations had to be formed. Then, too, the Mohawk cloud darkened the horizon and, as never before, became a source of constant terror to these scattered and enfeebled Easterners. Our Indians had fought hand to hand with the hated Maguas, and all too well knew their strength and valor.⁷ Now, scattered, decimated, and leaderless, they could see the rising of the Mohawk storm. They must unite and must have a leader! A man of commanding personality, of giant physique, a warrior, a statesman, a leader in every sense of the word,—for such a man did the hour call.⁸

³ Bureau of American Ethnology, Bull. 30, Part II, 225-6, Handbook of American Indians; Granite State Magazine, vol. I, 196.

⁴ Belknap: History of New Hampshire, vol. I, 100.

⁵ Merrill: History of Carroll County, 26.

⁶ Belknap: History of New Hampshire, vol. I, 100.

⁷ Lyford: History of Concord.

⁸ Compare Lyford: History of Concord; Potter, History of Manchester, 48.

At this time the Pennacooks, around Manchester and Concord, were the strongest and most highly developed of the New England Indians, and their tribe was the best organized one.⁹ The man who had put the Pennacooks into the front rank in New England was Passaconaway. He was the red man's hope. To him the tribes looked for leadership. In him all the qualities of a leader of men seemed to be combined. He was a physical and intellectual giant. Under his guidance the Pennacooks secured, by marriage, diplomacy and sometimes by war, an alliance with over a dozen tribes in what is now New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Maine. This alliance, bearing the name Pennacook, included the Pennacooks, Wachusetts, Agawams, Wamesits, Pequawkets, Pawtuckets, Nashuas, Namaoskeags, Coosaukes, Winnepesaukes, Piscataquas, Winnecowetts, Amariscoggins, Newichewannocks, Sacos, Squamscotts, and Saugusaukes.¹⁰ Such a union is proof enough of the prowess and diplomatic finesse of its Bashaba, the mighty Passaconaway of the Pennacooks.

Before beginning the life-story of this head chieftain, who was probably the greatest New England Indian of whom we have any record, let us return to the threatening Mohawk storm. The savage onslaught broke with the fury of a hurricane just before the forming of Passaconaway's confederacy, some years (some

⁹ Lyford: *History of Concord*.

¹⁰ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 48; Flag: *Handbook of American Indians*, Bureau of American Ethnology Bulletin No. 30, Part II, 225-6; Osgood: *White Mountains*, 24.

say twenty) before the landing of the Pilgrims. Nevertheless, we have vivid and reliable accounts regarding it.

The Gibraltar of the Pennacooks was a strongly built fort on the crest of Sugar Ball Hill in what is now Concord, N. H. According to their custom, upon nearing the enemy's country, the Mohawks separated into bands of from less than a dozen to more than twenty men each. These bands, with a definite time and meeting-place clearly agreed upon, would make their way as secretly as possible, from different points as opportunity offered, cruelly murdering and pillaging all in their path.¹¹ This time, the usual plan was being carried out when a small party of New Yorkers fell in with certain Pennacooks and, after a skirmish, the former were put to rout. The alarm spread like wild fire, and, in an incredibly short time, the entire Pennacook tribe either disappeared in the forests or, gathering their corn, flocked to the Concord fort.

The repulse of the Mohawk skirmishers only spurred them on to redoubled efforts. No time was lost in meeting at the fort, but, on seeing it, the invaders realized the uselessness of trying to take it by storm. For a while the two foes eyed each other like two leashed bull dogs. The Pennacooks, well supplied with corn and knowing that they could not match the foe in open battle, were content to await the next move. Not so with their foes, who chafed and fumed at the delay.

Many tricks and ruses of Indian cunning were discussed, for, if the fort was to fall, it must be by strategy.

¹¹ See Lyford: *History of Concord*.

After one or two feints, which failed to draw the Pennacooks out of their stronghold, the Mohawks drew off in disgust. Next morning a lone Mohawk was seen leisurely crossing the plain at the base of the bluff, almost under the Pennacooks' very noses. The huge log gate opened a trifle and a young brave slipped out, then another, a third and so on, until over a score were pursuing the prey. The Mohawk ran like a fox for the wood-fringed river with the long line of whooping warriors in his wake.

In the excitement the New Yorkers, leaving a few warriors to protect the decoy and ambush the pursuing youths, moved through the woods, crossed the Merrimac above the fort and, under cover of scrub trees and bushes, managed to draw near the fort, unseen. After the last pursuer had disappeared, they broke from cover with a blood-curdling yell and rushed upon the poorly-defended fort. The fight was bitter. Because of numbers, the raiders were fast gaining the upper hand, when the pursuers, perceiving the ruse, returned and fell upon the foe. Numerical superiority now rested with the Pennacooks. Tradition tells us that both sides were almost literally cut to pieces before the few remaining Mohawks, baffled and wounded, finally took to the woods, leaving their dead and dying in the hands of the victors.¹²

The future Bashaba must have been terrible in this fight, for he himself stated that from his wigwam pole the most Mohawk scalps hung. After this memorable

¹² Lyford: *History of Concord*; Charlton: *New Hampshire as It Is*, 158-9.

and last battle with the Mohawks, Passaconaway's people held them in mortal fear and would endure almost anything rather than risk another such conflict. 'Of the Mohawks one says: "When they first encountered white men in 1609 their name had become a terror in New England, insomuch that as soon as a single Mohawk was caught sight of by the Indians of that country, they would raise the cry from hill to hill, 'A Mohawk! a Mohawk!' and forthwith would flee like sheep before wolves, never dreaming of resistance." ¹³

Let us for a moment glance at some of the interesting customs and occupations of the Pennacooks, for we shall be better able to visualize these early New Englanders in their sorrows and joys if some of their methods of life are understood. Pennacook, now Concord, meaning "at the bottom of the hill," ¹⁴ was the rendezvous of all the Indians of that name. ¹⁵ On what is now Sewall's Island the royal residence was raised. ¹⁶ It will be borne in mind that the red man is nomadic and makes frequent moves. In summer the squaws move the frail wigwam from one field to another, and from one part of a field to another, in order to escape the fleas, ¹⁷ which the Indians dubbed "poppek" on account of their celerity of movement. But, usually, the royal residence was pitched in about the same place. Passa-

¹³ Fiske: *The Discovery of America*, vol. I, 55; quoting Cadwallader Colden: *History of the Five Nations*, New York, 1727.

¹⁴ *Handbook of American Indians*, Bureau of American Ethnology Bull. 30, Part II, 225.

¹⁵ Lyford: *History of Concord*.

¹⁶ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 56; Lyford: *History of Concord*.

¹⁷ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 47.

conaway had other headquarters on an island about a mile north of the junction of the Souhegan and Merrimac rivers.¹⁸ An island was a desirable site, because the breezes, playing over it, would sweep away the pestiferous little midges, or "no-see-ums" as the natives termed them, because of their invisibility.¹⁹ These islands which we have named, besides being far famed as the seats of authority and scenes of royal feasts and council-fires, were also noted as the places where the Bashaba performed his feats of magic, for Passaconaway was not only the most powerful war-chief in this part of the world, but also the most famous powwow, or medicine-man, likewise.

The Pennacooks raised corn, melons, squashes, gourds, pumpkins, and beans. They also dug for groundnuts and gathered acorns, chestnuts and walnuts. To the early settlers they gave this rule: "Begin to plant when the oak leaf becomes as large as a mouse's ear."²⁰ These people regarded the crow as being almost as sacred as the sun itself. One of their legends relates how the Great Mani sent a crow from his "Kantantowit's field"—the great Southwest—with the first bean and the first kernel of corn, which he deposited in New England. From these all their bean and corn crops sprang.²¹ How many of us, while eating Indian corn, watermelon, pumpkin or squash, realize that for centuries before the white man's advent,

¹⁸ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 56.

¹⁹ Thoreau: *Maine Woods*.

²⁰ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 38-40; Lyford: *History of Concord*.

²¹ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 40.

the dusky aborigines were waxing fat and strong on these vegetables raised in the Saco Valley, Winnepesaukee and other regions? They cultivated several different kinds of gourds, many species of which are now rare and some probably extinct, but all were known as Askutasquash. We—with the English habit of clipping words—retain only the last syllable, and call a now common gourd a “squash.” Sometimes these Merrimac Indians steamed or boiled their gourds; at other times, especially on trips when a fire might be dangerous, they ate them raw.²²

According to Judge Chandler E. Potter, who gave this subject careful and exhaustive research, the occupations of the Pennacooks ranked thus: First and foremost, farming; second, hunting and fishing; third and last, the fashioning of tools necessary for the carrying on of these occupations. Naturally the Pennacook was a husbandman and not a “knight of the sword.” War was not a profession. It was indulged in only as necessity demanded, which was seldom, with this peace-loving tribe.

Then came the Englishman, with his drum, bayonet, red coat and bearskin cap—an imposing figure in the savage eye. Judge Potter claims that from the time of the advent of the English, the red man became a martial man. He shifted the farm work off upon his squaw, who already had the drudgery of the wigwam. However, when a field was to be cleared for planting, the entire tribe, braves included, turned to and the field was rapidly cleared. But this seems to have been the

²² See Potter: *History of Manchester*, 41.

extent of the male Pennacook's agricultural exertions, from now on.²³ Men were kept, by the English, standing around, doing no work; why should not the dusky warriors do likewise? Were the Indians not just as powerful, just as terrible and just as fearless in battle as the red-coated "braves" of the whites? So, from the industrious and hard-working farmers, they changed into mere idlers, and this new custom became the bane of their race.²⁴ It is claimed by Belknap that these Indians were not murderous and treacherous until the white man taught them these lessons.²⁵

Canoe-making was an art in which the Indians excelled. Under favorable conditions two men could make a good birch-bark one in a day.²⁶

Under normal conditions an athletic brave could shoot an arrow entirely through the body of a moose or bear so that with spent force it would fall to earth many yards the other side of the victim.²⁷ We find Passaconaway boasting of being the most powerful bowman of his tribe. A favorite hunting ground of the Indians seems to have been the White Mountain region. By means of a trap known as the "kulheag" they caught the bear, beaver, wildcat and sable.²⁸ The dusky hunters in "the forest primeval"²⁹ seemed to possess the animal instincts intensified, and they de-

²³ Potter: History of Manchester, 38-46.

²⁴ The same, 38.

²⁵ See Belknap: History of New Hampshire, vol. I, 11.

²⁶ Granite Monthly, vol. XV, 186.

²⁷ Potter: History of Manchester, 42.

²⁸ The same, 43.

²⁹ Longfellow: Evangeline.

lighted at beating the animals "at their own game," such as outwitting a fox, outwrestling a bear, etc.

On the Merrimac the Indians had two "fishing-places," Pawtucket (Lowell) and Namaoskeag (Manchester).³⁰ Their third was at the outlet of Lake Winnepesaukee, where dams were constructed at Ahquedaukenash (meaning "dams" or "stopping-places"). From the fact that when the English discovered this last place they found several of these permanent dams, or wiers, they named it the "Wiers," and to-day it bears this name.³¹ (But Weare, N. H., was named for Meshach Weare. See Little's "History of Weare, N. H.") Vast quantities of shad were caught at the Wiers,³² while on the Merrimac, besides shad, thousands of salmon, alewives, and lamprey-eels were secured.³³ So many fish were taken that, by drying and smoking them, the tribes were able to lay in a supply for the entire winter.

Once a year all the Pennacook people congregated at these fishing-places and observed a festival or series of holidays. At these times lovers' vows were plighted, marriages performed, and speeches made.³⁴ At the official council, with every sachem and warrior present, the affairs of the nation were discussed in true "town-meeting" style, long before the advent of the now world-renowned New England town-meeting. Every

³⁰ Potter: History of Manchester, 32.

³¹ Same.

³² Lyford: History of Concord.

³³ Potter: History of Manchester, 32-3.

³⁴ Same.

one could voice his opinion freely, and, in the presence of all, the policy for the coming year was outlined.³⁵ All intertribal disputes were peaceably and reasonably arbitrated, and, under Passaconaway's leadership, the confederacy constantly grew stronger and more and more harmonious. If war was deemed necessary, the recruits were mustered in and war-dances held at these fishing-places.³⁶ Here, too, the Bashaba proved to all, through feats of magic, his intimacy with the Great Spirit, Manitou the Mighty.³⁷

With the Pennacooks, the favorite place of assembly seems to have been Amoskeag Falls. Passaconaway for many years had his royal residence upon the hill on the east side of the Merrimac, where Governor Smyth later built his mansion.³⁸ Eliot repeatedly visited the Pennacooks at this place, because here he found great numbers gathered together well disposed to listen to his preaching. It is highly probable that here, at Amoskeag Falls, was the fishing-place the Apostle refers to when he writes of Passaconaway's acceptance of Christianity.³⁹

Another custom among these people was this: When prisoners, especially Indians, were captured, they were led to the fishing-place. Then, if one of their own warriors had fallen, the wife or mother of the deceased might choose one of the prisoners; the fate of

³⁵ Compare Janney: *Life of Wm. Penn*, 234.

³⁶ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 34-5, 50-2.

³⁷ Longfellow: *Hiawatha*.

³⁸ *Granite Monthly*, vol. I, 26-7.

³⁹ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 34-5; Lyford: *History of Concord*.

this one was in her hands; she could order him killed or adopt him in place of the lost one. The captive was usually spared and adopted. The remainder of the prisoners were either held for ransom or slain. Although unusually free from wars, yet even when embroiled in one, the Pennacooks were exceptionally merciful towards their prisoners, rarely torturing or killing them.⁴⁰

On state occasions a sort of cap or coronet was worn, such as may be seen on Passaconaway in his picture in this book. In war times, eagle or hawk feathers, or sometimes a long head-dress, adorned the sachem's head. In preparation for battle the warriors daubed their faces with red and black paint for the purpose of striking terror into their foes. Upon their breasts the head and sometimes the body of a black bear was painted. This was the Pennacook totem, or coat-of-arms. The tribal totem, painted upon the breast of all warriors, served as a means of identification, just as "civilized" nations use flags and uniforms.⁴¹

At one time during Passaconaway's reign his tribe numbered over three thousand and, should necessity require, he could throw an army of skilful and cunning veterans numbering over five hundred men into the field.⁴² This army, using the Indian mode of warfare, was a powerful machine, whose stealthy ambush and unlimited endurance were not to be despised. Had the

⁴⁰ Potter: History of Manchester, 52.

⁴¹ The same, 50.

⁴² Lyford: History of Concord.



PASSACONAWAY, THE BASHABA
(From Potter's History of Manchester)

Bashaba joined his force with King Philip's inferior band, historians probably would have chronicled a different story from that of the defeat and ignoble death of the latter.⁴³ Time and again we have illustrations of the damage inflicted by a score or two of Indians upon vastly superior numbers of whites by ambuscade and agility.

Let us now glance at Passaconaway himself, the man who welded into unity and held with an iron hand his great confederacy. The chief reason why his life-story is not more widely known among us to-day is because he was a friend of the whites and not a destroyer of them. Peaceful Indians seem to be overlooked by the historians. Whole volumes are written about Philip, Osceola, Sitting Bull, and other Indians who have brought disaster to the whites. But friendly Indians like Massasoit, Tahanto and Passaconaway—real helpers and staunch friends of the whites—are ungratefully forgotten.

Passaconaway, the "son of the Bear," was the first "Teddy Bear" of whom we have any historical account in America. There is reason to believe that he was born between 1555 and 1573. In accordance with Indian custom, upon his reaching maturity he was given a name chosen because of his most pronounced characteristics. Thus, in order to have received the name "Papisseconewa" (as his name was spelled in early colonial days), which is derived from Papoeis—a child—and Kunnaway—bear—he must have been a

⁴³ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 65.

powerful, fierce and gigantic youth.⁴⁴ He is seen in the picture wearing a bear's head and skin, as part of his royal insignia. Passaconaway, because of his unusual powers, physical, magical, social and intellectual, was given a title which few have held—Bashaba. A Bashaba is head and shoulders above sagamore, sachem or chief, and corresponds to Emperor in our language.⁴⁵

The first thing that we actually know concerning Passaconaway's relations to the English was his presence at Plymouth in 1620, when the Pilgrims came in the *Mayflower*. The whites were totally ignorant of his presence, yet he himself later tells us that he was there. He was in his prime at this time and was the most noted powwow, or sorcerer, on record.⁴⁶

Passaconaway, with several other medicine-men, was summoned to Plymouth to conjure against the English. For three days, in a dark swamp, these magicians attempted to call down lightning to burn the ships, and they sought to bring plague and pestilence upon the new-comers, but all in vain. The ships would neither catch fire nor spring a leak. Evidently the Great Spirit could not or would not strike dead the interlopers.⁴⁷ Passaconaway, probably the recognized leader in this powwow, tells us that the Great Spirit whispered to him then, "Peace, peace with the whites. You and your people are powerless against

⁴⁴ Potter: History of Manchester, 54.

⁴⁵ Mass. Hist. Coll., vol. III, 21-22.

⁴⁶ Compare Hubbard, in Drake: Indians of North America, 278.

⁴⁷ Mather: Magnalia, vol. I, 55.

them." Here at Plymouth the Bashaba learned a lesson which he never forgot—that the white man's god was stronger than his own.⁴⁸ "I made war upon them, my young men were struck down before me, when no one was near them." Sadly he returned to Pennacook, realizing that he could neither destroy the invaders by sorcery, nor with his braves successfully contend against their miraculous fire and thunder. Because of the realization of the superiority of the English, Passaconaway, instead of combating them, decided to treat them kindly.⁴⁹

Christopher Levett, when in the neighborhood, while exploring the coast in 1623, reports seeing a gigantic Indian, revered by all—white and red men alike—who called himself "Conway." There is little doubt that this was Passaconaway.⁵⁰ The same year the chieftain paid a visit to a plantation on which the English had settled, which act Passaconaway considered an encroachment upon his domains. From these frontiersmen the report came that the chief was about sixty years old. His confederacy at this time was at its zenith.

Although a strong and commanding personality, the Bashaba possessed moderation, keen insight and sagacity.⁵¹ These qualities, with his genius for swaying a crowd, and his almost superhuman feats of necro-

⁴⁸ Hubbard's *Gen. Hist. of New England*; *Mass. Hist. Coll.*, 2nd Series, vol. V; Belknap: *History of New Hampshire*, vol. I, 101-2.

⁴⁹ See Belknap: *History of New Hampshire*, vol. I, 101-2.

⁵⁰ Potter: *Hist. of Manchester*, 54.

⁵¹ Lyford: *History of Concord*.

mancy, made Passaconaway the most influential sachem in New England, and probably the greatest red man in the East. Passaconaway was the equal of any of his white contemporaries.⁵²

Very early he realized the effect of his magical powers upon the multitudes and is reported as having performed extraordinary feats "to the wonderment and awe" of his superstitious subjects. From Englishmen who mingled with the Pennacooks and who were witnesses of several of his sleight-of-hand tricks, we learn that the powwow swam across the Merrimac under water at a place where it was far too wide to cross in one breath. It was explained that, after entering the water on the farther side, a mist was cast before the spectators' eyes and he was not again seen until he stepped out upon the bank in front of the wondering beholders.⁵³

Another time we are told that Passaconaway placed a bowl of water before him. The usual incantation then followed, in the midst of which a black cloud hovered over the assembled company and suddenly a sharp clap of thunder rent the air. To the amazement of the spectators, a solid piece of ice floated in the bowl; this trick was performed in the middle of summer. Settlers, reporting it, added: "Which doubtless was done by the agility of Satan, his consort."⁵⁴

"Wood, in his 'New England's Prospect,' says: 'The

⁵² Merrill: History of Carroll County, 27.

⁵³ Morton: New England Canaan, 150-1.

⁵⁴ Morton: New England Canaan, 25-6; Force: Historical Tracts, vol. II; Potter: History of Manchester, 55.

Indians report of one Passaconawaw, that hee can make water burne, the rocks move, the trees dance, metamorphise himself into a flaming man. Hee will do more; for in winter, when there are no green leaves to be got, hee will burne an old one to ashes and putting these into water, produce a new green leaf, which you shall not only see but substantially handle and carrie away; and make a dead snake's skin a living snake, both to be seen, felt, and heard. This I write but on the report of the Indians, who confidentially affirm stranger things.'''⁵⁵ The Bashaba could hold a living, venomous snake in his hand as if it were a worm.⁵⁶ From so many sources are these feats reported that there is little doubt as to their having taken place.⁵⁷

Like the prophets of old, this heathen Bashaba was whole generations ahead of his people. Long before his brethren, he perceived the general superiority of the Anglo-Saxons over the Indians.⁵⁸ The Great Spirit, as he relates, had whispered to him that although the palefaces were now only few in number, they were to be as numerous as the leaves of the forest; that the red man's hunting-ground was to be stripped of its timber and furrowed with the white man's plow; and that the rivers and fishing-places were to be choked with dams and whirring mills. All this, with his states-

⁵⁵ Bouton: *History of Concord*, 20.

⁵⁶ Same in Bouton; Belknap: *History of New Hampshire*, vol. I, 101.

⁵⁷ See Wood, Morton, Hubbard and later historians.

⁵⁸ Potter: *Hist. of Manchester*, 56; Belknap: *Hist. of New Hampshire*, vol. I, 101-2.

manlike vision, he foresaw, and to-day we are able to judge of the accuracy of his foresight.

But he did not give up without an effort; not by wasting his young men before the white man's fire and thunder, however, but by the "supernatural" powers in his possession, did he make this struggle. A brave man was Passaconaway, yet, like Chocorua and many other warriors of this region, the thunder of the white man's "iron pipe" and the flash sent a shiver through his frame. Not the "crack" of the gun, but what it symbolized, caused this terror. To the superstitious aborigines the mere flash and report were comparatively nothing, but every musket-shot gave positive proof that the whites' god was omnipotent and destructive; that each and every white could, through his "iron pipe," summon the aid of his deity, which god would sweep down the Indians before him, no matter how far distant they might be.⁵⁹ Years later, when traders had sold them rifles, powder and bullets, this erroneous idea was corrected. But at this period it seems to have been almost universal. So we find Passaconaway fighting them with "medicine," not, like Philip, with knife and tomahawk. This recognition of the superiority of the whites' divine ally seems to have been the reason for Passaconaway's policy of "Peace with the English."

To the early colonists themselves, it seemed most providential that the Almighty had led so powerful a chieftain to adopt a policy of peace and to restrain his bands of forest soldiers, even when smarting under

⁵⁹ Compare Willey: *Incidents in White Mountain History*, 272-6.

wrongs and injustice from those whom he befriended.⁶⁰ Historians agree that a word from Passaconaway, or, later, from Wonalancet, would have swept our forefathers into the sea. The settlements of Strawberry Bank (Portsmouth), Newburyport and Saugus (Lynn) were not equal to the forces immediately under the Pennacook's command, to say nothing of the allies he might have procured. That he could have swept the seacoast clear of the whites is well within the bounds of sober probability.⁶¹

Passaconaway's peace policy was one for which he paid dearly. In 1631, he officially demonstrated his determination to deal justly with the English by delivering up a kinsman, a murderer, for trial. At that time, his tribe was the wealthiest and strongest in New England; twenty years later his people had been reduced from prosperity to the verge of starvation and beggary.⁶² This was the cost of a "Peace Apostle's" loyalty to a principle. So powerful was Passaconaway's grip upon his people that throughout the bloody Indian wars which occurred during his reign, not one of his subjects inflicted harm upon a single white man, woman, or child.

A glaring moral weakness in a majority of the English settlers was their inability to distinguish one red man from another. To them an Indian was an Indian; praying or hostile, an Indian was a blood-

⁶⁰ Potter: *Hist. of Manchester*, 65; cited in Charlton: *New Hampshire as It Is*, 26.

⁶¹ See Potter: *Hist. of Manchester*, 66.

⁶² The same, 64.

thirsty, treacherous reptile, to be either hanged, murdered, or sold into slavery.⁶³ But who was it that had changed him from husbandman to vengeful warrior? Who got him drunk and then cheated and swindled him?⁶⁴ By their own greed, unscrupulousness and rum, the whites debauched the red man. On good authority it has been said that a trader could lock up his post, full of valuable articles, and the next year find it untouched, unless by chance some white should discover it, in which case it surely would be looted. Again and again we shall cite instances in which innocent and peaceful Indians were treated as open enemies and unscrupulously murdered.

One of the earliest of Passaconaway's transactions with the English is said to have been his signing of the famous Wheelwright Deed. By many this has been considered a forgery. The Rev. N. Bouton, D. D., Editor of the *Provincial Papers of New Hampshire*, writes thus, however: "The famous Wheelwright Deed, which has been pronounced a forgery by Hon. James Savage, the distinguished antiquarian of Boston, and the late John Farmer, Esq., of Concord, bears date May 17, 1629. Hon. Chandler E. Potter, who has devoted much attention and research to the subject, maintains the validity of the deed. But whether the deed be a forgery or not it forms part of our history;—is the basis on which rests the grant of several townships in the state, is recognized in various ways in our public records as genuine. . . . The deed

⁶³ Belknap: History of New Hampshire, vol. I, 103.

⁶⁴ See Janney: Life of Wm. Penn, 233, 235.

is recorded in the office of Recorder of Deeds, at Exeter." ⁶⁵

Let me give the substance of this famous document in a few words. It certifies that Passaconaway, for certain valuable considerations, sells to John Wheelwright and his associates a tract of land extending from the then (1629) Massachusetts line thirty miles into the country, and from the Piscataqua to the Merrimac, reserving the hunting and fishing rights to his people. The seventh and last article declares that "every township within the aforesaid limits or tract of land that hereafter shall be settled shall pay to Passaconaway our chief sagamore that now is and to his successors forever, if lawfully demanded, one coat of trucking cloth a year." ⁶⁶ The names or marks of several noted sagamons were affixed to the deed as were also the signatures of some of the respectable planters of Saco and Piscataqua. Whether the Wheelwright Deed is valid or not, it affords proof of the extent of the Bashaba's power and dominions. ⁶⁷

Rev. John Wheelwright had been a preacher at Braintree, then part of Boston, and was a brother of Anne Hutchinson. For preaching too searching a sermon in Boston on Fast Day, 1636, he was banished. Making his way to Exeter, he took up his abode there. He was a gentleman of "learning, piety and zeal," ⁶⁸

⁶⁵ Provincial Papers of New Hampshire, I, 56.

⁶⁶ Potter: Hist. of Manchester, 55-6.

⁶⁷ Copy of the deed in Belknap: New Hampshire, vol. I, 289-291; also in Provincial Papers of New Hampshire, I, 56-9; Potter: History of Manchester, 56; cited in Charlton: New Hampshire as It Is, 12-3.

⁶⁸ Belknap: History of New Hampshire, vol. I, 35.

and it seems unthinkable that a man of his character would countenance a forgery.

Passaconaway's motive in disposing of this region seems to have been his fear of the Mohawks. (The name Mohawk is an Algonquin word meaning cannibal, and was applied to the New Yorkers.⁶⁹) By selling his land to the English, the latter naturally would settle in their newly-acquired possessions and this would insure the Pennacooks some measure of protection. But Passaconaway's idea was not that the Indians should vacate the lands they had sold, but that the whites should come and live with his people. In order to save their own scalps, the white frontiersmen would be forced to fight side by side with Passaconaway's men against the Mohawks. Doubtless this was the reason for such a wholesale alienation of lands. It seems to have been either a case of accepting the lesser of two evils, or a misunderstanding of the nature of a sale.

As we have said, in 1631 Passaconaway performed an act incontrovertibly proving to the English his sincerity and his desire for justice. A trader named Jenkins was mysteriously murdered, while asleep in an Indian wigwam. The murderer was among the Pennacooks, and a summons was sent to the Bashaba notifying him of the crime. Immediately Passaconaway ordered the accused to be seized and turned over to the proper English authorities for trial.⁷⁰ He did this

⁶⁹ Fiske: *Discovery of America*, vol. I, 61, note.

⁷⁰ Bouton: *History of Concord*, 20; Drake: *Indians of North America*, 285; Lyford: *History of Concord*.

not with the idea of betraying a kinsman, but in order that honest and just relations might be established between his Indians and the English.

Realizing their own treachery towards, and fraudulent treatment of, the Indians, the traders lived in constant fear of retaliation. Repeated alarms, based upon little or no foundation, rang through the province and threw the populace into a delirium of fear. Eleven years after Passaconaway had delivered up the murderer, he had a chance to measure the Englishman's gratitude.⁷¹ A groundless alarm was spread in 1642, and, as usual, nearly everybody was thrown into a frenzy. Passaconaway, who, even now, in all probability, could have swept the English into the sea, but who had chosen and was conscientiously trying to carry out a friendly policy, was singled out as the victim. He was gathering his hordes for a mighty onslaught—so went the rumor. Nothing could be plainer!

A body of experienced soldiers was therefore despatched to nip the plan in its bud and to seize the designing Bashaba.⁷² The orders were to arrest the dangerous plotter at either Ipswich, Rowley, or Newbury, where, at that season of the year, he was accustomed to reside.⁷³ Luckily for him, a hard storm arose, which effectually checked the progress of the troops for three days. During this time, Passaconaway, being informed of their approach, retreated to

⁷¹ Lyford: *History of Concord*.

⁷² Potter: *Hist. of Manchester*, 57.

⁷³ Coolidge and Mansfield: *History and Description of New England*, N. H. vol., 402.

the wilderness beneath the shadow of the White Mountains.

Wonalancet, his second son, was not so fortunate. His wigwam was surprised and, although (some claim) his squaw escaped, he was taken. Brutally and insultingly they led him about by a rope until, loosening his cords, he sped to the bushes for cover. The whites fired upon the fugitive, wounding him, and recaptured him. But there were no signs of the anticipated war bands! Crowned with the glory of an ignominious triumph, the heroes returned to Dover with the victims of their prowess—one or two peaceable braves and a few frightened squaws.⁷⁴ The Massachusetts Government well knew the extent of the humiliation inflicted by its orders, and ought to have felt ashamed for having treated the Pennacooks so unjustly and so treacherously.

Cutshamekin, a brave taken in this lamentable affair, was sent to Passaconaway, bearing an invitation to come to Boston and confer with the government officials.⁷⁵ This was adding insult to injury, for the English demanded the delivering up of all the arms of the tribe. Had Passaconaway been forty years younger, I fear he might have delivered up considerable ammunition (in smoke). I fear his answer would not have been a few words of protest from injured innocence but a series of Deerfields and Schemectadys. The answer which he returned, however, shows that, although beginning to feel the pains of old

⁷⁴ Potter: *Hist. of Manchester*, 57; Lyford: *Hist. of Concord*.

⁷⁵ Lyford: *Hist. of Concord*.

age, he yet retained his proud and independent spirit. He was no man's dog and would brook no insult! He replied, "Tell the English when they restore my son and his squaw, then will I talk with them." Potter adds, "The answer was that of a man who felt he had been most deeply wronged."⁷⁶ The aged Bashaba never wholly forgave this insult.

From now on he began to distrust the sincerity of the whites and seems never fully to have overcome that feeling. Five years later an opportunity arose for him to show, in a subtle yet unmistakable manner, his feeling towards those who had wronged him. During the spring of 1647, the Apostle Eliot came to the Pennacooks at Pawtucket to preach to the confederated tribes which annually gathered there. Of late, the Bashaba's time had been devoted to turning over and over in his mind the wrongs done him by the English, and evidently he came to the conclusion that a religion tolerating such injustices merited only contempt. So, when the clergyman drew near, Passaconaway took his family and secretly departed for the wilderness. He left this word of explanation for the unarmed Eliot, that the reason he left was that he "was afraid the English would kill" him.⁷⁷ Was rebuke ever more gently administered?

In 1642, the same year in which Wonalancet had been taken, he was returned, whereupon the father de-

⁷⁶ Potter: *Hist. of Manchester*, 57; Drake: *Indians of North America*, 279; Lyford: *Hist. of Concord*.

⁷⁷ Potter: *Hist. of Manchester*, 57.

livered in "the required artillery." ⁷⁸ At least outwardly, friendly relations thus were re-established and all was harmonious once more.

For many years the Provincial Government had been endeavoring to secure a more binding assurance from the "great Merrimack" than just his simple word. As a means of forcing Passaconaway to sign the articles submitting himself and people to the power and protection of the government, the English governors had long been pursuing a perfidious policy, a policy indeed which was continued long after this Bashaba's death, namely, that of endeavoring, with British gold, to bribe the Mohawks to sweep down upon and destroy the New England Indians.⁷⁹ Was this the protection offered by the government? If so, do we wonder that the Bashaba hesitated before accepting it? Since 1631 not one Englishman had suffered injury at the hands of the confederated tribes, to Passaconaway's knowledge, yet his actions and words were not sufficient—he was dangerous because he had not yet bowed down and paid homage to the British King and flag. Meanwhile, however, the governor of Massachusetts in person visited Albany, N. Y., to buy up the Mohawks as a fiery broom with which to sweep out of existence the Indian neighbors of the New Englanders. At last, in 1644, Passaconaway, in behalf of his confederated peoples, signed the articles of submission to that government which, after seizing his fire-arms, actually had

⁷⁸ Lyford: Hist. of Concord; Drake: Indians of North America, 297.

⁷⁹ See Belknap: History of New Hampshire, vol. I, 126.

done its best to buy up his enemies to exterminate him.⁸⁰

The following year (1645) his signature was affixed to a treaty signed at Boston, in which treaty were also included the Narragansetts, Niantics, Uncas and his Mohegans, together with several northern tribes.⁸¹

During the next few years Passaconaway became deeply interested in religion. Already the incident of 1647 has been cited, when the Bashaba retreated to his protecting woods before the advent of the Apostle Eliot, expressing his fears as to the motives of that clergyman. The following fishing season, "the great Merrimack" is found eagerly listening to the words of the noble missionary. Eliot's work among the Indians never can be over-appreciated by the whites. Passaconaway drank in the message of life, he was deeply touched, and at length accepted the new religion for himself and his family, and urged his tribesmen to do the same.⁸²

That the sagamon was sincere and that he never wavered in his new resolution is certain.⁸³ Writing to Captain Willard, shortly after, concerning the Bashaba's conversion, Eliot bore witness that "Passaconaway did all in his power to keep him at Pennacook and offered him any place for a dwelling or anything he wanted if only he would remain and teach them more."⁸⁴ In other letters Eliot relates how earnestly

⁸⁰ Provincial Papers of New Hampshire, 174.

⁸¹ Drake: Indians of North America, 159.

⁸² Lyford: Hist. of Concord; Potter: Hist. of Manchester, 58.

⁸³ Same in Potter.

⁸⁴ Potter: Hist. of Manchester, 58.

the "great Sachem" implored him to live at Pennacook. Among other arguments the Indian stated that, as he (Eliot) met them only once every twelve months, little good came of his teaching; for, no matter how impressive his word might be, the hearers forgot most of it before the year was out. Potter, in narrating how Passaconaway illustrated his request to Eliot, records the new convert as saying: "You do as if one should come and throw a fine thing among us, and we should catch at it earnestly, because it is so beautiful, but cannot look at it to see what is within; there may be in it something or nothing, a stock, a stone or a precious treasure; but if it be opened and we see what is valuable therein, then we think much of it. So you tell us of religion, but (although) we know not what is within, we shall believe it to be as good as you say it is." ⁸⁵

This last sentence illustrates an Indian standard of politeness. An anecdote may be inserted here to show that the Indians regarded it a mark of good breeding to believe the words of another unless they had actual proof to the contrary. "A Swedish minister, having assembled the chiefs of the Susquehannah Indians, made a sermon to them, acquainting them with the principal historical facts on which our religion is founded: such as the fall of our first parents by eating an apple; the coming of Christ to repair the mischief; his miracles and sufferings, etc.—When he had finished, an Indian orator stood up to thank him. 'What you have told us,' said he, 'is all very good. It is indeed bad to eat apples. It is better to make them all into

⁸⁵ Potter: History of Manchester, 59.

cider. We are much obliged by your kindness in coming so far to tell us those things, which you have heard from your mothers.' ” But when, in his turn, “the Indian had told the missionary one of the legends of his nation, how they had been supplied with maize or corn, beans, and tobacco, he treated it with contempt, and said, ‘What I delivered to you were sacred truths; but what you told me is mere fable, fiction and falsehood.’ The Indian felt indignant, and replied, ‘My brother, it seems your friends have not done you justice in your education; they have not well instructed you in the rules of common civility. You see that we, who understand and practise those rules, believe all your stories: why do you refuse to believe ours?’ ” ⁸⁶

There is little heard of the aged Passaconaway between 1648 and 1660. At the latter date he was seen by Englishmen, a venerable, wrinkled old man of about one hundred and ten. Such longevity is not unique. In the “History of Concord” we read the names of several Indians who passed the century mark.

Believing that his end probably was near, in the fishing season of 1660, Passaconaway despatched messengers summoning all the subject tribes to Pawtucket. An enormous multitude gathered. Daniel Gookin, who reported the proceedings, was present.⁸⁷ In spite of the characteristic Indian stoicism, great sorrow was manifest among the red men. Their once all-conquering Bashaba, now bent and trembling, was about to deliver his Farewell Speech. Especially noticeable was

⁸⁶ Drake: *Indians of North America*, 42.

⁸⁷ Lyford: *Hist. of Concord*.

the grief when the aged Passaconaway arose and, in husky tones, yet in the still musical remains of what once was the most powerful and melodious voice in all the confederacy,⁸⁸ addressed them thus: "Hearken to the words of your father. I am an old oak that has withstood the storms of more than an hundred winters. Leaves and branches have been stripped from me by the winds and frosts—my eyes are dim—my limbs totter—I must soon fall! But when young and sturdy, when my bow—no young man of the Pennacooks could bend it—when my arrow would pierce a deer at an hundred yards—and I could bury my hatchet in a sapling to the eye—no wigwam had so many furs—no pole so many scalps as Passaconaway's! Then I delighted in war. The whoop of the Pennacooks was heard upon the Mohawk—and no voice so loud as Passaconaway's. The scalps upon the pole of my wigwam told the story of Mohawk suffering.

"The English came, they seized our lands; I sat me down at Pennacook. They followed upon my footsteps; I made war upon them, but they fought with fire and thunder; my young men were swept down before me, when no one was near them. I tried sorcery against them, but they still increased and prevailed over me and mine, and I gave place to them and retired to my beautiful island of Natticook. I that can make the dry leaf turn green and live again—I that can take the rattlesnake in my palm as I would a worm, without harm—I who have had communion with the Great Spirit dreaming and awake—I am powerless before the

⁸⁸ Potter: Hist. of Manchester, 60.

Pale Faces.

"The oak will soon break before the whirlwind—it shivers and shakes even now; soon its trunk will be prostrate—the ant and worm will sport upon it! Then think, my children, of what I say; I commune with the Great Spirit. He whispers me now—"Tell your people, Peace, Peace, is the only hope of your race. I have given fire and thunder to the pale faces for weapons—I have made them plentier than the leaves of the forest, and still shall they increase! These meadows they shall turn with the plow—these forests shall fall by the ax—the pale faces shall live upon your hunting grounds, and make their villages upon your fishing places!" The Great Spirit says this, and it must be so! We are few and powerless before them! We must bend before the storm! The wind blows hard! The old oak trembles! Its branches are gone! Its sap is frozen! It bends! It falls! Peace, Peace, with the white men—is the command of the Great Spirit—and the wish—the last wish—of Passaconaway."⁸⁹

A silence fell over the multitude as the venerable speaker took his seat—a deathlike silence. The eloquence, pathos, and prophetic message of this speech were never forgotten by the Indians or by the whites present. The Bashaba had struck home. The counsel of the veteran leader made such an impression that the Pennacooks present on this solemn occasion probably never deviated from the policy so eloquently advocated.⁹⁰ No, not until the youths now present had be-

⁸⁹ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 60-61.

⁹⁰ Belknap: *Hist. of New Hampshire*, vol. I, 102.

come aged or passed away altogether did Passaconaway's people attempt retaliation upon those who were grievously wronging them.

"The Son of the Bear," however, after delivering this classic of Indian oratory, neither died nor abdicated the chieftainship. We find him still holding sway for at least three years more.⁹¹

Piece by piece the English government took away the aged Pennacook's lands—lands he had reserved for his own poverty-stricken people. Englishman after Englishman, armed with a government grant, ordered him from his own fertile fields and hunting-grounds. To cap the climax, the legislature announced its intention of issuing grants for the lands at Pennacook "whenever so many should be present to settle a plantation there."⁹² With his "beautiful island of Natticook," of which he had spoken so fondly, gone, and Pennacook going, Passaconaway began to see that not far distant was the day when he would not have enough soil left on which to stand.

Infirm and heart-broken, he at last bowed his head and succumbed to fate. He must become a beggar, a burden upon charity. He, once the wealthiest, strongest, and noblest chieftain in New England, now poverty-stricken! In just eighteen years from the time he had submitted to the provincial government, his tribe, the most industrious and prosperous in New England, had become a paltry group of miserable

⁹¹ Potter: Hist. of Manchester, 61.

⁹² Same.

paupers.⁹³ Rum, commercial exploitation and English bayonets had "civilized" them and here they stood, a group of "Christian" beggars.

At Pennacook, in 1662, Passaconaway became the "humble petitioner" to the "Great and Honred Court." He prayed that the rulers might, in reality, be generous enough to return to him, out of his own lands, enough to pitch a wigwam on.⁹⁴ The petition was as follows:

"To the honerd John Endecot Esqr together with the rest of the honerd General Court now Assembled in Boston the petition of papisseconnewa in behalf of himself as also of many other Indians who now for a longe time o'r selves o'r progenators seated upon a tract of land called Naticot and is now in the possession of Mr. William Brenton of Rode Iland marchant; and is confirmed to the said Mr. Brenton to him his heirs and assigns according to the Laws of this Jurisdiction, by reason of which tracte of land beinge taken up as a foresaid, and thereby yr pore petitionir with many oth (ers is) in an onsetled condition and must be forced in a short time to remove to some other place.

"The Humble request of yr petitionr is that this honerd Courte wolde pleas to grante vnto vs a parcell of land for or comfortable cituation; to be stated for or Injoyment; as also for the comfort of oths after vs; as also that this honerd Court wold pleas to take

⁹³ Potter: Hist. of Manchester, 64.

⁹⁴ Lyford: Hist. of Concord; Potter: Hist. of Manchester, 61.

in to yr serious and grave consideration the condition and also the requeste of yr pore Supliant and to a poynte two or three persons as a Committee to Ar (range wi) th sum one or two Indians to vew and determine of some place and to Lay out the same, not further to trouble this honerd Assembly, humbly crav-inge an expected answer this present sesion I shall remain yr humble Servante

“Wherein yu Shall commande

“PAPISSECONEWA.

“Boston: 8:3 mo 1662.”⁹⁵

It is interesting to note that, just thirty years before, he had determined upon and delivered up Jenkins' murderer in order that friendly and peaceful relations with the English might be established. “The aged Merri-mack's” petition was granted, and it is amusing to note that, on the suggestion of the surveyors, who realized the plight of the redskin, “two small islands and a small patch of intervaille land” were added to the grant.⁹⁶ This show of generosity on the part of the government must have happily surprised him. No doubt he was also surprised, though not so happily, when he was ordered to pay the bill for surveying the grant.⁹⁷

During Passaconaway's last years a trading post, or trucking-house, was established at Pennacook, near the

⁹⁵ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 61-2, quoting Mass. Archives.

⁹⁶ Potter: *Hist. of Manchester*, 63; Coolidge and Mansfield: *Hist. and Description of New England, New Hampshire* vol., 418-419.

⁹⁷ Potter: *Hist. of Manchester*, 63.

Sewall Farm, by Richard Waldron and Peter Coffin, both of Dover. Tahanto, a lesser sagamore, repeatedly represented to these unscrupulous traders that trouble would result from the vast quantities of rum which were being sold to the Indians for furs. He pleaded with them to turn their rum upon the ground, for it would make the Indians "all one Devill."⁹⁸ The selling of fire-water to the natives was against the Provincial law.⁹⁹

During the summer of 1668, some Indians were sent from this trucking-house by the agents, Thomas Payne and Dickinson, to Waldron's post at Piscataqua, to procure guns, ammunition, and cloth. Instead of the articles ordered, a little cloth and great quantities of liquor were sent. For a day and a half the Indians, over a hundred in number, were drunk together.¹⁰⁰ On the afternoon of the second day all left for their wigwams except one, who was more intoxicated than the rest and who remained in the building; soon an argument arose between the trader and this Indian and a cry was heard by an Indian in the vicinity. The latter discovered Dickinson on the floor, dying, and later noticed the intoxicated murderer, half stupefied, reeling off towards the woods with a bloody knife in his hand. Passaconaway was notified by the magistrate and turned over the suspect to the proper authorities. By this time the murderer had regained his senses and expressed himself as "sorry for the poor

⁹⁸ New Hampshire Hist. Coll., vol. III.

⁹⁹ Gookin, in Mass. Hist. Coll., vol. I, 151.

¹⁰⁰ Lyford: Hist. of Concord.

white man and willing to die for the crime." Nor was this said with the idea that penitence would save him, for, being condemned to death, in his last words he expressed sorrow for the victim. This Indian, when sober, would have hurt no one, being a law-abiding man. But, inflamed by the traders' rum, he was brought to crime and death. Says one historian: "It is rare that the Indians fall out if sober and if drunk they forgive saying, 'It was the drink, and not the man, that abused them.'"¹⁰¹ As we have intimated, the red man was condemned to be shot. Official investigation revealed that Payne and the murdered man had been selling rum contrary to law; Payne was fined thirty pounds. Coffin was fined fifty pounds and all charges, while his partner, Waldron, the "man higher up"—we shall know him better before our story ends—escaped scot free.¹⁰² By such incidents were the latter days of Passaconaway saddened.

Mr. Little says of Passaconaway: "It is a notorious fact that the English trespassed on his hunting-grounds and stole his lands. Yet he never stole anything from them. They killed his warriors,—yet he never killed a white man, woman, or child. They captured and imprisoned his sons and daughters,—yet he never led a captive into the wilderness. Once the proudest and most noble Bashaba in New England, he passed his extreme old age poor, forsaken, and robbed of all that was dear to him, by those to whom he had been

¹⁰¹ Janney's: *Life of William Penn*, 233, 235.

¹⁰² Lyford: *History of Concord*.

a firm friend for nearly half a century.”¹⁰³

Soon after the murder of Dickinson, Passaconaway disappeared from Pennacook and remained away during Philip's War. Probably he abdicated the chieftainship about 1668 or 1669, for in 1669 Wonalancet was the recognized chief. After his abdication he received a tiny grant of land in Litchfield, where he is said to have resided for a short time.¹⁰⁴ Either here or at his residence at Pawtucket, he was seen by Daniel Gookin, Superintendent of Indians, and the Apostle Eliot “in the white winter of his 120th year.”¹⁰⁵ These are the last authentic data that have come down to us concerning Passaconaway, and it is highly probable that he passed away soon after.

There are two interesting legends concerning the death of this “wondrous Indian.”¹⁰⁶ Some Maine Indians claim that a great man, a man of wonderful bearing, personality and influence, although very aged, came to them shortly before the breaking out of Philip's War. Because of the strange likeness of this man to Passaconaway, because he called himself “Bashaba,” and was a wizard and powwow, some writers believe him to have been Passaconaway.¹⁰⁷ A devout and earnest Christian, this stranger taught and helped the people near the foot of Mount Agamenticus. Because of his sterling character, long and active life of use-

¹⁰³ Little: *History of Warren*.

¹⁰⁴ Osgood: *White Mts.*, 28-9.

¹⁰⁵ The same, 28.

¹⁰⁶ See Drake: *New Eng. Legends and Folk Lore*, 360.

¹⁰⁷ Osgood: *White Mts.*, 28.

fulness and religious fervor, he was named "the good Saint Aspenquid."

In 1682, at the age of one hundred and twenty, Saint Aspenquid died, revered and beloved. For miles around there was deep sorrow and mourning. In order to pay fitting respect to such a man, preparations were made for the largest funeral service ever held among these Indians, the grandest one we have on record. Runners flew to all points of the compass; and nearly all the Indians on the Maine coast, and from miles inland, came together at Mount Agamenticus for the burial. An enormous amount of game was brought, 6,711 animals constituting the funeral offering. Of the animals brought to the grave and funeral feast were "99 black bears, 66 moose, 25 bucks, 67 does, 240 wolves, 82 wild-cats, 3 catamounts, 482 foxes, 32 buffaloes, 400 otter, 620 beaver, 1500 mink, 110 ferrets, 520 raccoons, 900 musquashes, 501 fishers, 3 ermines, 58 porcupines, 832 martens, 59 woodchucks, and 112 rattlesnakes."¹⁰⁸ The body was borne to the summit of Agamenticus, and laid to rest in a rocky cave. On the door of this natural tomb these words were rudely carved by the Indians:

"Present useful; absent wanted;
Lived desired; died lamented."¹⁰⁹

Let us now glance at the second tradition, which was the one held by the Pennacooks. Dread of the White Mountains seems to have been imbedded in the aborig-

¹⁰⁸ Osgood: White Mts., 28.

¹⁰⁹ The same.

ines. They hunted, trapped, and marched through the numerous valleys and passes, but seldom, if ever, ascended the loftier peaks, especially Mt. Washington, the monarch of them all, which they called Mount Agiocochook. Its height is so great that vegetation ceases to grow far below its craggy summit.¹¹⁰ This "monarch of mountains"¹¹¹ was seldom ascended by the Indians. The Great Spirit, while on his earthly visits, was supposed to abide on this summit.¹¹² Here he revealed himself to his lieutenants—his powwows and sachems—especially to one favorite who "communed with the Great Spirit dreaming and awake."

The tradition runs that there was to be a Council of the Gods in heaven and it was Passaconaway's wish that he might be admitted to the divine Council Fire; so he informed the Great Spirit of his desire. A stout sled was constructed, and out of a flaming cloud twenty-four gigantic wolves appeared. These were made fast to the sled. Wrapping himself in a bear-skin robe, Passaconaway bade adieu to his people, mounted the sled, and, lashing the wolves to their utmost speed, away he flew. Through the forests from Pennacook and over the wide ice-sheet of Lake Winepesaukee they sped. Reeling and cutting the wolves with his thirty-foot lash, the old Bashaba, once more in his element, screamed in ecstatic joy. Down dales, across valleys, over hills and mountains they flew, until, at last, enveloped in a cloud of fire, this "mightiest

¹¹⁰ See Starr King: *White Hills*, 319.

¹¹¹ Byron: *Manfred*.

¹¹² Compare Farmer and Moore: *Hist. Coll.*, vol. II, 90.

of Pennacooks" was seen speeding over the rocky shoulders of Mount Washington itself; gaining the summit, with unabated speed he rode up into the clouds and was lost to view—forever! Fitting finale was this to the life of a kingly and prophetic man, and as well deserved was his triumphant translation as was the reputed one of the prophet Elijah.

Some stanzas from an old poem, "The Winter Evening," reveal the awe in which the great Indian was held by his white contemporaries:

"That Sachem once to Dover came,
From Pennacook, when eve was setting in;
With plumes his locks were dressed, his eyes shot flame,
He struck his massy club with dreadful din,
That oft had made the ranks of battle thin,
Around his copper neck terrific hung
A tied-together, bear and catamount skin,
The curious fishbones o'er his bosom swung
And thrice the Sachem danced and thrice the Sachem sung.

"*Strange man was he!* 'Twas said, he oft pursued
The sable bear, and slew him in his den,
That oft he howled through many a pathless wood,
And many a tangled wild, and poisonous fen,
That ne'er was trod by other mortal men.
The craggy ledge for rattle-snakes he sought,
And choked them one by one, and then
O'ertook the tall gray moose, as quick as thought,
And the mountain cat he chased, and chasing caught.

"*A wondrous wight!* For o'er 'Siogee's ice,
With brindled wolves all harnessed three and three,
High seated on a sledge, made in a trice,
On Mount Agiocochook, of hickory,
He lashed and reeled, and sung right jollily;

And once upon a car of flaming fire,

The dreadful Indian shook with fear to see
The king of Pennacook, his chief, his sire,
Ride flaming up towards heaven, than any mountain higher.”¹¹³

Before bidding adieu to Passaconaway let us enumerate a few of the things which enshrine the chieftain's memory and perpetuate his name. In the Edson Cemetery, Lowell, Mass., there is a statue, a memorial to the Great Bashaba.¹¹⁴ In Concord, N. H., there is a Passaconaway club-house on the Merrimac;¹¹⁵ and there used to be, in 1853, a locomotive of the Concord and Northern R. R.¹¹⁶ bearing the name of Passaconaway. At York Cliffs, Maine, there is a Passaconaway Inn. There is also Passaconaway Cottage in Birch Intervale, now Wonalancet.¹¹⁷ Until it was burned, in February, 1916, there was a Passaconaway House in our Albany Intervale. Then there is the Passaconaway (or Albany, or Swift River) Intervale. And our post office, Passaconaway, Carroll County, N. H., helps to keep the famous name before the public. Grandest monument of all, however, is his mountain, of which we shall speak later. Long may the noble Bashaba—the noblest of his vanished race—live in our minds and hearts!

¹¹³ Farmer and Moore: *Historical Collections*, vol. II, 83-92. See also Willey: *Incidents in White Mountain History*, 27.

¹¹⁴ *Granite State Magazine*, vol. I, 9, 12.

¹¹⁵ Lyford: *History of Concord*, 582-3.

¹¹⁶ Bouton: *History of Concord*, 20.

¹¹⁷ Rollins: *Guide to New Hampshire*, 132.

CHAPTER II

PASSACONAWAY'S PAPOOSES

THERE are seven of the Bashaba's children on record, and we have reason to believe that perhaps there were others. He had at least four sons. We have fairly complete accounts of the first two of these, Nanamocomuck and Wonalancet, but concerning the other two we know very little except their jaw-breaking names—Unanunguonet and Nonatomenut.¹ I shall speak of the daughters a little farther on.

Nanamocomuck, the oldest son of Passaconaway, became Sachem of the Wachusett very early, and held sway over their somewhat limited domain around the mountain in Massachusetts now known as Mount Wachusett. This sachem's oldest son, Kancamagus, was the last and most warlike chief of the Pennacooks. He is treated in another chapter. Nanamocomuck was a peaceful and law-abiding Indian, who at one time expressed a desire to adopt the Christian religion. He was so abused by the English, however, that his friendliness turned to bitter hatred, and he removed to Maine to escape their obnoxious proximity.² Upon a certain occasion the Sachem of Wachusett had be-

¹ Bouton: Hist. of Concord, 26; Potter: Hist. of Manchester, 64.

² Potter: Hist. of Manchester, 64, 82-3.

come responsible for a fellow-tribesman who owed a small debt to a white man, John Tinker, and for this debt he was imprisoned—"unjustly as it would seem"—in Boston. His generous brother, Wonalancet, made a great sacrifice—selling his own home—in order to redeem this brother.³ Nanamocomuck died quite young, while Passaconaway was still Bashaba, so that he never became chief of the Pennacook tribe and head of the Confederacy, as he would have done had he lived longer.

Of Passaconaway's daughters the name of only one, Wenunchus, has been handed down to us. Another daughter, probably the oldest, married Nobhow. We have as evidence his signature to a petition in behalf of his wife, which petition also was signed by the sons of Passaconaway. It is highly probable, therefore, that Nobhow signed as the husband of one of the Bashaba's daughters.⁴

Another daughter, perhaps the youngest, married Manatahqua, or Black William, as the English called him. In 1630 he was Sachem of Saugus (Lynn) and vicinity. Like his father-in-law, he was a faithful friend of the whites, of which friendship, however, the ungrateful English were unworthy. In November, 1631, a rascally trader, well versed in the knavery of commercialism, was murdered by some Indians who, undoubtedly, had been stung into revenge by repeated swindlings. The crime took place near the mouth of the Saco, and it was a well-known fact that some of

³ Potter: *Hist. of Manchester*, 65-6.

⁴ The same, 64-5.

Squidrayset's men, Indians of the vicinity, had committed the murder. Over a year later, in January, 1633, the unfortunate Black William happened to be near this ill-fated spot. A sloop was cruising about the coast in search of pirates. Upon nearing the spot where the murder had been committed, the white sailors recalled the incident, and vengeful passions arose within them. At that very moment an Indian appeared on the shore. It was Black William. They lost no time in seizing him and, with no provocation whatever on his part, and well knowing that he was personally innocent, they hung him.⁵

Many writers, including Judge Potter, believe that Wenunchus, the Bashaba's other daughter, married Montowampate, the Sachem of Saugus. All historians agree that she was the wife of a sachem of Saugus, but there seem to have been two brothers, Montowampate and Winnepurkitt, who held the Saugus sachemship in the 1620's and 1630's. The weight of the evidence seems to show that it was the elder of these, Montowampate, and not Winnepurkitt, who was the husband of Wenunchus.

Montowampate, whom the English named "Sagamore James,"⁶ was born in 1611. He was the son of Nanepashemet, and was the eldest of three sons. Sagamore James went to Governor Winthrop on March 26, 1631, in order to recover twenty beaver skins of which he had been defrauded by an Englishman named

⁵ Lewis: *Hist. of Lynn*; Winthrop: *Journal*, vol. I, 62, 63; Hubbard: *Hist. of New England*, 195.

⁶ Potter: *Hist. of Manchester*, 65.

Watts. Watts had returned to England. But the governor gave the young sachem a letter to an influential gentleman in London, and it is thought that the fearless Indian actually made the trip to England and recovered what was due him.⁷

Considerable hard feeling had arisen over the question of boundaries between the whites and the Indians, "but," as Mather piously remarked, "God ended the controversy by sending the small-pox among the Indians at Saugus, who were before that time exceedingly numerous."⁸ Montowampate died of this disease in December, 1633.⁹ His two surviving brothers, Wonohaquaham and Winnepurkitt, "promised, if ever they recovered, to live with the English, and serve their God."¹⁰

The marriage woes of Wenunchus have been immortalized in Whittier's "Bridal of Pennacook."¹¹ Yet the story as he gives it is not historically accurate, although it is, as one writer has said, "very good poetry."¹² For example, the poet calls the bride Weetamoo, while her true name was Wenunchus. The real Weetamoo was the wife of Alexander, the brother of King Philip.¹³ Moreover, the poet attributes a tragic end to the lovelorn bride. Happily, history is some-

⁷ Drake: *Indians of North America*, 111.

⁸ The same.

⁹ Young's *Chronicles*, 303, note; Hubbard: *New England*, cited in Bouton: *Hist. of Concord*, 34.

¹⁰ Drake: *Indians of North America*, 111.

¹¹ Whittier: *The Bridal of Pennacook*.

¹² See Drake: *Old Indian Chronicles*.

¹³ Drake: *Indians of North America*, 111.

times kinder than poetry, for, to state the actual facts in cold prose, the bride was still living near Salem some fifty-eight years later than the time when the poet kills off his heroine.¹⁴

Upon Montowampate's arrival at man's estate, he won Wenunchus' hand, probably about 1628. Passaconaway sent messengers, inviting all the people of his domains to the wedding feast. Legend tells of the magnificent banquet following the marriage ceremonies, such a feast as only the wealthiest and most powerful Indian over-lord in New England could provide. All the people were present and the occasion was one never to be forgotten. Indian custom demanded that, in addition to the parental feast, the groom's people, if the bride and groom were members of different tribes, should give another feast when the husband brought his bride home to his wigwam.¹⁵ The bridal party left Pennacook and set out for Saugus, accompanied by an escort of picked warriors provided by Passaconaway. Doubtless the customary second feast was spread in honor of Wenunchus, now Mrs. Montowampate, to welcome her to her new home.

The newly married couple lived happily together for a short time, when Wenunchus experienced an attack of homesickness, and expressed a desire to visit her people at Pennacook. Montowampate consented,

¹⁴ For substance of story see Whittier, 466, "Bridal of Pennacook"; Drake: *New England Legends and Folk Lore*, 127-131; Morton: *New England Canaan*, 154-7; Clarke: *Poets' New England*, 87; Lyford: *History of Concord*.

¹⁵ Lyford: *Hist. of Concord*.

and ordered a select band of braves to escort her to Passaconaway's residence. After a short visit, Wenunchus informed her father of her desire to return to her husband, whereupon the Bashaba forwarded a message to Sagamore James, asking him to send an escort for Wenunchus. This seems to have nettled the young sachem, for his reply was sharp and haughty. He stated that, inasmuch as he had escorted her to her father's house in a manner worthy of her social rank, now that she wished to return her father should provide the necessary escort. Passaconaway, considering such an answer to be an insult, seems to have lost his temper—a thing we have no record of his doing except in this poem—and, standing upon his dignity, he stoutly refused to yield. The younger man, likewise, stubbornly refused to recede from the position he had taken.

In all this controversy the wish of Wenunchus seems to have been entirely overlooked, for, no matter how much both Passaconaway and Montowampate might have been willing to do to please her, neither would budge an inch on the question concerning the method of her rejoining the husband for whom her heart was yearning. So she remained at Pennacook, the unthinking cause and unhappy victim of a men's quarrel. As pictured by Whittier, the bride, pining to return, secretly stole from her father's wigwam, pushed a canoe into the Merrimac, and drifted down towards Sagamore James's country. But, alas, she was capsized in some rapids and lost. So much for poetry.

The real facts seem to have been that her domestic

life was interrupted for some time by this unhappy altercation between her husband and the Bashaba.¹⁶ Yet Wenunchus finally was restored to her husband, though whether escorted or not we do not know; for when a raid was made upon Saugus by eastern Indians, in 1632, she was in Montowampate's wigwam with him and was left unharmed.¹⁷ As already stated, Montowampate died in 1633 of the small-pox.¹⁸ According to the historian of Salem, Wenunchus was still living in 1686 near Salem.¹⁹ Lake Wenunchus, in Lynn, and the ladies' club-house, Camp Weetamoo, in Concord, N. H., perpetuate the memory of the Pennacook bride, as do also Mount Weetamoo in Campton, and the Weetamoo Branch Path which connects the Piper Trail with the Hammond Path on Mount Chocorua and which leads through Weetamoo Glen and past Weetamoo Rock.²⁰

I will briefly narrate the career of Winnepurkitt (or, perhaps, Wenepoykin), who is regarded by some writers (Drake among them) as the husband of Wenunchus. Winnepurkitt was born in 1616, and, at his brother's death in 1633, became Sachem of Saugus. He had about forty men under his command. Not only did he embrace Christianity, but he wore clothes like the English. About 1630 he was proprietor of Deer Island in Boston Harbor, and, because of certain other

¹⁶ Potter: *Hist. of Manchester*, 65.

¹⁷ See Hubbard: *New England*, cited in Bouton: *History of Concord*, 34.

¹⁸ Drake: *Indians of North America*, 111.

¹⁹ Felt: *Hist. of Salem*, cited in Bouton: *Hist. of Concord*, 34.

²⁰ A. M. C. *Guide to Paths in the White Mountains*, 1916, 310, 314.

lands which he held, he was known among the whites as "George Rumney-marsh."²¹

After Philip's War, when hundreds of the participants in that fateful outbreak were seized by the victors and hung or transported for slaves, this sachem was taken. He was sold into slavery in the Barbadoes, along with scores of others.²² But an Indian is no man's slave, and no bonds can hold him in servitude! Not many years later, large numbers of these unfortunate red men escaped and, by one means or another, made their way back to their native soil. Winnepurkitt was one of those who succeeded in returning; but he was not long to enjoy his freedom, for, in 1684, at the age of sixty-eight, he died,²³ probably the victim of the hardships encountered in slavery or incurred during his desperate efforts to escape from bondage.

Ahawayetsquaine is mentioned as a wife of Winnepurkitt and by her he had several children.²⁴ Some writers, who regard Winnepurkitt as the husband of Wenunchus, explain his marriage to Ahawayetsquaine by assuming that the bridegroom, supposing that old Passaconaway had recalled his daughter forever, had remarried. Others tell us that he had more than one wife.

To Wonalancet, the best known and most lovable son of Passaconaway, we shall devote a separate chapter.

²¹ Drake: *Indians of North America*, 111-112.

²² Same.

²³ Same.

²⁴ Same.

CHAPTER III

WONALANCET, THE "PLEASANT-BREATHING"

WONALANCET was born about 1618. He was the third child of Passaconaway; Nanamocomuck, the Sachem of Wachusett, and a sister preceding him.¹ Had the older brother been alive in 1669, he would have become chief; but in this year we find Wonalancet stepping into the position left vacant by his father's retirement.²

Resembling Passaconaway in pacific temperament and friendliness towards the whites,³ he was named "Wonne," meaning "pleasant," and "Nangshonat," meaning "to breathe."⁴ From this jumble of letters and guttural sounds we derive Wonalancet, a more pronounceable word signifying "pleasant-breathing." Bouton says: "He was wronged by the whites, distrusted by the Indians; a wanderer in the wilderness, in unknown but remote places from Pennacook; at one time a prisoner at Dover; for many years under the watch and supervision of Col. Tyng, of Chelmsford; and at last he died, like his noble father, in poverty."⁵

¹ See chapter on "Passaconaway's Papooses" in this work.

² Compare Bureau of American Ethnology, Bull. No. 30, part II, 910, Handbook of American Indians.

³ The same.

⁴ Potter: History of Manchester, 66.

⁵ Bouton: History of Concord, 27.

He certainly must have possessed a mild and charitable temperament, for, on repeated occasions, he was grievously wronged, and once he was actually wounded, by those whom he had befriended.⁶

Wonalancet pitched his wigwam upon the hill east of the Amoskeag Falls, near Manchester. At this place were held the council-fires at which all tribal affairs were discussed. Also he kept in repair the fort at Pennacook as a refuge in case of another Mohawk invasion.

Wonalancet long clung to his ancient religious beliefs, even after his father had accepted Christianity. Often he voiced the wish to die, as he had lived, in the religion of his ancestors.⁷ Not until 1674 did he accept the faith of the whites, and then only under the mild and continued persuasion of John Eliot.⁸ Yet all through his sad and troubled life Wonalancet practiced the Golden Rule, Love, and Charity.⁹

Almost the first time his name appears he is doing a Christian act, sacrificing his ancestral lands, on which his own wigwam stood, to raise money to ransom his brother, as already narrated. Old Passaconaway's heart was rent with sorrow because of the imprisonment in Boston of his eldest son, Nanamocomuck, who had, according to findings of the Court, become responsible for another Indian's debt to one John Tinker,

⁶ See Potter: *History of Manchester*, 66; Lyford: *History of Concord*, quoting *New Hampshire Provincial Papers*, vol. II, 47.

⁷ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 67.

⁸ Same.

⁹ Compare Lyford: *History of Concord*.

an Englishman. Nanamocomuck was thrown into a Boston jail until the debt should be paid.¹⁰ Wonalancet's position was this: his father soon would be forced to lay down the Bashabaship because of his advanced age, and, with the rightful heir in jail indefinitely, Wonalancet would succeed to the coveted position. But this "heathen salvage," entirely ignoring personal gain, hesitated not; he obtained a permit and auctioned off an island—his home—thereby raising money to free his brother.

For many years Wonalancet had full knowledge that the Governor of Massachusetts was offering British gold to encourage another Mohawk raid.¹¹ His people knew it also, yet Wonalancet came in closer towards the English and in 1674 even embraced their religion. These acts of Wonalancet, under such circumstances, caused doubts and anxiety among his people, and large numbers deserted him. But those who stood by him realized that, instead of "selling out" his people to their enemies, his policy was to strengthen them against the Maguas.

In 1674 Eliot preached to the Pennacooks and the Bashaba appeared very grave and sober. Prior to this date he had been keeping the Sabbath and attending service at Wamesit. "The next day, May 6, 1674, Mr. Eliot proposed to him to give an answer concerning his praying to God. Wonalancet stood up (in his wig-

¹⁰ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 66-7.

¹¹ *Provincial Papers of New Hampshire*, vol. I, 174; Belknap: *History of New Hampshire*, vol. I, 126.

wam) and after due pause and deliberation gave this answer:—"Sirs, you have been pleased, for years past, in your abundant love, to apply yourselves particularly unto me and my people, to exhort, press, and persuade us to pray to God; I am very thankful to you for your pains. I must acknowledge I have all my days been used to pass in an old canoe, and now you exhort me to leave and change my old canoe and embark in a new one, to which I have been unwilling; but now I yield myself to your advice and enter into a new canoe and do engage to pray to God hereafter.'" ¹²

Gookin writes that Brother Eliot made this reply to Wonalancet: "It may be, while he went in his old canoe he passed in a quiet stream—but the end thereof was death and destruction to soul and body. But now he went into a new canoe, perhaps he would meet with storms and trials; but yet he should be encouraged to persevere, for the end of the voyage should be everlasting rest." "Since that time," Gookin continues, "I hear this sachem doth persevere, and is a constant and diligent hearer of God's word, and sanctifieth the Sabbath, though he doth travel to Wamesit meeting every Sabbath, which is about two miles; and though sundry of his people have deserted him since he subjected to the gospel, yet he continues and persists." ¹³

The following year, 1675, came King Philip's War. Temptations to join the son of Massasoit were strong.

¹² Potter: *History of Manchester*, 69.

¹³ Gookin: *Historical Collections of the Indians in New England*, in *Collections of Massachusetts Historical Society*, vol. I, 187.

Repeatedly embassies were sent to Wonalancet to persuade him to join the belligerent Indians. With these emissaries buzzing among his people, all too frequently persuading individuals to join the luckless cause, and with the English increasingly distrusting the friendship of the loyal Indians, the pacific chieftain had a trying time.¹⁴ He was too much of a man to retract his pledge of submission to the English Government, and too much of a patriot to fight against his own race, relatives and friends.¹⁵ Fully cognizant of his predicament, he realized that he must pursue his pacific policy and, keeping faith with his conscience, must remain neutral. He realized also that, in order to hold his subjects in check, he must withdraw from the neighborhood of the whites, who were butchering his kinsmen unscrupulously; while against such treatment he was unable to offer effectual protest. So, taking all their crops and belongings, he and his people removed from Wamesit (Tewksbury, Eliot's fifth town of praying Indians) to the wilderness of Pennacook.¹⁶

They had not been gone long before the "Great and General Court," fearing that their absence was a sign of hostility, became uneasy. About the first of October, 1675, the authorities sent a runner or two to the fugitive Bashaba, stating that if he would bring his people back and live among the whites at Wamesit, the protection of the English would be extended to

¹⁴ Lyford: *History of Concord*; Potter: *History of Manchester*, 70.

¹⁵ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 73.

¹⁶ *History of Concord*; Potter: *History of Manchester*, 70.

them.¹⁷ The messengers also brought Wonalancet a written order from Governor Leverett, giving a safe conduct for a party of six Indians, to meet at Lieutenant Hinchman's house at Naumkeag (Salem), to confer with Captain Gookin and John Eliot, who were empowered to form a treaty with Wonalancet such as Passaconaway had made a few years before.¹⁸

Right here I must insert an account of the fate of some praying Indians then living at Wamesit, the place where Wonalancet and his people were expected to enjoy the protection of the government, if they returned. "Among the colonists there were not a few who desired to stir up an excitement against the Wamesit Indians, residing below Pawtucket Falls, at the mouth of the Concord River. They were accused of burning a stack of hay belonging to James Richardson (unjustly as it would seem), and thirty-three able-bodied men were taken to Boston to answer to the charge, being all of the tribe except women, children, old men and cripples. Three of them were condemned to be sold as slaves and the others set free. As they passed through Woburn, under the charge of Lieut. Richardson, they were fired upon by one of a train band exercising at the same time in the village—and one of the Indians was killed. The man who fired was named Knight. The Indian killed was related to the principal Indians of Natick and Wamesit.

¹⁷ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 71; see Mass. Archives; Lyford: *History of Concord*.

¹⁸ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 71; compare Drake: *Indians of North America*, 280.

Knight was arrested and tried for the murder, and, as Gookin says, 'was acquitted by the Jury, much contrary to the mind of the bench; the Jury alleged they wanted evidence, and the prisoner plead that the gun went off by accident, indeed witnesses were mealy mouthed in giving evidence. The Jury was sent out again and again by the Judges who were much unsatisfied with the Jury's proceedings; but the Jury did not see cause to alter their mind and so the fellow was cleared.' " ¹⁹

On November 15 Lieut. Richardson's barn burned down. No evidence could be found as to the cause of the conflagration, but it was attributed to the Wamesits. Fourteen of the Chelmsford men—no doubt properly inflamed with patriotism and rum—marched to the camp of the Indians. The latter were peremptorily ordered out of their wigwams, whereupon two whites fired upon them, killing a boy and wounding five women and children. The two "patriots," Lorgin and Robbins, were seized and later a trial was held. The honorable Jury found them "Not Guilty," "to the great grief" (to quote Gookin) "and trouble generally of the magistracy and ministry and other wise and godly men." ²⁰

On February 6, 1676, having taken to the woods in search of Wonalancet, having lost their way and many lives by hardship and starvation, and at length being forced to return to Chelmsford, the Wamesits petitioned to be removed from their reservation to a

¹⁹ Potter: History of Manchester, 73.

²⁰ The same, 74.

"safer" location.²¹ The government was too busy to notice this humble petition. In desperation these Indians left, bag and baggage, and retreated to the wilderness and to the French. The departure was necessarily made in haste so that they were forced to leave behind five or six of their aged and blind kinsmen. They left these unfortunates in a large wigwam. The next day some Chelmsford men found these, and, setting fire to the wigwam, they roasted the occupants alive.²²

When the Wamesits were asked concerning their abrupt departure they sent the following letter to Lieut. Hinchman: "To Mr. Thos. Hinchman of Chelmsford. I Numphow, and John Line, we send the messenger to you again with this answer, we cannot *come home again*, we go towards the French, we go where Wonalancet is; the reason is, we went away from our home, we had help from the Council, but that did not do us good, but we had wrong by the English. 2dly. The reason is we went away from the English, for when there was any harm done in Chelmsford, they laid it to us and said we did it, but we know ourselves we never did harm the English, but we go away peaceably and quietly. 3dly. As to the Island" (the Government had reserved one for their use) "we say there is no safety for us for many English be not good, and may be they come to us and kill us, as in the *other case*. We are not sorry for what we leave behind, but are sorry the English have driven us from our praying to

²¹ Potter: History of Manchester, 75.

²² The same, 75-6.

God and from our teacher (Mr. Eliot). We did begin to understand a little praying to God. We thank humbly the Council. We remember our love to Mr. HENCHMAN and James Richardson.

“The mark of L John Line, } their
 “The mark of X Numphow, } Rulers.” ²³

But to return to Wonalancet. Runners had been despatched to invite him to come and live with the English at Wamesit. The messengers reached the tribe, but did not see its Bashaba.²⁴ Leaving the written message, they returned. Wonalancet deemed it prudent to retreat deeper into the forests. With his band rent by discord and suspicion, his adherents now numbered less than one hundred.²⁵ The General Court misinterpreted their movement and a rumor spread that “at Pennacook there were mighty bands of Indians gathering for mischief.” ²⁶

Captain Mosely, fresh from his victories in Philip's War, was ordered to march on Pennacook, and, seizing the fort, to disperse the gathered hordes. Wonalancet had been too honorable to break faith with the English during the recent strife, yet they were now ordering troops to pillage and slay his people. Wonalancet learned of their approach and led his followers into the swamps and marshes, where, from behind

²³ Potter: History of Manchester, 75; quo. from Coll. Amer. Ant. Soc., vol. II, 483.

²⁴ Drake: Indians of North America, 280; Lyford: History of Concord.

²⁵ Drake: Indians of North America, 280.

²⁶ Lyford: History of Concord.

trees, they could watch every move of the whites.²⁷ The soldiers destroyed their wigwams and winter's supply of dried fish. Many braves urged Wonalancet to fight the invaders, for, from their ambush, the Indians could have cut down the white soldiers with but little damage to themselves.²⁸ Then, too, there was that strongest of all arguments—an Indian maiden will not accept her lover until he can display the scalp of an enemy.²⁹ Many of the young braves had had no chance, at least openly, to kill an enemy during the latter half of Passaconaway's reign. Here was their opportunity. Moreover, not only had the Pennacooks been injured and insulted, but they were facing actual starvation.³⁰ But the sachem, probably with Passaconaway's farewell speech ringing in his filial memory, held the fire-eaters in check, and suffered not one brave to show himself or fire a shot.³¹

Wonalancet did not check the march of his refugees until the headwaters of the Connecticut River had been gained.³² Then only did they settle down, far from English wrong-doers, yet ever facing death, for the winter was a terrible one. With scantiest supply of food, their numbers presently were swelled by the arrival of the half-starved Wamesit refugees. All this trial and suffering had come to the Pennacooks simply

²⁷ Drake: *Indians of North America*, 279-80. Potter: *History of Manchester*, 72. Lyford: *History of Concord*.

²⁸ Lyford: *History of Concord*.

²⁹ Compare John Fiske: *Dutch and Quaker Colonies*, vol. I, 316-317.

³⁰ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 72-3.

³¹ Drake: *Indians of North America*, 279-280.

³² Potter: *History of Manchester*, 72; Lyford: *History of Concord*.

because their leader, from conscientious scruples, was endeavoring to be non-partisan and peaceable. The climax came in the September of 1676, after the close of Philip's War. Beaten and disbanded Indians fled in all directions. The Provincial Government, flushed with victory, issued orders to seize all red men of inimical or doubtful status. Those captured were tried at Boston and several were convicted of murder and were hung: the remainder were transported.

Peace now being established, the Pennacooks returned to their camping grounds. Wonalancet and Squando's names are found on a treaty signed at Major Waldron's. The signing of this treaty by Squando marked the real end of the conflict, for Philip's War had had a "bloody sequel" in Maine.³³

The Indians who had cast in their lot with Philip were tracked and hunted down.³⁴ Hundreds of these unfortunates had worked their way northward and were enjoying the hospitality afforded by their kinsmen on the Merrimac, the Pennacooks and others. They hoped that time would erase their guilt and that, by mingling with these friendly Indians, they would be accounted as adopted into these tribes.³⁵ Not so did it prove! The Court learned of their presence and sent companies of soldiers under Captain Syll and Captain Hawthorne after them. On the evening of September sixth they arrived at Dover. That evening there were about four hundred Indians who

³³ See Potter: *History of Manchester*, 77; Lyford: *History of Concord*.

³⁴ Lyford: *History of Concord*.

³⁵ Compare Drake: *Indians of North America*, 280.

had come in under Major Waldron's safe conduct to trade at his post. Waldron, acting under the authority of the government, had given his promise of protection to the Pennacooks. Yet the "strange Indians" must be taken. The soldiers were for falling upon them at once, but Waldron dissuaded them from that. The trader had been unscrupulous in his dealings—had let his fist weigh as only one pound against many fine skins and had sold the natives rum and cheap cloth—yet this time he posed as a friend of the Pennacooks. He knew that if the soldiers made a general attack not only Pennacooks but many white men also would fall. Hence he insisted that the refugees should be taken by strategy.³⁶

Next morning the news was spread among the savages that a great game was to be played with them. The unsuspecting redskins were delighted over the prospect, especially when the promise of a cannon was made them. All was explained to them,—how the contestants were to divide into two parties, one Indian and one white, and have a drill followed by a sham fight. "Tradition says that the Indians were furnished with a cannon mounted upon wheels, which pleased them very much. They were ignorant of its management, and were furnished with gunners by the English. The Indians manned the drag ropes, and the sham fight commenced. In changing the direction of the cannon, the English gunners ranged the piece along a file of Indians upon one of the drag ropes, and fired, killing and wounding a large number. This

³⁶ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 78.

was attributed to accident.”³⁷

In the midst of this game the Indians were surrounded, and not until it was too late did the red warriors perceive the trap that had been set for them. The whites, with loaded rifles, closed in upon the hapless Indians and disarmed them. The “strange Indians” were put in one group and the friendly ones in another. The Pennacooks were allowed to go free. The others were marched off to Boston. Here, after trial, six were condemned and hung. The others (about two hundred in number) were forced aboard ships and later sold as slaves in the Barbadoes.³⁸ Such trade was lucrative, and it seems quite probable that many more Indians were sold than those who had been actually hostile. Indeed Winnepurkitt, Passaconaway’s son-in-law, was among those sold into slavery, although his participation in the conflict seems doubtful.³⁹

This deception greatly enraged the Pennacooks and they pointed to it as an insult to their honor, for it had been under their hospitality that the “strange Indians” had come into Dover, and the hosts helplessly had looked on while their guests were swept away to death or slavery. Silently they nursed their grievance until, many years later, the opportunity came to “cross out their account.”⁴⁰

³⁷ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 78.

³⁸ Charlton: *New Hampshire As It Is*, 28-9; Potter: *History of Manchester*, 78; Lyford: *History of Concord*; Bureau of American Ethnology Bull. 30, part II, 225, *Handbook of American Indians*.

³⁹ Drake: *Indians of North America*, 112.

⁴⁰ Lyford: *History of Concord*.

Many tribesmen now abandoned the unresisting Wonalancet and went to the French at St. Francis. By order of the Court, the decimated Pennacooks were transferred to Wickasaukee and Chelmsford, where they were under the supervision of Mr. Jonathan Tyng of Dunstable.⁴¹ But the Bashaba had little corn, he dwelt on an unsettled frontier, and he was wofully poverty-stricken. Thus did the forest king maintain an uncomfortable and bitter existence.

The Mohawks again went on the warpath. On March 15, 1677, a party was seen by Wonalancet's son, at whom as many as twenty shots were fired, though he escaped uninjured. A second time the dreaded Maguas appeared in the neighborhood of Cocheco (Dover), but were driven off by the Pennacooks with some assistance from the whites.⁴²

Who can wonder that Wonalancet chafed within the narrow limits of his reservation?⁴³ In all probability his wife—related to some Indians whose home was in Canada—notified these relatives of her husband's straits. For, during September, 1677, a party of these Indians fell upon Wonalancet's band and, partly by force and partly by persuasion, the unhappy Pennacooks were led captive to St. Francis. Under cover of this show of force, the Bashaba was able to escape from the English without endangering himself or his people.⁴⁴

⁴¹ Lyford: *History of Concord*.

⁴² Belknap: *History of New Hampshire*, vol. I, 125-6.

⁴³ See Potter: *History of Manchester*, 79.

⁴⁴ Lyford: *History of Concord*.

The captives made their home at St. Francis, although at times sundry of them returned for short visits to their native soil, New Hampshire. This withdrawal was considered by many of the confederated tribes as an abdication of the Bashabaship. Hence, from this time on, we find that Kancamagus was the Bashaba in fact, if not in name.

Of the later years of Wonalancet's life little is known, until 1685, when, upon report of his "fierce and warlike" presence at Pennacook, he came to Dover, where he assured the government of New Hampshire (which now had become a Royal Province) that there were at Pennacook only twenty-four Indians beside squaws and papooses, and that this paltry band had no intention of making war upon the English. His name is not affixed to the treaty of this year, which seems to prove that he was no longer the recognized leader. Four years later, in 1689, he repeated his assurances of peaceful intentions. He is said to have again returned to St. Francis shortly after.⁴⁵

But the White Mountains and the fertile fields south of them were dear to Wonalancet's heart; he could not be exiled from them, and, nine years later, he was again living under the care of Mr. Tyng, this time at Wamesit. The old sachem is reported as having transferred his lands, the last of his once vast domain, to his keeper. Deeds bearing dates of 1696 and 1697 are found, made out to Mr. Tyng.⁴⁶

⁴⁵ Lyford: History of Concord, citing from New Hampshire Provincial Papers, II, 47.

⁴⁶ Lyford: History of Concord.

During this last sojourn, Wonalancet visited his beloved preacher, Rev. Mr. Fiske of Chelmsford. Upon inquiring how the remaining Pennacooks had behaved during the Indian wars, the clergyman replied that "they had kept the peace and prospered, for which the Lord be thanked." "And me next," modestly added Wonalancet, well knowing that it was he himself who had drilled this peaceful policy into the restless aborigines.⁴⁷

At this time he was about eighty years old. Whether he went back to St. Francis or died in his own country is not definitely known; the time of his death also is unknown. He is believed to have been buried in the private cemetery of the Tyng family, in Tyngsboro, Mass.⁴⁸

Geo. Waldo Browne says: "It is pleasant to note that the Massachusetts Society of Colonial Dames have placed on one of the boulders lying near the colonial mansion house occupied by Colonel Jonathan Tyng, where the" (next to the) "last Pennacook sachem passed his closing years, a memorial tablet properly inscribed."⁴⁹ His name also is attached to a club and clubhouse in Concord, N. H., to a little White Mountain hamlet—formerly known as Birch Intervale—and Post Office; and, in the glorious old days when boys used to collect the names of engines, "Wonalancet" was the name of a locomotive on the Concord

⁴⁷ Drake: *Indians of North America*, 282; Potter: *History of Manchester*, 79.

⁴⁸ *Granite State Magazine*, vol. I, 9.

⁴⁹ The same.

and Northern Railroad.⁵⁰ On August 13th, 1811, the ship "Wonolanset," owned by Captain Reuben Shapley, was burned at Shapley's wharf, Portsmouth, one hour after its arrival from sea.⁵¹ In the summer of 1916 the old Tyng mansion in Tyngsboro was opened as the Wannalancit Inn. Interesting descriptions of this historic garrison-house may be found in the *Boston Traveller* of July 3, 1916, and the *Youth's Companion* of August 31, 1916. But a far better memorial to the "pleasant-breathing" Wonalancet was erected by Miss Lucy Larcom when she bestowed upon one of the gentler hills of the Sandwich Range the name of this pacific, conscientious and ill-fated chief.

⁵⁰ Bouton: History of Concord, 20; Granite State Magazine, I, 9; Lyford: History of Concord.

⁵¹ Adams: Annals of Portsmouth, 352.

CHAPTER IV

HOW KANCAMAGUS CROSSED OUT THE ACCOUNT

SHORTLY before 1683 there loomed into prominence a man very different in temperament and character from Passaconaway and Wonalancet, namely, Kancamagus (pronounced Kankamaugus), a nephew of Wonalancet and grandson of Passaconaway. "Kancamagus, commonly in the histories called Hogkins, Hawkins, or Hakins, was an artful, persevering, faithful man, as long as he could depend upon the English for protection."¹ He possessed more fiery passions and far less self-control than his predecessors in the Pennacook chieftaincy. But Passaconaway's great example was still potent among the New Hampshire Indians, and at the beginning of Kancamagus' sagamanship we find him a peaceful and law-abiding man.

The father of this powerful Indian was Nanamocomuck, the oldest son of Passaconaway. Strangely enough, instead of the title passing through Wonalancet to his son it reverted back to the son of the elder chief, long dead. Nanamocomuck, already mentioned, was Sachem of Wachusett and was at one time unjustly, as it proved, imprisoned in Boston.² Being more savage than his younger brother, the "gentle-

¹ Drake: *Indians of North America*, 297.

² Potter: *History of Manchester*, 67.

breathing" Wonalancet, possessing a temperament more like that which Kancamagus later showed, Nanamocomuck changed from a staunch friend of the English to a bitter hater. He finally abandoned his pacific people who dwelt at the foot of Mount Wachusett in Massachusetts and joined the Androscoggins, in Maine.³ We know not whether he joined a band inimical to the English or not; we only know that he died among these people before Passaconaway abdicated the throne. Thus Kancamagus, far from the restraining and softening influence of Passaconaway, and being brought up with the warlike ideals of his father and among a people far more savage than the Pennacooks, might be expected to favor a more radical war-policy than that of his ancestral tribe. Naturally enough, under the peaceful and inactive rule of Wonalancet, many of the more fiery of the Pennacooks had sundered their hereditary ties and joined the warlike Maine Indians.⁴

In 1684 Kancamagus succeeded to the throne of the Indian confederacy and brought with him a throng of restless and vengeful Androscoggins. The news spread far and wide. From many quarters discontented Indians flocked to the standard of the new chieftain, who was a man of powerful physique and compellingly magnetic personality. He was a born leader and quickly gathered together the remnants of

³ Belknap: *History of New Hampshire*, Farmer's Edition, 133; compare Potter: *History of Manchester*, 82-3.

⁴ Compare Belknap: *History of New Hampshire*, Farmer's Edition, 133.

the once powerful Pennacooks. Restless men came from all directions; "strange Indians" returning from slavery naturally gravitated Kancamagusward.⁵ It is interesting to note how, after being sold as slaves in the Barbadoes, these sons of the forest had managed to work their way back to their native soil. In this year, 1684, then, we find Kancamagus heading a motley group of savages.

The English, aware of the lawless bands gathering at Pennacook, instead of preventing the coming storm, in reality hastened it, for their government again renewed its perfidious negotiations with the Mohawks.⁶ The Pennacooks knew that the Mohawks were being hired to annihilate all the Indians from Narragansett, R. I., to Brunswick, Maine.⁷ This alone, even without the vengeance the Indians were nursing against the whites for the Sham Fight treachery, would be sufficient to make them hate the white usurpers. Although terrible in revenge, Kancamagus did not deliberately stir up war. He was a staunch ally so long as the whites gave him a measure of justice; but when insulted, abused, and injured, he let loose the furies of war and reveled in his gory revenge. This new Bashaba, who, as it proved, was to be the last of the Bashabas, was not a man to be abused with impunity.

No English policy could have been more perfidious than this buying up of the Maguas to raid the New England Indians. Little wonder, then, that a few

⁵ Belknap: *History of New Hampshire*, Farmer's Edition, 133.

⁶ See Charlton: *New Hampshire as It Is*, 29.

⁷ Belknap: *History of New Hampshire*, Farmer's Edition, 133.

years later we find Kancamagus fighting under the "table cloth" standard of the French. Word came back from the Mohawks that they intended to kill all the Indians from Mount Hope to Pegypscott.⁸ The Pennacooks immediately rushed to their stronghold at Concord, where, many, many years before, the Mohawks had been decisively repulsed. The Bashaba made a trip to New Castle, in order that by strengthening his alliance with the English—not that he hated the English any less⁹—he might protect his people who lived on the frontier from the dreaded Mohawks.

"On the 15th of May, 1685, he addressed the following letter to Governor Cranfield:

" *'Honur Governor, my friend.*

" 'You my friend, I desire your worship and your power, because I hope you can do some great matters this one. I am poor and naked and I have no men, at my place, because I afriad allwayes Mohogs he will kill me every day and night. If your worship when please pray help me you no let Mohogs kill me at my place at Malamake rever called Panukkog and Natukkog. I will submit your worship and your power. And now I want powder and such alminishon, shott and guns because I have *forth* at my hom and I plant theare.

" 'This all Indian hand, but pray you do consider your humble Servant, "JOHN HOGKINS.' " ¹⁰

⁸ Potter: History of Manchester, 87.

⁹ Belknap: Hist. of N. H., Farmer's Ed., 133.

¹⁰ Potter: History of Manchester, 84-5; see Files in Secretary's Office, N. H.

Underneath his name are the signatures or marks of fourteen subordinate Indians.

We find the Bashaba sending a second letter to the governor on the same day:

"may 15th, 1685.

"*Honour Mr. Governor.* now this day I com your house, I want se you and I bring my hand at before you I want shake hand to you if worship when please, then you Receive my hand, then shake your hand and my hand. You my friend because I Remember at old time when live my grant father and grant mother then Englishmen com this country, then my grant father and Englishmen, they make a good gouenant, they friend allwayes, my grant father leuing at place called malamake Rever, other name hef Natukkog and Panukkog, that one Rever great many names and I bring you this few skins at this first time I will giue you my friend. this all Indian hand

"JOHN X. HAWKINS,

"SAGAMON." ¹¹

Several Indian signatures or marks follow.

After this second note Kancamagus was recognized. He was given a message expressing Cranfield's regrets at being unable to see him because of "out of town" business. Mr. Mason had been left as acting Governor in Cranfield's absence. The neglected Kancamagus, reasoning with the simplicity of a child, was deeply grieved at this "putting off," and the next day sent this appealing note to the acting governor:

¹¹ Same reference as the other letter.

"mr mason pray I want Speake you a few words if your worship when please because I come parpos I will speake this Gouvernor but he go away So he Say at last night and so far I understand this Gouvernor *his* power *that* your power now, so he speake his own mouth, pray if you take what I want, pray com to me because I want go hom this day

"your humble servant

"JOHN HOGKINS, Indian Sogamon.¹²

"may 16th 1685."

It is very probable that the mention of beaver skins was the inducement which caused the governor to notify the Bashaba of an engagement and to tell him of Mr. Mason's position. Both Cranfield and Mason knew well what proposition Kancamagus would make. The Bashaba had a letter all prepared for his "worship's" consideration, praying that, besides receiving protection from the Maguas, Cranfield would not have his Indians thrown into prison for imbibing too freely of the "fire-water," but allow him (Kancamagus) to punish them, which he would surely do if notified of their drunkenness.¹³ This proposal was one not to the liking of the official; so it seems that the pilgrim had his long walk for nothing. Bringing valuable gifts of furs from Pennacook, he was treated with sad neglect and never even given a real hearing. Such was the English way of accepting the friendship of a neighbor who,

¹²Potter: History of Manchester, 86; see Files in Secretary's Office, N. H.

¹³Potter: History of Manchester, 86.

at this time, was sincerely inclined towards peace. It is a well-proven fact that Cranfield traveled as far as Albany, N. Y., in order, as he expressed it, to purchase peace with English gold, by bringing against the Pennacooks enough Mohawks to destroy them.¹⁴ Kancamagus, neglected and enraged, went back to his people. Many writers think that before this affair his friendship with the whites had been sincere,¹⁵ but from now on he nursed his grievances and only awaited the time when he should drink from the sweet cup of revenge.

Gathering together all his subjects, he plunged deeper into the wilderness. Some of the Maine Indians and tribes on the seaboard joined him.¹⁶ The Court became greatly alarmed. The officials realized that here was a man who would resent an insult. They therefore sent messengers asking the reason of the Pennacooks' withdrawal. Kancamagus sent back the answer that it was the fear of the "Mohogs" which caused their flight to the fort. They were then asked why they did not come in and mingle with the English and thereby be protected by them. To this the Bashaba answered that if they did this the Mohawks would hurt the English on their account,¹⁷ which of course they would not wish. At length they were persuaded to return and an agreement was reached.

¹⁴ Potter: History of Manchester, 84.

¹⁵ Compare Osgood: White Mountains, 26; Potter: History of Manchester, 86.

¹⁶ Belknap: History of New Hampshire, Farmer's Edition, 133.

¹⁷ Belknap: History of New Hampshire, vol. I, 182-3.

"Their chiefs being assembled with the council of New Hampshire and a deputation from the province of Maine, a treaty was concluded, wherein it was stipulated, that all future personal injuries on either side should, upon complaint, be immediately redressed; that information should be given of approaching danger from enemies; that the Indians should not remove their families from the neighborhood of the English without giving timely notice, and if they did that it should be taken as a declaration of war; and, that while these articles were observed, the English would assist and protect them against the Mohawks and all other enemies."¹⁸ This treaty was apparently kept by both sides until it expired, four years later.¹⁹ For some reason the energetic Governor Cranfield was removed and Walter Barefoot, whom we find negotiating this treaty,²⁰ was unable to secure the alliance of the Mohawks.

In the year 1689, at the expiration of the treaty, "King William's War" was declared between the French and the English colonists.²¹ Naturally this—a border Indian war—involved the Pennacooks. Kancamagus had allied with himself such noted warriors as Paugus, Metambomet, Mesandowit, and Wahowah (or Wahwah).²² This Wahowah, sometimes known as Hope-Hood, was a very "Indian-rubber Devil,"

¹⁸ Belknap: History of New Hampshire, vol. I, 182-3.

¹⁹ Potter: History of Manchester, 89.

²⁰ Belknap: History of New Hampshire, vol. I, 182-3.

²¹ Belknap: History of New Hampshire, Farmer's Ed., 133.

²² Compare Potter: History of Manchester, 90-1.

capable of mischief of every description, one who could not be killed or in any way checked in his bloody career, "a tiger, and one of the most bloody warriors of the age."²³

As the treaty had expired, the Indians were not disposed to form another alliance. They were nursing their wrongs. The son-in-law of Passaconaway was still a slave in the Barbadoes;²⁴ the English had deliberately bartered with the Mohawks, the natural enemies of the Pennacooks; they had treated the Bashaba with neglect; even now they were hunting for one of Kancamagus' subjects—Hope-Hood—and lastly, although not least by any means, some of the "strange Indians" had returned from slavery and were raging for the blood of their betrayer.²⁵ Then, too, it is highly probable that a little urging on the part of the French was not without effect.²⁶ Hence, in this year, when the Andros government had been wrecked by revolution and when the governments of both New Hampshire and Massachusetts seem to have swayed on their very unsteady foundations,²⁷ we find news leaking out that Kancamagus was "the principal enemy and designer"²⁸ of a bloody plot against the English and that he had threatened "to knock on the head whosoever came to treat, whether English or In-

²³ Belknap: History of New Hampshire, Farmer's Edition, 133.

²⁴ Potter: History of Manchester, 90.

²⁵ Drake: Indians of North America, 298; compare Belknap: History of New Hampshire, Farmer's Ed., 133.

²⁶ Same reference in Belknap.

²⁷ Same.

²⁸ Potter: History of Manchester, 91-2.

dian.”²⁹ Messengers were sent up to Pennacook to sieze Hope-Hood but they were unsuccessful.³⁰

In extenuation of the Pennacooks' growing hostility to the English, Potter says: "What class or nation of whites at the present time would suffer such wrongs to go unavenged! And should we expect more of patience from the rude untutored Red Man!"³¹ Therefore we must not judge Kancamagus and his warriors too harshly. In the bloody affair at Cocheco we shall find the dusky avengers hurting few, if any, besides those against whom they had personal grudges.

Although great secrecy was observed, the news leaked out, and two friendly Indians, Job Maramasquand and Peter Muckamug, speedily carried it to Col. Hinchman and to Hon. Danforth, of the council; but, probably on account of the unsettled condition of the government at the time, no action was taken until it was too late. ("The friendly warning is said to have come from Wonalancet."³²) On the twenty-seventh of June a messenger was despatched to warn Waldron of the proposed onslaught. This messenger was unavoidably detained at Newbury Ferry and arrived at Dover on the twenty-eighth, just after the Indians had done their work.³³

Miss Mary H. Wheeler has put into verse her con-

²⁹ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 91-2.

³⁰ Belknap: *History of New Hampshire*, Farmer's Ed., 133.

³¹ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 90.

³² S. A. Drake: *The Border Wars of New England*, 22, note.

³³ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 91-3; *New Hampshire State Papers*, XIX, 319.

ception of the events which transpired in the camp of Kancamagus on the eve of the massacre:

"WARSONG OF KANCAMAGUS (JUNE, 1689)

"At the old fort in Pennacook
The Indian sachems met.
An insult had been given
Which no red man could forget.
Sir Edmund had attacked their friend
And plundered without law;
And in the solemn Council
Each voice had been for war.

"Ignoring former treaties
Which their allies ne'er sustained,
Of slight, and fraud, and falsehood,
And unfairness they complained.
Their mutual accusations
Made a list both dark and long,
And each could well of insult tell,
And individual wrong.

"The council had declared for war,
And formal invitation
Had been to all the warriors given,
According to their station.
And now, in circles seated,
With the chiefs and braves within
The stern-faced red man waited
For the war-dance to begin.

"Then up rose Kancamagus,
And ferocious was his air;
High up he swung his hatchet,
And his brawny arm was bare;
The eagle's feather trembled
In his scalp-lock as he sang,
And far across the Merrimac
The Indian war-song rang.

“War! War! Lift up the hatchet!

Bring scalping knife and gun,
And give no rest to foot or breast
Till warfare is begun!

Look where the braves are gathered
Like the clouds before a flood!
And Kancamagus' tomahawk
Is all athirst for blood!

“My fathers fought the Tarratines,

And Mohawks fierce and strong,
And ever on the war-path
Their whoop was loud and long.
And Kancamagus' daring

And feats of vengeance bold,
Among the Amariscoggins
Have been full often told.

“Will the warrior's arm be weaker,

And will his courage fail,
When in grounds well known he shall
strike his own,

And his people's foe assail?

Will the son of Nanamocomuck

Stand trembling like a squaw

When the Sagamons around him

Are all hungering for war?

“War! War! The foe are sleeping,

And the scent of blood is sweet,

And the woods about Cocheco

Await the warrior's feet!

From silent ambush stealing

We will capture, slay, and burn,

Till those plundering, cheating English

Shall the red man's vengeance learn!

“The chiefs about Piscataqua

Refused my proffered hand;

The bad whites at Cocheco

By treachery took our band.

They treated us like reptiles,
But the red man's day is nigh;
On Kancamagus' wigwam pole
Their bloody scalps may dry!' ”³⁴

Two squaws appeared at Major Waldron's block-house and applied for permission to sleep there.³⁵ As such hospitality seems to have been a common custom, no objections were offered. Two squaws were also unsuspectingly admitted into each of the houses of Heard, Otis, and the elder Coffin. Before retiring the families, upon request, showed the squaws how to open the gates, in case they should wish to leave in the night. Mesandowit, a chief very friendly to the whites, was accustomed to sup frequently with Major Waldron. On this fateful evening he was a guest at the trader's table. During the meal the chieftain alluded to the numerous Indians about Dover and said: "Major Waldron, what would you do if the strange Indians should come?" "I could assemble an hundred men by lifting up my finger," carelessly replied the Major.³⁶ Having done his duty as a friend, the Indian, not wishing to further betray his kinsmen, said no more. The unwary Waldron retired, as was his cus-

³⁴ Mary H. Wheeler, in *Granite Monthly*, vol. III.

³⁵ Substance of the following account is from A. H. Quint: *Historical Mem. no. III*; *New Hampshire Provincial Papers*, vol. II, 49; *Potter: History of Manchester*, 93-7; *Drake: Indians of North America*, 298-9; *Drake: The Border Wars of New England*, 14-26; *Belknap: History of New Hampshire*, vol. I, 199-202; see also *Charlton: New Hampshire as It Is*, 40-1, 186-7; *Bodge: King Philip's War*, 315-317.

³⁶ A. H. Quint: *Historical Mem. no. III*; *Drake: Indians of North America*, 299.

tom, without posting a watch.

As darkness fell and the lights in the different houses began to disappear one by one, the camp of the red man also quieted down and one might have thought it deserted. In fact, the warriors had silently withdrawn to the woods. As midnight approached, dusky forms crept up to Coheco's stockade. Suddenly a gentle creaking was heard, then heavy timbers seemed to jar; farther and still farther down the tiny village the same sound was heard. The hour had arrived. Crouching Indians sprang up from their hiding-places and rushed through the open gates, leaving a guard stationed at the entrance, however.

Richard Waldron's judgment-day had arrived. Never again would he defraud Indians or horsewhip Quakers.³⁷ Against the Major, that unscrupulous and deceitful trader, was the Indian vengeance chiefly aimed. Through the ponderous doors of his block-house a bloodthirsty band sped. Up the stairs and into the trader's sleeping-apartment rushed the Indians. Waldron, although over eighty years old, with sword in hand, rushed desperately upon the invaders. His counter-attack was so fierce that he actually drove them through two or three chambers. Then he ran back to his chamber for his pistols. But in this retreat he was overtaken and stunned by a blow from the flat of a tomahawk. Binding him, Kancamagus' men placed him in a large arm-chair upon the dining-table. Taunting cries of "Who shall judge Indians now?"³⁸

³⁷ See Rufus Jones: *Quakers in American Colonies*, 105.

³⁸ A. H. Quint.

echoed and re-echoed through the spacious halls. Then the exulting Indians sat down and feasted, compelling the family to serve them a supper. Having finished their meal, they arose, and, forming a line, marched round and round the table, jeering and hooting at their long-hated victim. During this march each Indian slashed his knife across the naked breast of the gigantic trader, exclaiming, "I cross out my account with Major Waldron!" and, "Now, will your fist weigh a pound?"³⁹ The sight of flowing blood seemed to redouble the ferocity of the captors. They sliced off Waldron's ears and nose and brutally forced these into his mouth. At length, fainting from loss of blood, Waldron began to topple over, whereupon one of the Indians held the Major's own sword so that, as he fell, it ran him through, thereby putting an end to his terrible sufferings. To quote the old poem, "The Winter Evening," again:

"Each one exclaimed, *'I'll cut out my account.'*
Then spear, or tomahawk, with vengeful rife,
Gashed in, as if 'twere of a large amount;
And thus they held the cruel, bloody strife,
And practiced on the famous Waldron's life.
One cut him on the breast, one on the head,
One through the arm run his long, glistening knife,
And o'er his sable coat, the goar was streaming red.

"The lightning glances faded from his eye,
Down from his looks the living spirit fell,
E'en the dark foemen trembled to see him die,
While round their feet, as from a gushing well,
They viewed the torrents from his bosom swell.

³⁹ Drake: Indians of North America, 299.

No sigh, no groan, no tear-drop found its way,
All calmly from its earthly citadel,
'Its broken walls and tenements of clay.'
The spirit took its flight far to the realms of day." ⁴⁰

But this did not end the carnage. Parties of the invaders fell upon each of the other houses. The garrison of Otis, a partner of Waldron, was taken in the same way as was the Major's. After the fray Otis was found dead in his chamber; some think that he was shot while getting out of bed; others that he met his death while peering out of his window. His son and a daughter (Hannah), a child of two years old, also perished. The latter's brains were dashed out against the stairs. Kancamagus captured the wife and infant of Otis and the two children of Stephen, his son. Three daughters of the elder Otis's family were taken, but, at Conway, the party was surprised and these captives were set free.

The case was different at Heard's house. Just as the redskins were entering, a youth, William Wentworth, being awakened by a dog, rushed upon them and, by a Herculean effort, pushed the invaders out and slammed the door in their faces. By lying upon his back, he was able so to brace himself as to hold the door against them, until assistance arrived. The Indians shot through the door twice, but probably they fired too high to hit Wentworth, for he still persisted unharmed until help came and the door was barred.

In the capture of the elder Coffin's house, they en-

⁴⁰ The Winter Evening; Farmer and Moore; Historical Collections, vol. II, 83-92.

countered little opposition. But, as these "blood-thirsty savages" bore no grudge against him, they limited their mischief to making him scatter coins by the handful from a bag they found there, while, child-like, the Indians "scrambled" for them. The night before, Coffin, the son, had refused the squaws admittance, so the red men were barred from his house. But the Indians led forth his father and, by threatening to murder him in full view of the garrison, finally gained admittance. These newly-surrendered captives were placed in a small vacant building and were left unguarded. In the excitement they all escaped.

Amidst these bloody scenes a young woman, who had once done an Indian a kindness, took her child and ran to the woods for cover. A fierce warrior, perceiving her, pursued her. Upon discovering, in the semi-darkness, who she was, a smile flickered for an instant over his countenance and he left her unharmed.⁴¹

The details of the other garrisons are not known. In this one night there were twenty-three persons slain and twenty-five made captives. In all, six houses were burned, including that of Waldron, and the mill upon the lower fall. It is interesting to note that not one of the trader's family except the Major himself was harmed. This shows that, though terrible in revenge, the savage could discriminate. Even amidst the bloodiest scenes he would not harm one who, perhaps years before, had done him or a friend a kindness.

Of course this terrible onslaught, although small

⁴¹ Belknap: *History of New Hampshire*, vol. I, 202.

numbers were involved, coming as it did out of an almost clear sky, was a heavy blow to the English. The fact that the prisoners were on their way to Canada seems to indicate that the French knew of the affair and that there was trouble ahead. The English could find no sufficient explanation or cause for such an onslaught. "It was a most unexpected, unwarranted and savage outbreak," said the wise ones. Evidently they were unaware that thirteen years ago—a savage remembers as far back as that—these very Indians had been betrayed and sold into slavery, shot in broad daylight by malicious whites, plundered, robbed and unjustly imprisoned, yet there was "no sufficient cause"!

The Indians must be punished. Such bloody deeds, when there is no open enmity against the whites as in this case, shall be avenged. There shall be no mercy shown these terrible heathen. A war of extermination shall be waged against this pestiferous vermin. Hence Captain Church is speedily despatched to Pennacook. He will show these savages the power of British law. Upon reaching Pennacook he finds the empty shell of the fort and some small patches of corn. These he immediately confiscates, but the "great Indian fighter" can discover not a single redskin, for some are hidden, others scattered up and down the Merrimac, eking out a miserable existence, but Kancamagus and the majority of his elated warriors are making a speedy march to the amicable French.

The following September Captain Church surprised and captured the fort upon the Amariscoggin River. In it were found Kancamagus's wife and children, his

brother-in-law and his wife, together with several "squaws and papooses." For considerable time this fort had been known as Worombo's Fort and had been a rendezvous for the fugitives. In the struggle which ensued, Kancamagus's sister and daughter were slain and the rest made prisoners.⁴² A short time after, the wily brother-in-law escaped. This affair seems to have enraged the chief, for at Casco Kancamagus and Worombo fell upon the whites with terrible fury, although the latter were numerically superior. The redskins were at length repulsed, but they had struck their blow and seven whites lay lifeless on the ground. Twenty-four more were wounded, while evidently the Indian losses were slight.⁴³

As a sort of "civilized" revenge for this attack, Church's men proposed to butcher their captives. But, luckily, two women captives, whom Kancamagus had treated kindly and who were living at Worombo's Fort at the time of its seizure, interceded, saying that Kancamagus had several whites in his power and in retaliation would surely slay these. They also proposed an exchange of prisoners. Therefore, leaving two aged squaws to negotiate with Kancamagus, and after destroying a little corn, Church's soldiers retraced their steps.⁴⁴ We find that it was in this year that Hope-Hood, "the tiger," met a fate similar to that of "Stonewall" Jackson in later years; that is, his own men, mistaking him for an enemy, fired upon and

⁴² Drake: *Indians of North America*, 300.

⁴³ Compare *New Hampshire State Papers*, vol. XIX, 319-320.

⁴⁴ Compare Church: *Philip's War*, 53.

killed him. This loss seems to have taken the heart out of the fiery and vengeful Kancamagus.⁴⁵

In May, 1691, Kancamagus, Worombo, and eight other "Chief Sagamons" entered the Wells Garrison under a flag of truce to treat for peace.⁴⁶ Here they exchanged their prisoners, of which the Indians had at least four score, for those taken by Church's band. They made the treaty known as the "Truce of Sackatehock," which lasted just a year. Before delivering up the Indian prisoners, Captain Andras made them all promise, three times, that they never would fight against the English.⁴⁷

The power of the Pennacooks was now shattered, the warriors were scattered. The tribe was broken up into groups of poverty-stricken wanderers. Most of them either went under the name of Merrimacs, or took refuge in Canada, at Saint Francis.⁴⁸ Perhaps it is not to be wondered at that the Saint Francis Indians soon became noted as the bitterest foes of the English colonies. And they continued to be so until the fall of the French power in America. Their descendants to this day may be found at Saint Francis.⁴⁹

There were a few more instances in which we find the name of Pennacook and Kancamagus appearing. The first of these was the attack on Haverill, a year

⁴⁵ Drake: *Indians of North America*, 302.

⁴⁶ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 97.

⁴⁷ Church: *Philip's War*, 64.

⁴⁸ *New Hampshire State Papers*, vol. XIX, 320; vol. XXIV; *Town Charters*, vol. I, 56-7; Potter: *History of Manchester*, 97.

⁴⁹ Flagg: *Bureau of Ethnology Bull.* 30, part II, 225, *Handbook of American Indians*.

after the "Truce of Sackatehock," which truce had expired in 1692. We have very authoritative evidence that in this foray several of the now "Merri-macs," formerly "Pennacooks" of the Kancamagus jurisdiction, took part. A captive, Isaac Bradley, testified later that many of these raiders belonged to the Saco and Pennacook tribes. Possibly the warlike Bashaba himself had a hand in the affair.⁵⁰

When Dudley visited Casco, in June 20, 1703, he held a conference with delegates representing several tribes, the Pennacook among others. The red men informed him that "as high as the sun is above the earth, so far distant was their design of making the least breach of the peace."⁵¹ They presented him with a belt of wampum, after which both parties went to the "Two Brothers" (two large piles of stones), upon which they threw more stones, thereby strengthening the existing friendship. Yet, six weeks later, they were taking part in "Queen Anne's War."⁵²

From now on, we find the Pennacooks, or the more mettlesome of them, making insignificant raids upon the English.⁵³ Their great confederacy had ceased to exist. As we have said, they now made their headquarters at Saint Francis. The French doubtless fitted out these expeditions and the bounty they offered the redskins was a great temptation.

⁵⁰ New Hampshire State Papers, vol. XXIV; Town Charters, I, 56-7.

⁵¹ Belknap: History of New Hampshire, vol. I, 264.

⁵² The same, vol. I, 264.

⁵³ The same, vol. II, 195.

Says Belknap, referring to the *Boston Evening Post* of July 28, 1747: "At Pennacook, a party of the enemy discovered" (disclosed) "themselves by firing at some cattle. They were pursued by fifty men; and retreated with such precipitation as to leave their packs and blankets with other things behind."⁵⁴ Twelve years later, when Major Rogers and his famous Rangers attacked and pillaged the village of Saint Francis, they found six hundred scalps hanging from the different Indian scalp-posts in the town.⁵⁵ Doubtless twenty-three of these had come from Cocheco, while many others were tokens of the prowess of Kancamagus and his followers. With the destruction of Saint Francis, the tribal history of the Pennacooks ended. They had turned from the peaceful path shown them by Passaconaway, and had staked their all on the tomahawk and musket. "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword."⁵⁶ It was ever thus, as the downfall of mighty military nations attests. "Thus the aboriginal inhabitants, who held the lands of New Hampshire as their own, have been swept away. Long and valiantly did they contend for the inheritance bequeathed to them by their fathers, but fate had decided against them and it was all in vain. With bitter feelings of unavailing regret, the Indian looked for the last time upon the happy places where for ages his ancestors had lived and loved, rejoiced and wept, and passed away, to be known no more for-

⁵⁴ Belknap: *History of New Hampshire*, vol. II, 195.

⁵⁵ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 51.

⁵⁶ Matt. 26: 52.

ever.”⁵⁷

At the western extremity of the Passaconaway, Albany, or Swift River, Intervale, between Mt. Tripyramid and Mt. Huntington, lies a long, low mountain, bearing the name of the conqueror of Dover—Kancamagus. Sweetser describes it as “a bold wooded ridge which may be ascended by the way of the Flume Brook.”⁵⁸ The Swift River Trail of the Appalachian Mountain Club and the American Institute of Instruction Path, sometimes known as the Livermore Path, cross the northern shoulder of Kancamagus, as I shall state more in detail in a coming chapter. The view from the summit of Kancamagus is not worth the climb.⁵⁹ Instead of wasting strength and breath in scrambling up the wooded steepes of Mt. Kancamagus, I prefer to lie comfortably in my sailor hammock on the piazza of our cottage, “Score-o’-Peaks,” and study the distant undulating sky-line of said mountain, thinking of the dusky warrior whose name it bears. From the mountain my mind travels down to Dover, where flame and blood and midnight shrieks mingle in a scene of confusion and death. Thence, again, memory once more takes up its journey, following the footsteps of an exile chief, northward and eastward until the trail disappears in oblivion. How and when Kancamagus died we know not. But his life story, at best, was a pathetic one. His gory deeds at Cocheco have

⁵⁷ Coolidge and Mansfield: *History and Description of New England*, New Hampshire vol., 404.

⁵⁸ Osgood: *White Mountains*, 1880 edition, 322.

⁵⁹ The same.

been softened down by the pencil of time. Even the white man now admits that there was great provocation. And no one can deny that greed and injustice and cruelty and treachery only received their just desert when the Indians "crossed out their account with Major Waldron."

In recording the story of the Pennacook chieftains, we are dealing not only with historic men, but with men of large caliber and ability. One historian says: "Passaconaway, Wonalancet, and Kancamagus were all of them men of more than ordinary power; equal in mental vigor, physical proportions, and moral qualities to any of their white contemporaries."⁶⁰ Of Kancamagus Judge Potter discriminatingly affirms: "Kancamagus was a brave and politic Chief, and in view of what he accomplished, at the head of a mere remnant of a once powerful tribe, it may be considered a most fortunate circumstance for the English colonists that he was not at the head of the tribe at an earlier period, before it had been shorn of its strength, during the old age of Passaconaway and the peaceful and inactive reign of Wonalancet. And even had Kancamagus succeeded to the Sagamonship ten years earlier than he did, so that his acknowledged abilities for counsel and war could have been united with those of Philip, history might have chronicled another story than the inglorious death of the Sagamon of Mount Hope, in the swamp of Pokanoket; or the success of his renowned conqueror, Major Church."⁶¹ Such medita-

⁶⁰ Merrill: *History of Carroll County*, 27.

⁶¹ Potter: *History of Manchester*, 97.

tions as these run through our mind as the hammock swings in the west wind which comes sweeping down upon us straight from the blue ridge of Mt. Kancamagus.⁶²

⁶²The altitude of Mt. Kancamagus, according to the U. S. Geol. Survey map, is 3,700 feet. The A. M. C. Guide to Paths in the White Mountains (page 305) gives it as 3,724 feet.

CHAPTER V

PASSACONAWAY'S PYRAMID

MISS LUCY LARCOM bestowed the name of the greatest Bashaba upon the loftiest, wildest, yet most symmetrical, most awe-inspiring mountain of the Sandwich Range. She also gave Indian names to other peaks of this southmost range of the Crystal Hills, namely, Paugus, Wonalancet, and the Wahwah Hills. But head and shoulders above these, old Passaconaway lifts its head, monarch of all.¹ As in life he loomed in pre-eminence high above his tribesmen, so now, nearly two and a half centuries after his translation, his mountain lifts its head in solemn pride.

With its smoothly sloping and in places almost perpendicular sides, it tapers up to a lofty, often cloud-wreathed, dome,² gracefully holding itself in proud aloofness from its inferior comrades. Chocorua is picturesque—many consider it the most picturesque mountain in New Hampshire—but Passaconaway is grand, awe-inspiring, a huge monarch and leader of this southern herd of blue elephants; the challenging trumpeter of the herd.³

To this sovereign do the storm demons seem to

¹ Osgood: *White Mountains*, 337.

² Same.

³ Compare Bolles: *At the North of Bearcamp Water*, 271.



Photo by Watson, Conway, N. H.

MOUNTS PASSACONAWAY AND TRIPYRAMID

look for orders, and to old Passaconaway's countenance do the natives of our valley turn for their weather forecasts. For, not until this huge sentinel, guarding us from the southern tempests, has covered his face, will he let the storm wreak its fury on our valley. No matter how dark and threatening the sky, the southern storms do not dare to touch us until Passaconaway veils his face in cloud. "Uncle Jim" Shackford, for years the proprietor of the Passaconaway House, used to say, when his opinion was asked on a threatening day: "Waal, I gorry, I dunno; it may rain and it may not, but when old Passaconaway puts on his night-cap it's time to run for shelter."

This massive peak, with face far up among the clouds, is, from the southern side, almost a perfect cone with a somewhat blunted and rounded apex. Often have I wondered how vegetation and huge trees could cling to such precipitous sides. A thick, black, almost impenetrable growth of tall spruces and pines completely covers this gigantic pile of rock. Because of its great height and heavily wooded, well-rounded dome, it may easily be distinguished from distant points in all directions. The top of Passaconaway is 4,200 feet (according to A. M. C. Guide, p. 326, 84 feet less) above sea level. From summit to field Passaconaway is over three thousand feet in altitude; ⁴ on its southern side it falls almost perpendicularly for seventeen hundred feet; while on the northwestern slope the steep drop is only about seven hundred.⁵

⁴ See Bolles: *At the North of Bearcamp Water*, 155.

⁵ Chas. E. Fay in *Appalachia*, vol. VI.

As already said, the view of the mountain from its southern side presents only one rounded peak; while three distinct promontories are visible from our north-eastern, or Swift River, side. The central of these, the true summit, is a lofty, wood-covered knob, only a few feet higher than the other two.

Lying at the eastern base, the groveling Paugus reposes far below, and through the pass between the two runs the "Old Mast Road." A very unique spur of this monarch of the range is found here. From the Mast Road trail which leads from the town road in Albany Intervale through the valley to the hamlet of Wonalancet, a towering cliff, known as Square Ledge, may be seen. Square Ledge is a gigantic scarred face of perpendicular ledge. There is a long, low ridge, artistically dipping and gently rising at its eastern end, until, at this spur, it drops perpendicularly. Square Ledge appears to have been cleft off, sharply and squarely, as if some Indian Deity or some giant had sawn vertically downwards until the ridge had been sawed off, as if endeavoring to get a cross-section of this hill, and, being satisfied, had carried off the eastern half. Such a sight well repays one for the two-mile walk through the once beautiful woods. This great "jump-off" is clearly seen from the town road at Mrs. Colbath's, or, better still, from a point a few rods west, where the railroad crossed the town road.

Passaconaway appears at its best from our little valley at the extreme west end of the "Great Intervale." The three peaks are set regularly apart, and

the middle one rises just enough above the others to give the mountain the appearance of a darkly draped head and shoulders. Then, too, there is the long graceful slide, showing white and shiny from beneath the dark coat. This is the laundered shirt-bosom of the great Bashaba's dress suit. Especially is this noticeable when, on a moonlight evening, one sees the inky black form, with overcoat carelessly thrown over the shoulders, the clear-cut outlines of the monarch standing out against the star-studded sky, and the pale moon shining upon the now glistening white granite slide as upon a smooth and jeweled shirt-front. This is very striking in winter, too, when the slide is coated with spotless snow and edged with dark spruces. In the case of this mountain, instead of being a horrible, ugly scar, the great slide seems to add contrast, beauty and fineness of line to what otherwise might be a vast unbroken stretch of dark bluish green forest.

Still gazing upon the mountain from the north, Passaconaway appears surrounded by a band of loyal retainers, Potash, Whiteface, and Hedgehog. These peaks give it a more haughty and grand appearance than perhaps from any other viewpoint. On the northmost promontory, and on the path up from our valley, several precipitous ledges are seen. These afford to climbers famous lookouts.

There are three different ways of climbing Passaconaway; from Birch Intervale, or Wonalancet; from Whiteface, by the lofty ridge; and from our Passaconaway or Swift River Valley, by way of the slide. At best they are all "up-hill sidewalks." Hence none but

the strong should attempt the climb.⁶ Let us ascend from Passaconaway. A cool and charming little walk of perhaps two miles up the musical Downes Brook will take us to the foot of the slide. On our way, about half a mile from the town road, is a deserted lumber camp. In the winter of 1914-1915 this camp was in full swing, but now it lies half tumbled down, for the lumber-jacks have gone.

Here, only last summer (1915), while leisurely strolling down the lumber road, we made the acquaintance of a big Canadian lynx. First, his bewhiskered nose appeared on the left side of the path; next his long tasselled ears came into sight; and presently he was standing, face on, directly in the road ahead, in full view. Not wishing in any way to irritate his pussyship, and yet hoping that he would make his decision promptly—lest we should be forced to assume the responsibility of deciding—we slowed down our pace almost to a standstill. Much to our relief, after sizing us up as too sour, green, bony or tough to waste his time on, the great cat crossed the road and disappeared behind a log. The old rascal probably thought that, with the log between us, he would be hidden from our sight; but not so, for we could see his tasselled ears, his powerful tawny shoulders, and once in a while his back and bob-tail, as he leisurely climbed up the little embankment. A moment later our new acquaintance had vanished.

We cross on our trail several old, beautiful, little corduroy bridges. Over one of these a thickly leaved

⁶ See Osgood: White Mts., 337.

tree hangs, artistically screening the opposite bank from our gaze. The winding path reveals innumerable spots of beauty to the æsthetic climber. At length some broad white ledges, over which a tiny rill plays, are seen shining through the leafy partition. Looking up the mountainside through the trees, we see, in some places, the brook spreading out and, in a broad sheet of water, flowing over a ledge; in others, narrowing to a mere shining ribbon; and, at still others, tumbling over or eddying round boulders, here lying in a silent little pool, there rushing through a rocky channel. Pressing through the thin curtain of foliage, we look up over the foot of the slide, which came to a standstill in the bed of the Downes, and see a series of rocky ledges gradually rising one above another. While approaching the foot of the slide, we notice how rocky the brook-bed is. In some places large boulders have been rolled over and over, until finally brought to rest a half mile or more below the junction of the slide with the Downes Brook. It is very noticeable for quite a distance before the slide is reached. The natives say that for a mile the rocks and boulders rolled with thunderous booming down the tiny brook-bed on that fateful November night in the early 1890's.

Running parallel with the lower half of the slide, up as far as the turn in the slide, is a tote-road, only a few rods to the west. Even by this road the climb is arduous enough, but nothing as compared with what the trip used to be when the trail was the ledgy brook-bed. The road rises at an angle of from twenty to thirty-five degrees, and is gullied by scores of tiny

brook-beds and washouts, making the walking difficult in some places. Still this way of walking half the distance from the hotel on a lumber road is far easier than the former way of leaping from stone to stone up a couple of miles of brook-bed. Well do I recall when, a four-year-old boy, I was taken on this trip by my parents. A strong, fatherly hand every now and then grasped the suspenders of my little overalls and I was swung across from rock to rock over rapids too wide for me to jump. How tickled I was if only, upon landing on a rock, my foot would slip off into the cool water!

After reaching the "turn of the slide," we see the slippery ledges of its upper half waiting to be scaled. Half an hour later, having reached the inverted V-shaped top of the slide, where, on the wind-swept shoulder of Passaconaway, the angry tempest in the nineties tore up the trees which, crashing down, loosened dirt and stone until the whole mountain-side seemed to be slipping down, we find a narrow little path leading to the summit. Above this there is a stretch of firs and spruces, through which we journey onward and upward. Presently we reach the ledges of a northerly lookout. Instead of the huge broad-shouldered monarch, the mountain now appears an almost perpendicular, tree-fringed shaft, rapidly tapering to this lofty eagle-nest of a cliff.

The slide is lined with bushes and scrub-trees; in spots there are piles and lanes of "slide salad"—finely chipped rock, splintered and ground up timber, and sand all stirred in together. Gorgeous views may be

had in retrospect all the way up the upper half of the slide, and, of course, the higher up we go the better and broader the view. Nearly all the Sandwich Range peaks, the blue northern mountains and our miniature valley are spread out before us.

When the path reaches the crest of the northern spur it becomes dark, damp, and mossy. The real "Crag Barons," the deer and wild-cat and bear, reign supreme here, and here also the sun rarely penetrates the thickly branched and needled spruces. Occasionally beech trees also are found. So wet is the moss underfoot that from a handful considerable water may be wrung. As we pass through this damp wood, involuntarily we shiver from the chilliness of the atmosphere and the loneliness of the great mountain wilderness.

All at once a welcome rift appears just ahead. We hurry on and are shortly rewarded by coming out upon a deliciously warm, sun-kissed ledge. This is the northwestern outlook. We rest here long enough to drink in the view of the Franconia system and the mountains lying between us and that region, for from the main outlook we shall not have a view of this section. Tripyramid bulks large from here. And just across a gently dipping valley to the west and southwest, seemingly only at arm's length, lies Mount Whiteface, to which a good trail leads from our very feet. We shall not need to look at the northern sky-line from here, for we shall have even a better view from the top.

Hastily we cover the easy quarter mile of comparatively level trail leading to the final goal. And now

our feet rest on the ledge which constitutes the actual summit of Passaconaway. What a view is ours! To the northward the mountains of the Presidential Range lift their blue peaks into the clear sky. Eastward the sharp teeth of Moat and Chocorua chew jagged holes in the azure of the heavens. Far over into Maine can we see. Southeasterly lie Portland and the Atlantic Ocean. Over between Madison and Eaton a tiny thread of smoky steam catches our eye, and through our glasses we see a microscopic worm slowly crawling northward. This is the train from Boston, laden with its hundreds of passengers on their way to seek rest and health in the ozone of God's Mountain Country. To me the best of the view is the herd of blue elephants, humping and rolling to the northward—the Presidential Range, the handiwork of a Maker more powerful than the architects of locomotive-works or the tiny builders of human ant-hills—our modern cities. Your trains, your hotels, your automobiles no doubt "may be all right for some," as the old guide, "Jack" Allen, used to say, but give me a wild, craggy mountain, far away from the noise and dirt and confusion of towns. Here, for a time, at least, let me be a "refugee from civilization."⁷

Here, on the very ridgepole of the Sandwich and Albany country, let us eat our luncheon, meanwhile drinking in the sky-line. And now, having satisfied the ravenous hunger of a mountaineer, we unscrew the cover of that metallic cylinder which the Appalachians have placed in a little cairn here on the summit. In

⁷ Paul Elmer More: *Shelburne Essays*, First Series, 24.

it we find a long list of names of persons who have climbed the mountain before us. We add our names to the list.

Although Passaconaway is nearly seven hundred feet higher than Chocorua, because of its rounded and wooded top, it does not afford a panoramic view of the entire sky-line. Now that we are rested, let us make our way a few rods to the southwest, through the woods, for we must not go down until we have had a glimpse of Winnepesaukee and the Lake Country. 'Twill cost but a few additional steps, for which we shall be repaid a thousandfold. No wonder the Indians loved the "Smiling Waters" (Winnepesaukee) and Squam Lake! Far off in the dim blue we can make out the Uncanoonucs, Monadnock and Wachusett.

Would that we might "build tabernacles" here in which to stay forever! But the noon-day sun is now making its way westward and we must think of descending to that little white speck in the Albany Intervale which we call "Score-o'-Peaks" and "home."

Passaconaway is an ideal haunt for bears. In the cylinder in which we registered are brief records of trampers seeing Ursa Major and Ursa Minor. What could be more fitting than that the little "Teddy Bears" of to-day, when chased by savage hunters, should flee for refuge to the holes and caves on the shoulders of old Passaconaway, for was not Passaconaway, the chieftain, the "Son of the Bear"? Truly, one would naturally expect that Passaconaway's name-bearing mountain would offer shelter to the bear papooses in their fear and danger.

Many summers ago, while we were peacefully sleeping early one night, a blood-curdling scream aroused us. Again and again it was repeated. It came from a bear in the Downes Brook valley, at the foot of Passaconaway, probably calling to his mate.

One morning, about nine o'clock, a young lumberman came speeding down the road. When opposite our cottage he was asked by some one why he was hurrying so; whereupon, with pallid features, he replied that just inside the edge of the woods, on the Passaconaway road, a shaggy old bear had introduced himself, with evident intentions of becoming better acquainted. The Frenchman at once remembered an urgent engagement requiring his presence at the lumber-store. Therefore, the haste!

A couple, planning to climb Passaconaway from the Wonalancet side, had notified the Shackfords of their intention of coming over the mountain, and had reserved a room for the night. Evening approached, and at length the stars appeared. Just as the proprietors were beginning to worry about the belated pedestrians, a message arrived from the other side of the range saying that, after almost gaining the summit, the people had decided to retrace their steps. Later, the reason for this change of plan was explained in detail. When they approached the summit, a huge bear stuck his muzzle out from behind a ledge at the side of the path and sniffed at the bold trespassers. After a short pause, in which the said trespassers perceived no sign of retreat on the part of Mr. Bear, and not wishing to disturb the tranquillity of the ursine mind, they—

unarmed—quietly and (need I add?) speedily retraced their steps.

Returning from the ascent of Passaconaway one day, two of our intimate friends, just at dark, met a huge bear in the path.

Years ago, in a pouring rain, a pair of wet, tired, and bedraggled trampers descended from the mountain. The man was leading his wife, who was blind. Eight years later my parents met the same couple in Switzerland. The gentleman was reading passages from guide-books and telling his wife about the scenery. They had traveled for years in this way, having ridden up Pike's Peak, among other mountains. Amid the wonders and grandeur of the Alps these New Englanders chatted together once more, agreeing that the beauties of the Rhone Valley were strikingly similar to the glories of the Albany Intervale in the White Mountains.

Concerning Passaconaway's great slide of "late November"—often have the old settlers described it to us—let me quote a stanza from Bolles's "Chocorua's Tenants":

"Night was resting on the heavens,
Not a star gleamed in the ether,
Only in the far-off Northland
Dimly glowed a lurid beacon,
Burning in the awful passes
Close by Carrigain the mighty.
Still the air, and soundless, heavy,
Phantom vapors mustered quickly,
Then a distant sound came booming
From the valley of the Saco,

Through the vale of singing waters,
Like a lake, ice-riven, moaning,
Like the sea in deep rock caverns,
Like an avalanche in winter,
Like the winds when ripe for rapine.
Louder, deeper, came the uproar,
Surging, leaping, came the cloud hosts;
Tremble now, presumptuous forests,
Winds and clouds combine against you,
Pitying stars have hid their faces,
Night with sinister intention
Ne'er was darker, never denser.
Woe, oh woe to you, proud forests,
Day shall dawn upon your ruin.
Ah, what sound is that of rending,
Crushing, crashing, splintering timber?
Hear the groans of breaking spruce trunks,
Hear the moans of straining fibres,
Hear the roar of falling boulders
Bounding down the endless ledges.
All of Passaconaway's bulwarks
Seem to break before the storming." ⁸

⁸ Bolles: Chocorua's Tenants, 42-3, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

CHAPTER VI

PAUGUS, MOUNTAIN AND CHIEFTAIN

THE southeastern rampart of our valley consists of three picturesque mountains: Chocorua, with its rocky, jagged peak; Bald, with its rounded and polished triple dome; and Paugus, a long, humpy ridge, miles in extent.

The present chapter is to be devoted to the last, the wildest and the ugliest of the three. Frank Bolles has a chapter on this mountain in his "At the North of Bearcamp Water," in which he affectionately terms it "Old Shag." Many of our New Hampshire hills are known by several different names, but this one in particular seems to have a great variety. Because of its many "fire and wind swept domes,"¹ from different viewpoints it presents entirely different shapes. Hence Paugus has as many names as it has humps. The most common ones are: Bald, Moose, Ragged, Deer, Hunchback, Middle, Frog, Toadback, and Old Shag.² But the most romantic and commonest name to-day is the one with which Miss Lucy Larcom christened it—"Mount Paugus."³

¹ Bolles: *Land of the Lingering Snow*, 155.

² Bolles: *At the North of Bearcamp Water*, 146; *Appalachia*, I, 7; Osgood's *White Mountains*, 343.

³ *Granite State Magazine*, vol. III, 189; Osgood's *White Mountains*, 343.

Time and again this venerable pile, 3,248 feet in height, has been the victim of fire, hurricane, and ax.⁴ From our valley we see on its most north-western ridge a large area covered with a beautiful light green young growth. Three years ago this was bare—a huge scar—the merciless ax of the lumberman having stripped it clean, so that not even a bush could be seen upon it. The United States Government now owns this “old ridge,” so that in time the mighty Paugus once more probably will robe itself in a mantle of pines and spruces.

Before the Revolution, from these very slopes, masts were cut for the Royal Navy.⁵ The old settlers tell of finding immense pines marked with the King’s “Broad Arrow,” and, had not the famous mast trade ceased with the opening of our Revolution, these forest monarchs would have helped to whiten every sea.⁶

On its south side, Paugus is a jumble of ledges, cliffs and trees. From Chocorua one sees it as a series of rocky terraces, while from our side (the north) only one or two cliffs jut out through the dark veil of spruce. There is one especially beautiful ledge in about the center of the mountain. It is shaped like a kite, starting in a point at the top, widening at an obtuse angle, then, for the remaining three quarters of its height, it tapers smoothly down to a sharp point. The face of this ledge is almost perpendicular and apparently of

⁴ Compare Bolles: *Land of the Lingering Snow*, 155.

⁵ Bolles: *At the North of Bearcamp Water*, 43-44.

⁶ Compare Weeden: *Economic and Social History of New England*, I, 243.

white granite. It is almost as white as chalk and not a speck or spot seems to blur its brilliancy. I think that this is the whitest ledge in the entire Sandwich Range. When the moon plays upon it it appears to sparkle and even tremble as a waterfall. It is said that the Indians, and some of the whites, held this spot in awe; they knew not whether it was rock or water. The only approach to it, from our side, at least, is through miles of the worst of tangles.

A writer speaks of a certain ledge on the northwesterly side of Paugus, the upper part of which displays the perfect image of a lamb's head. "Eye, mouth, nose, ear and forehead are exact; even the chest and back are clearly delineated. Here it has stood for ages, an object of veneration to the aborigines, a natural symbol of the Christian's Prince of Peace."⁷

The three foes—fire, wind, and man—have done their work only too well—they have made Paugus one of the most inaccessible of all the hills. The one path to the top, from our side, is "swamped out" with a terrible yet very dull blade, namely, the hurricane, which has torn and slashed, leaving a great abattis, an almost impenetrable tangle. From the south, there are many attractive paths leading to the summit.⁸

The view both north and south is practically the same as from some of the more accessible lookouts. There are only two distinctive views from Paugus, views which no other mountain can boast. From its

⁷ Merrill: *History of Carroll County*, 124.

⁸ A. M. C. *Guide to Paths in the White Mountains*, 1916, 319 ff.

eastern hump, a remarkable view may be had of Chocorua, towering and frowning high above. The huge slide on Chocorua—nearly the whole length of the western slope, which is invisible from all other points, is here seen in such awful grandeur as to cause the beholder to shudder.⁹ The second impressive view is from the extreme southwestern knoll. From here one's attention is monopolized by lofty Passaconaway. Poor Paugus appears to be on its knees at the feet of this mighty Bashaba. From here, as from nowhere else, the massive bulk of Passaconaway strikes horror into the spectator. This gigantic pile so overtops Paugus that it appears as if a hurricane might topple it over and completely bury its humble neighbor.

The most picturesque physical feature of Paugus is found among the crags and boulders on the southern slope. Over, between and around some of these ledges a little brook trickles, falls and splashes. About a thousand feet above the level country around, high up among the cliffs, there is a beautiful pool of water which is at the foot of a wonderful series of falls. Looking up from here we see where, in places, the brook is but a silver thread, while in others it appears as a very respectable fall. This fall consists of a succession of storied ledges and cliffs, at least two hundred and fifty feet long, from the mossy brook-bed to the glassy pool below. Each of these crags is from fifty to sixty feet long, and about twenty-five feet in perpendicular height.¹⁰ Over these the water shoots,

⁹ Compare Bolles: At the North of Bearcamp Water, 154.

¹⁰ Bolles: At the North of Bearcamp Water, 150-1.

spreads and dances. Bolles, who was a great admirer of Mount Paugus, says that if the volume of Paugus Brook were thrice its present size, these falls would be among the most beautiful in New England.¹¹

An "old timer" says that when the Lord had nearly finished creating the world, He had a quantity of boulders, trees and dirt left over. Having not yet completed New Hampshire, it is said that He dumped this surplus material there. Therefore the mountains.¹² I think that if all of our beautiful White Mountains were on the Paugus plan, the "highlander" would not be alone in his belief. For, of the score or more mountains seen from our valley, this alone has no definite shape, size, or dimensions; but just stretches from Chocorua to Passaconaway and Wonalancet, and thus fills up a gap.

However, the lover of history, especially Indian history, cannot look upon this ridge without emotion, for it bears the name of a once prominent figure in New England history; and at the mention of "Paugus" a bloody battle is recalled. Hence the chief redeeming feature of this lowly mountain is its name. The one to whom nearly all these peaks owe their romantic Indian nomenclature—Lucy Larcom—happily named this after a red man who probably often ranged its humps and penetrated its chasms; and also she named the ragged ridges, near and below Paugus, the Wahwah Hills, after a fellow chief of Paugus.¹³

¹¹ Bolles: *At the North of Bearcamp Water*, 151.

¹² *Granite Monthly*, vol. XLII, p. 271.

¹³ Osgood's *White Mountains*, 343.

Paugus, meaning "the oak,"¹⁴ was a sachem of the Pequawkets about 1725.¹⁵ At this period the authorities of the Provincial Government offered one hundred pounds bounty for every enemy Indian scalp.¹⁶ The English were not alone in this barbarity, for their rivals—the French—had been outfitting parties and offering their Indian allies premiums for enemy scalps or prisoners.¹⁷

Among those tempted by the scalp bounty was Captain John Lovewell, of Dunstable, a famous Indian fighter. On February 20, 1725, Lovewell's party, discovering the tracks of Indians, followed them. By the smoke of the Indians' evening fire, the English located the redskins' camping spot. The canny Lovewell, by counting their tracks in the snow, knew them to be only ten in number, and determined upon a plan whereby they should all be shot without danger to his own men. The captain divided his company into squads of five, each to fire in order as rapidly after one another as possible. Slowly they crept upon the sleeping party. The Indians, tired from the long day's journey, had not posted any sentinels. Captain Lovewell began the slaughter by killing two of the Indians with his own shot; five more were killed on the spot

¹⁴ Merrill: History of Carroll County, 36.

¹⁵ Drake: Indians of North America, 312.

¹⁶ Potter: History of Manchester, 149. Also compare fac-simile of a proclamation issued by Lieutenant Governor William Stoughton, Province of Massachusetts Bay, May 27, 1696, offering soldiers' wages and bounty for Indian scalps. See Bulletin of Boston Public Library, October, 1893.

¹⁷ Compare Potter: Manchester, 146.

instantly. The remaining three, half awake, jumped from their blankets; two reeled and fell; the other, wounded, ran upon the ice but was overtaken and held by a dog until he could be killed and scalped. By these tactics not a white man was hurt and a raid probably was averted. For the French doubtless had fitted out the raiders with extra provisions, snow-shoes and blankets, evidently for their expected prisoners.¹⁸ In memory of this affair, the pond, near Wakefield, has ever since been known as "Lovewell's Pond." The victorious troops marched to Boston in a blaze of glory. They were given their thousand pounds—an enormous sum in the eyes of these farmers—which they divided.¹⁹

After such a glorious success and so rich a reward, it is not surprising to find the victors seriously considering making redskin-killing a profession. On April 15, 1725, therefore, Captain Lovewell set out with a party of about fifty men to "hunt savages," and if necessary to penetrate to the very heart of the red man's country for the purpose of slaying Paugus and his band—known to have made several raids—and return home with scores of scalps.²⁰

This time Fortune seems to have deserted them as completely as it had favored them before.²¹ A vet-

¹⁸ Potter: Manchester, 150-1; Charlton: New Hampshire as It Is, 52.

¹⁹ Potter: Manchester, 151.

²⁰ Compare Potter: History of Manchester, 152.

²¹ This account of Lovewell's Fight is based chiefly upon N. H. Historical Collections; Chase: Gathered Sketches, N. H. and Vt., 32 ff.; Parkman: Half Century of Conflict, vol. I, chap. XI; Potter: History of Manchester, 145-162; Merrill: History of Carroll County, 28-

eran Indian-fighter, William Cummings, became unable to travel farther because of the effects of a wound received long before, and a relative was detailed to escort him home as soon as he was able to travel. Soon after a Nutfield man, Benjamin Kidder, was disabled by a serious illness, and, being too humane to abandon him, the party stopped on the west side of Ossipee Lake, where they erected a palisaded blockhouse. The surgeon, Sergeant Woods and a guard of seven men were left here. This blockhouse was to be a refuge in case of retreat.

The remaining thirty-four continued on their advance northeast to the land of the Pequawkets. At length we find them picking their way through the unbroken fastnesses under the still snow-covered brows of Chocorua, Bald, Moat and Kearsarge. On the seventh of May, while camping near the present site of Fryeburg, Maine, having crossed the Saco, the sentinels were put upon their guard by sounds, repeated again and again, in the underbrush, which sounds, they thought, might be made by prowling beast or lurking savage.

Next morning, while reverently listening with bared heads to the prayer of their young chaplain, Frye, a shot was heard not a great distance off. Upon approaching the spot from whence it came they discovered a fairly large pond, and upon its nearer bank stood

33, quoting Hon. John H. Goodale in his *History of Nashua* (written for J. W. Lewis & Co.: *History of Hillsborough County*); Charlton: *New Hampshire as It Is*, 52-54; Willey: *Incidents in White Mountain History*, 205-222.

a red man, apparently fowling. Here was scalp number one! For their labors they should receive some recompense! But might not this hunter be a decoy? A council of war was held and the scalp proved too tempting. Being in open woods of tall growth, where they could see quite a distance, they left their packs and started to creep up and shoot this Indian. But the native's eyes were as sharp as theirs. Although not a decoy, as it later appeared, he perceived the ambush and decided to sell his life as dearly as possible. With his charge of beaver-shot he mortally wounded Captain Lovewell and Private Whiting. Almost instantly a bullet from Ensign Wyman's rifle brought down the Indian. Chaplain Frye and another man ran forward and scalped him.

In view of their leader's plight it was thought best by the English to retire to their packs. Where could they have left them? No packs were to be seen, but at length the spot where they had deposited them was found. The packs had been stolen! Suddenly a blood-curdling yell rang out. From all sides the Pequawkets, led by Paugus, rushed upon the whites, firing as they came, and holding up ropes, suggestive of an immediate surrender. By counting the packs, the Indians had ascertained the number of whites.

The frontiersmen withered and fell under the hail of this first volley. Lovewell, not yet dead, received another wound, but lay firing as he died. Ten others fell dead, two of whom were the lieutenants. Yet the English stood their ground and, with an equally gallant fire, answered the onrushing braves, killing some

and driving the rest to cover. Unless the Pequawkets intended to strike terror into the English, and thereby avoid a fight, their motive for rushing forth from their ambush, from which they might have killed many more of Lovewell's men, will always remain a mystery.

One only of the English showed a "yellow streak"; he, Benjamin Hassell of Dunstable, turned and fled from the field. In his panic he did not stop until he had reached the Ossipee Fort. Here he so luridly pictured the bloody scene (he had remained only for the first volley) that fear seized the reserves and they retreated to the settlements. With the surviving embattled men it was a case of life or death; far from any aid, they must not only decisively whip their foes, but also must regain the settlements before starvation should strike them down.

Under the cool and experienced guidance of their only unharmed officer, Ensign Wyman, they gradually fell back the few rods to the shore. Here, with the pond behind them, they settled down for a long battle. Each man sought out cover—stump, log, tree, boulder, or bush—and, as best he could, concealed himself from the vigilant eyes of his enemies. Whenever a tiny part of a foe was seen, the soldiers fired. The red men, trained in this type of bush-fighting, possessed the greater resourcefulness in concealment; while the woodsmen, long skilled in the use of fire-arms, excelled in deadliness of aim. Also the white men were more dogged, obstinate and persevering than their more agile foes. Hence, because the weakness of the one side was the strong point of the other, they were not

unevenly matched and many men on both sides fell.

Many of the Pequawkets and English were personally known to each other and frequent taunts were hurled across the field.²² A continual hooting, cat-calling and wolf-howling was kept up by the savages, to which the English replied with cheers and shouts.

After several hours of this kind of fighting the Indian howls died away. With the slightest rustling in the leaves, as of a retreating snake, they gradually wriggled off. Presently, at a distance, a terrible noise showed that they were holding a powwow for victory. Suddenly, like an ill omen, their chief conjurer fell dead, shot by Ensign Wyman, who had secretly crept up. This broke up the meeting abruptly and they immediately returned to the conflict.

Later, Chaplain Frye, who lay wounded, praying from time to time in a scarcely audible voice, passed away. This youth's death greatly depressed the English and their fire became noticeably lessened; whereupon the Pequawkets again sprang up with ropes, offering them quarter, but Ensign Wyman replied that "they would have no quarter but what they won at the point of their muskets."²³

Once more the battle was renewed. Just before dusk some savages managed to reach a peninsula or beach. Paugus was one of these. He took cover behind a pine tree within a very short distance of one of Lovewell's best shots, John Chamberlain. For a short time each endeavored to discover an unpro-

²² McClintock: *History of New Hampshire*, 161.

²³ Potter: *Manchester*, 157.

tected part of the other's person and at length both aimed their muskets and pulled the trigger. There was a flash in each priming-pan, but the guns failed to go off. Both weapons had become foul from incessant firing all day long, and were now practically useless. So these fearless men, being acquainted with each other, agreed to go down to the water and wash out their guns. The contestants on both sides, perceiving the situation, did not interfere. Both cleansed their pieces with equal rapidity, but Paugus gained the advantage in loading his gun, because, instead of having to ram his ball home, as did the white, his bullet was small enough to roll down the barrel. Perceiving his advantage, he, priming his piece, cried, "Me kill you!"²⁴ To which the dauntless Scot replied in kind. Throwing down his ram-rod, Chamberlain struck the stock of his gun upon the hard sand, brought the musket to his shoulder and fired. Paugus fell, pierced through the heart. But the well-aimed ball of the sachem tore through Chamberlain's cap and hair, leaving him unwounded, however.²⁵ So close together were the shots that the reports seemed as one. The reason Chamberlain had gained the advantage was because his musket had become so worn with use that, by striking it upon the ground, some powder from the charged barrel filtered through into the priming-pan, thereby priming the gun; while Paugus had to shake from his powder-horn the necessary powder into the priming-pan. The

²⁴ Potter: Manchester, 157.

²⁵ Coolidge and Mansfield: New England, Maine vol., 135, note.

knowledge of this is all that saved the settler's life.²⁶

Shortly after dark the discomfited Indians retreated, even leaving their fallen foes unscalped. In consideration of the value of these scalps, this precipitous withdrawal shows that there was some pressing reason. It is highly probable that the death of their chieftain was the cause. But whatever the reason, they suddenly disappeared and left the field to the whites.

Of Lovewell's men only nine were not severely hurt, eleven were badly wounded and the rest were *hors de combat*. It was estimated that only about twenty Pequawkets escaped unhurt. However, this was only a conjecture, for the Indians so concealed their losses that later only three corpses were found.

For some time the English lay still, dreading lest the Indians should fall upon them again, as they had done twice already. About midnight, as soon as prudence permitted, the eleven men who were able to travel set out for the Ossipee Fort. It was found abandoned, but a piece of birch bark was discovered telling that all had been lost. Some rations of pork and bread had been left. While refreshing themselves with these, their number was swelled to a dozen by the addition of Solomon Keyes. He, thrice wounded, and giving himself up for lost, had crawled to the shore of the pond where he chanced upon a deserted canoe. In preference to being found by the savages, he pushed off in it, and, lying in the bottom, drifted quite a distance. The wind drove him ashore, where,

²⁶ Fassett: *Colonial Life in New Hampshire*, 19; also Potter: *Manchester*, 157.

feeling greatly strengthened, he made his way to the fort.

On the thirteenth of May the first party of half-starved fugitives arrived in Dunstable. Thinking that by division their retreat might be concealed, they had formed three groups. The last group, after indescribable hardship and suffering, arrived two days later. These followers of Lovewell had had no food except that left in the fort and had been forced to subsist on the products of the wood and swamp. Their wounds were in a most pitiable condition and were almost unbearably painful. But they had made history and the pond near Fryeburg has been called "Lovewell's Pond" ever since the sanguinary struggle there.

Two or three days after the arrival of the survivors, a party was sent up to view the fateful field and to bury the slain. Three Indian graves were discovered. From these, out of curiosity, the frontiersmen exhumed the bodies. One of these was found to be that of Paugus. The mighty "Oak" at last had been laid low.

Lovewell's Fight forever broke the power of the Indians in New Hampshire. The shattered remnants of the once terrible Pequawkets withdrew to the squalid Indian village of Saint Francis in Canada, where their descendants survive to this day.

But a more congenial neighbor than the old-time war-whooping, musket-firing Paugus, and certainly a more poetic bearer of his proud name than an unromantic Indian of to-day could be, is Mount Paugus, linking Past with Present, just as "Old Shag" links

jagged Chocorua with gentle Wonalancet and towering Passaconaway; and, until the "everlasting hills" shall disintegrate and disappear, Mount Paugus probably will remain as an enduring and fitting monument to a once living and fearless inhabitant of Passaconaway-land; reminding succeeding generations that

" 'Twas Paugus led the Pequot tribe:
As runs the fox, would Paugus run;
As howls the wolf, would Paugus howl;
A huge bear-skin had Paugus on." ²⁷

²⁷ Willey: *Incidents in White Mountain History*, 218 ff.; quo. from Farmer and Moore: *Collections, Historical and Miscellaneous*, and *Monthly Literary Journal*.

CHAPTER VII

CHOCORUA'S HORN AND LEGEND

OVER the eastern shoulder of Paugus rises a sharp peak resembling a breaking wave.¹ This, Chocorua's summit, is likened to various things. The most striking resemblances from our valley are first the horn effect, and secondly that of a sleeping Indian, with perfect features, feathers and shoulders.

Drake says, "Mount Chocorua is probably the most striking and individual mountain of New England."² It stands as the helmeted leader of the mighty troop behind it,—

"The pioneer of a great company
That wait behind him, gazing towards the east,—
Mighty ones all, down to the nameless least,—
Though after him none dares to press, where he
With bent head listens to the minstrelsy
Of far waves chanting to the moon, their priest.
What phantom rises up from winds deceased?
What whiteness of the unapproachable sea?
Hoary Chocorua guards his mystery well:
He pushes back his fellows, lest they hear
The haunting secret he apart must tell
To his lone self, in the sky-silence clear.
A shadowy, cloud-cloaked wraith, with shoulders bowed
He steals, conspicuous, from the mountain-crowd."³

¹ Bolles: At the North of Bearcamp Water, 154.

² Drake: New England Legends and Folk-Lore, 469.

³ Lucy Larcom: Chocorua; see Longfellow: Poems of New England, II, 272.

From different standpoints Chocorua presents entirely different shapes, causing Mr. Sweetser to remark: "The various aspects to the æsthetic observer may be seen from the following adjectives which Starr King applied, in different places, to this peak: defiant, jagged, gaunt and grisly, tired, haggard, rocky, desolate, craggy-peaked, ghost-like, crouching, proud, gallant, steel-hooded, rugged, torn, lonely, proud-peaked, solemn, haughty." ⁴

This peak, with the exception of Mounts Adams and Washington, the sharpest of the entire system, is seen from afar—from the lake country and even from the border towns of Maine and New Hampshire.⁵ Chocorua is the first real mountain identified from the train by the traveler coming from Boston or the south, and being the most picturesque, is usually the last to be erased from the memory.⁶

The reason this "old horn" stands out so much more imposingly than its neighbors is not only because of its steepness and unique shape, but also because, far down on its granite sides it has been denuded of its forests. One dark night many years ago Chocorua lifted up a pyramid of flame. Concerning this picture Drake writes: "A brilliant circle of light, twenty miles in extent, surrounded the flaming peak like a halo; while underneath an immense tongue of forked flame licked the sides of the summit with devouring haste. . . . In the morning a few charred trunks,

⁴ Osgood: *White Mountains*, 337.

⁵ The same.

⁶ Compare Drake: *New England Legends and Folk-Lore*, 469.

standing erect, were all that remained of the original forest. The rocks themselves bear witness to the intense heat which has either cracked them wide open, crumbled them in pieces, or divested them, like oysters, of their outer shell, all along the path of the conflagration." ⁷ To this day the charred remains may still be seen, and now, because of this fire, scores of natives each summer make pilgrimages to this peak and return with their huge milk-pails filled with blueberries.⁸

To me the best way to enjoy a mountain, besides admiring it from a distance, is to climb it. Dr. Jackson is recorded as saying, "Those who wish for a laborious mountain excursion can ascend Chocorua Mountain from Albany." ⁹ He might have added that, as it is the most laborious, it is also the most varied and interesting way of ascent. Several accounts have been written about the climbs up Chocorua and scores of other articles on the mountain itself have appeared. If one plans to scale "Chocorua's horn," ¹⁰ a day should be selected just after a storm, with not a cloud in the sky, and when every tree on the distant peaks may be clearly and distinctly seen. Such days usually are found in late August or in the autumn.

The "Chocorua Trail" may be found just the other side of the Champney Brook, which gurgles musically east of the Frenchmen's houses at the lower end of the "Great Intervale," where said brook crosses the

⁷ Drake: *Heart of the White Mountains*, 27.

⁸ Compare Osgood: *White Mountains*, 337.

⁹ The same, 338.

¹⁰ Whittier: *Among the Hills*.

road, nearly four miles from "Shackford's." This part of the journey, therefore, may be made in an automobile. Upon reaching the Champney Brook we shoulder our baggage, and enter the woods on a well-worn logging-road, running alongside the brook, which it crosses and re-crosses. The tall grass and bushes lining this road are still very wet from the dew, and sparkle beautifully when an occasional flash of sunlight falls upon them.

Just ahead there is a turn in the path. While rounding this bend a few summers ago, on returning from the climb, we saw a magnificent red fox glide swiftly across the road and head straight for the Frenchmen's chicken-houses. Later a confused squawking of hens announced the success of the raider. Upon entering the woods that day we had noticed a litter of pigs and several chickens in the clearing. Reynard, after gazing covetously upon them, evidently had been unable to resist the temptation.

Presently the ground becomes more irregular, and in places spring freshets have so gullied the road that a very "contrary sidewalk" (as tipsy Pat said) lies before us. Now and then a warm ray of sunlight pierces the cool, damp woods, and, falling upon us, cheers us into buoyant gladness. Now a little grass-covered clearing opens before us. Look at that grass! The one thing that can be raised to perfection in these cold regions is hay. The grass in this abandoned clearing is at least four feet high. A ruined lumber-camp lies in the clearing. Only a few years ago a French boss was housing his lumberjacks in this very camp,

yet, during this short period, these temporary buildings have crumbled and soon will have entirely disappeared. Here a roof has caved in, there a whole building is prostrate; again the front, back, or side has fallen away, leaving the once inhabited structure now a tragic ruin of neglect and lonesomeness.

About two years ago we discovered the cutest and most active little house-cats playing among these ruins. Evidently when the men left, these pets had either remained behind or returned. And now they were as wild as their much feared undomesticated relatives, the Canadian lynxes, although of diminutive and harmless size as compared with the pussies of the tasselled ears.

Farther on our path plunges into a tall and ancient growth. This section of the trail is exceptionally beautiful, along a soft, leaf-matted road, skirting the side of Paugus, and with a precipitous spur of Bald opposite; while at our feet lies the Champney valley. For a mile or more we pursue this course, rising higher and higher all the time. Once in a while, when a rift in the foliage permits, we look back and obtain fragmentary views of distant blue mountains. The silence is broken by the murmur and splashing of the brook.

We push our way steadily onward, gaining elevation all the time. High above the brook-bed we are presently confronted by a "parting of the ways." To the right a road runs off, leading to the crest of the hill we are on. This is not our road. We must keep to the left, climbing over a long stretch of old corduroy road. So steep is the pitch of this hill, whose side we are slabbing, that, although the logs of the old cor-

duroy road are firmly driven into the ground at the right, their left or outer ends have to be supported by timbers at least two feet high above the ground, to make the road-bed level. In many places these supports have rotted or been burned away, and the logs have either fallen down or been left projecting into the air. Onward still we go until the road brings us up to the brook over which lie the charred and rotted remains of a log bridge. Let us pause here.

From below, at our left, rises the subdued roar of a small waterfall. A foot-path leaves the lumber-road, following down the side of the brook to the falls which we hear. In the early summer of 1915 a fire raged over Bald, the eastern shoulders of Paugus, and apparently was checked here, although on the opposite ridge it swept on for some distance. Hundreds of acres were burned over, and many magnificent trees succumbed to its flame. Hence with not a little care we must pick our way over and around charred stumps and logs, blackened boulders and red, leafless bushes.

Now we stand on the large rock at the foot of the falls. This fall, called the Champney Fall, is a long thread of water, tumbling from ledges sixty to seventy feet in height and splashing loudly on the smooth broad rock at its base. Owing to the scarcity of water, especially since the fire, as its bed above is now unprotected from the sun, this stream is but a mere thread. During the spring freshets these falls are wonderful.

A short distance to the east, and now in plain sight, is another, the Pitcher Fall, exhibiting rare delicacy of outline. Of this fall Professor Huntington, once the

state geologist, said: "Not a dozen rods away, but almost hidden by the trees, we discover one of the most beautiful falls in New Hampshire. . . . The sunbeams fall aslant through the trees; the eye follows the high perpendicular ledge that runs at right angles to the stream, and through the leaves of the trees we can see the small stream where it comes over the ledge, then it falls down, striking the rock that projects just enough to throw the water in spray, and break, for an instant only, the continuity of the stream. In the entire fall there are three of these projections, where the water is thrown in spray, and after the continuous fall it rests in a great basin, where it flows out and runs into the stream we have followed."¹¹ By many these falls are collectively known as the Champney Falls, but, in reality, the Champney and Pitcher are two different falls, one being located on the main brook, while the other is on a branch which flows into the Champney at this point. Having gazed upon these picturesque falls, we retrace our steps, up the steep foot-path, to the lumber-road once more. And a sharp little scramble it is, too. We are ready for a few minutes' breathing-time when we reach the road again.

Here, where the lumber-road crosses the brook, we find ourselves in a cozy nook between the hills. At our very feet is a shady little pool surrounded by moss-covered ledges. This is known to us climbers as the "spring," although it is not properly a spring, but only a little basin into which the clear water flows from its rocky bed. Here we fill our canteens. One

¹¹ Quoted in Osgood: *White Mountains*, 342-3.



Photo by Arthur P. Hunt

THE PITCHER FALL

day, while returning alone from the summit of Chocorua, my father was suddenly greeted by the sight of a "bob-cat" at this very point. Happily the animal disappeared as quickly as he had appeared.

Do you notice that smoothly polished rock at the edge of the pool? That particular rock used to be covered with moss—I remember it well. When a very little fellow, I was sitting on it one day when, presto! down I slid into the water. I was soaked to the skin and not until long after the sunshiny ledges had been gained was I dry and comfortable again.

Roughly we estimate the "spring" as about halfway between the town road and Chocorua's peak, but more than half the work is still ahead of us. We have been comfortably jogging along so far, rising bit by bit, but now the real climb begins. We go through a short stretch of leafless, charred woods, and then an enormous open patch appears. We now see before us the northwestern face of Bald Mountain. Some years ago this area was stripped by the lumbermen, and, because of the impenetrable tangle of dead trees and branches, it is termed the "slashing."

Here used to grow beautiful tall and straight trees, as noble trees as any in our range. Probably scores of King George's brigs and "seventy-fours" were indebted to such places as Chocorua's "Cathedral Woods" for its masts.¹² After the mast-trade ceased, there came the lumberjack and the hurricane, and lastly, though not least, the fire. The road skirts the left side and runs above the area of devastation.

¹² See the chapter on the Mast Trade in this work.

Because of the steepness of this part of the climb, frequent rests are required, and, while resting, beautiful views may be had. The sun beats down in full force, but, upon our recalling the chill of the woods, Old Sol is quite welcome. High above us Bald's ledges glisten, and above them the fleecy clouds, floating in a pure blue sky, present such a picture as may never be seen in Chicago, New York, or any other city.

Looking to the north and west, we see an innumerable company of mountains, like an immense herd of rolling blue elephants. Far below are emerald farms bespecked with houses, the town road, and the wriggling and meandering Swift River which plays hide-and-seek with the road. Perhaps the stillness is broken by a shrill whistle or cry, and, high above us, we see a magnificent eagle. There have been summers when from this spot we have repeatedly seen a pair of huge eagles, sometimes near, sometimes far away.

As we rise higher, the mountain system unfolds itself. To the north and west, faint blue ridges are ever added to our view. Almost at our feet we see the precipitous spur of Bald. While descending at about this spot in the summer of 1915, we noticed two khaki-clad objects walking about amid the charred and red forest. On nearer view, they turned out to be two large deer. We watched them for a few minutes, until, taking fright, they bounded off and were lost to sight in the charred débris.

Now a narrow patch of woods bars our approach to the ledges. It is soon traversed and we arrive at a curving ledge upon whose top we see a white sign-

board saying "PATH." From here on, our progress is guided by piles of stones, and formerly by spots of white paint also. As a ledge cannot be "blazed" with a hatchet, these little guide-posts have been erected by the Appalachians. We make our way forward, across slippery ledges, over patches of disintegrated rock, and sometimes along a tiny path closely fringed with blueberry bushes and occasional patches of dwarf trees.

At length the lofty ridge between Paugus and Bald, which connects Chocorua with the latter, is gained. Last summer, shortly after dinner, we noticed that the sky had suddenly clouded over. As usual, we had eaten our lunches just over the eastern slope of the summit. We saw a storm rapidly approaching and pouring down in such sheets that already Passaconaway had been blotted out. Instead of crawling under the "Cow," or seeking out some sheltering ledge or cave, we dashed for this very ridge. For a thick stunted growth is here so closely matted together that, by crawling under it, one is almost rain-proof. No sooner had we made ourselves secure in this shelter than, with the fury of a mountain demon, the storm broke. Did it hail and pour? I never saw anything like it. A party of Appalachians, I think, returning by the Piper Trail, passed within fifty feet of us; we could hear their conversation plainly, yet they did not see us. They hurried by, tightly clutching their coat collars and struggling against the driving rain and gale. I need not say that even before the storm raged five minutes these luckless climbers were thoroughly drenched. Half an

hour later, the sun again beat upon us and we left our cozy shelters, warm and dry. Looking east, towards Conway, we saw a beautiful triple rainbow, the left end of which seemed to rest in Walker's Pond, while the other was near the Madison station. All three bows were perfect in outline and coloring.

The few remaining rods are quickly crossed, and we stand upon the northern and lesser summit of Chocorua. From here a noble view may be had, much like that from the peak, except southward. Before us looms Chocorua, dark and forbidding, as if the weather had darkened it—like a battleship—to conceal it from its adversaries. Says Ward: "I know nothing more wildly beautiful or more unique in the White Mountains than this immense granite shaft which suddenly presents itself when, in the ascent, the crest of Bald is reached, or which seems to rise straight into the sky from the south. The appearance is more massive and more grand than when you see it from the level of the summits in the distance. Here it rises in front of you to a height of perhaps eight hundred feet almost straight into the air, without a tree, or hardly a bit of scrub, to relieve the weather-beaten granite cliffs, which are so steep that without the aid of man the peak would be almost unreachable. . . . I know not anywhere a cliff that rises sheer into the sky with such abruptness and massiveness as the chief peak of Chocorua which towers almost over your head when you are at the base of its principal elevation."¹⁸ I should advise all trampers and photographers wish-

¹⁸ Ward: *White Mountains*, 144-5.



Photo by Frederick T. Drake

CHOCORUA'S HORN

ing to take away with them adequate memories and pictures of Chocorua, that they fail not to view the peak from this northern spur. The views from the southern approach are not complete without this other.

But this castellated promontory is not the summit. Our real conquest is still ahead of us. The main fortress must yet be stormed. We cross the ridge, descend into the little ravine, and soon reach the spring. This is marked by a white cross painted on a flat sheltering rock facing the north, overhanging the tiny pool below. Over massive blocks of granite, through crevasses and up cracks in rocks we scramble, and shortly reach a little circular path leading to the summit. At last, all breathless, we reach our goal. Here upon the very topmost rock—about as large as a good-sized dining-table¹⁴—we find a sixty-foot flag-pole, firmly guyed to the rocks, and from which on exceptionally calm days float the “Stars and Stripes.” The fire warden, residing in a tiny camp on the southwest side, is the “color guard.” Also a circular stand is attached to this peak. The pole and stand were recently erected. The circular stand formerly held a map which included all the country visible from Chocorua—of inestimable value to the tourist. Whether the wind or some human vandal removed this map I know not, but it is no longer there.

One of the best views in the entire White Mountains may be enjoyed from Chocorua. Many descriptions of the skyline have been written. Those who make the ascent will find the following account from

¹⁴ Compare Bolles: *At the North of Bearcamp Water*, 70.

Osgood comprehensive and accurate:—"On the west, below and adjoining Chocorua, are the ledges on Paugus, whose top is nearly level, and has no peak. Over its right side is the dark and prominent Passaconaway, falling off sharply on the right; and over its long southern flank, across the upper clearings of Sandwich, is Mt. Israel, rising behind the low cone of Young Mt., Mt. Wonalancet being in the foreground, south of Paugus. On the right of Israel, and much higher, is the dark mass of Sandwich Dome. Whiteface is nearly west, on the left of and adjoining Passaconaway. On the right of and beyond Passaconaway is the long and many-headed ridge of Tripyramid, beyond which are the sharp peaks of Tecumseh and Osceola, the latter being seen on the left of the white mound of Potash, which is below in the Swift River Valley. Much farther away in this direction (west by north) is the high plateau of Moosilauke, over the Blue Ridge. About northwest, towards Mt. Hancock, is the square-topped mass of Green's Cliff; and the high spires of the Franconia Range rise on the distant horizon, with the gray sierra of Lafayette most conspicuous. On the right of Hancock is the imposing pile of Mt. Carrigain, looming up boldly out of the Pemigewasset Forest; and on its eastern side is the sharply cut and profound gorge of the Carrigain Notch, through which a part of Mount Bond range is seen. Close on the right of the Carrigain Notch is the remarkably pointed peak of Mt. Lowell, flanked on the right by Mts. Anderson and Nancy, on the same ridge. Under this range is Tremont, with its

highest point between Anderson and Nancy; and Mt. Hale appears over Anderson. On the right of Tremont, and near it, is the sharp crest of Bartlett Haystack; and between and far beyond Tremont and Haystack are Mts. Willey and Field. The purple cliffs of Mt. Willard are over the crest of Haystack, in the White Mt. Notch, through which a part of Mt. Deception is seen.

"About north-northwest, six miles distant across the Swift River Valley, is the long ridge of Bear Mt., covered with woods, and on the right of Haystack. Between Haystack and Bear are seen the richly colored stripes on the side of Mt. Webster. Farther to the right, over Bear, is Mt. Clinton, below which is the red crest of Crawford, with Resolution and Giant's Stairs on its right. Mt. Pleasant is over the right of Bear showing a round and dome-like crest, beyond and above which are Franklin and Monroe, west-of-north of Chocorua. The houses on Mt. Washington are about north, between Mts. Parker and Langdon, beyond the Saco, and Bear and Table Mts., north of the Swift River. Table is the mountain on the right of Bear, in the same ridge, and Iron Mt. is over its flank. Above Iron is the deep cleft of the Pinkham Notch, through which Mt. Madison is seen. On the right of and adjoining Table is the long imposing ridge of Moat Mt., over whose northern peak are the crests of Thorn Mt. and Double-Head, with Bald-face lifting its white ledges beyond. The pyramid of Kearsarge rises above the southern peak of Moat, and is marked by a house; and the rocky mounds of the

Eagle Ledge and the Albany Haystack are across the Swift River, toward the southern peak. To the right of and south of Kearsarge are Blackcap, Middle Mt., and others of the Green Hills of Conway, with the clearings of North Fryeburg and Lovell visible through their gaps.

"The character of the view now changes from a tumultuously upheaved land of mountains to populous plains, dotted with hamlets and ponds, and diversified here and there by low ridges. The white Conway road runs north along the base of Chocorua, curving away from its formidable rocky flanks and lined with farms. The beautiful meadows of the Saco emerge from behind Moat Mt., and pass away to the east in graceful bends. The fair village of Fryeburg is about fifteen miles east-northeast, on the left of and beyond which are the bright waters of Kezar, Upper Kezar, Upper Moose, and Long Ponds. Lovewell's Pond is close to Fryeburg, on the right. Nearer at hand is the bright hamlet of Conway Corner, at the confluence of the Swift and Saco rivers. Farther out in this direction is Mt. Pleasant, a long and rolling ridge which uplifts a white hotel near its centre. On the right of Conway, due east, is the broad mirror of Walker's Pond, over which are the Frost and Burnt-Meadow Mts., in Brownfield. Farther to the right, over Cragged Mt. and the hills of Hiram and Sebago, is the broad gleam of Sebago Lake. To the east-southeast the view passes over the Gline and Lyman Mts., and across the counties of lowland Maine, to the city of Portland, at the gates of the sea. On a

clear day a wide extent of the ocean can be seen in this direction, and extending away to the right. Farther to the right, over the adjacent Whitton Pond, are the distant hills of Cornish and Limington; and nearly southeast, over the hamlet of Madison, is Mt. Prospect, in Freedom. About one mile from Madison, and six miles from Chocorua, is the broad oval of Silver Lake, with the formless ridge of the Green Mt. in Effingham over it. The ampler sheet of Ossipee Lake is to the right of and beyond Silver Lake, and on its right, far out on the horizon, over the hills of North Wolfborough, is the crest of Copple Crown.

"Chocorua Lake is close to the base of the mountain, on the south, with its gracefully curving sandy beaches, bordered with trees; and the white Chocorua Lake House is on the hill beyond, towards the hamlet of Tamworth Iron Works, with its tall-spired church. In the plain beyond are the hamlets of Tamworth Centre, South Tamworth, and West Ossipee, and the White and Elliot Ponds. Then comes the long Ossipee Range, filling the horizon from south to south-southwest, with the ledgy sides of the Whittier Peak, below South Tamworth. The twin Belknap peaks peer over the Ossipee Mts. and are clearly seen. On the right of the range are portions of Moultonborough Bay, Lake Winnepesaukee, and Northwest Bay, studded with islets and divided by peninsulas. The Bearcamp and Red-Hill Ponds are next seen, with the hamlet of Sandwich Lower Corner, beyond which rises the double swell of Red Hill. About southwest, over the white village of Centre Sandwich, is the ex-

quisite beauty of Squam Lake, with its blue bosom dotted with wooded islands. The sharp crest of Kearsarge is over its left part; the Bridgewater Hills are over the centre; and Mt. Prospect, near Plymouth, is farther to the right.”¹⁵

On the verge of the eastern slope of Chocorua is an approximately cubical rock which is called the “Cow.” It rests upon a narrow, saucer-shaped shelf. Under it there is a space several feet long and about a foot and a half high, which has sheltered many a traveler during the wild mountain storms.¹⁶ I have tried in vain to discover its resemblance to a cow. I do not know why a rock of this shape should be called a “cow.” It looks more like a liberty-cap than a cow, and if I were naming it, I should call it “Liberty Cap.” Such a name, too, would commemorate the one who made a trail up here and first tried the experiment of maintaining a “Peak House,” later carried on so successfully by Mr. Knowles. This pioneer was “Jim” Liberty, better known as “Dutch” Liberty, concerning whom I shall have more to say later.

After drinking in the wonderful view, let us eat our dinner near the Cow, where we are protected from the strong northwest winds by the summit. Here, amid blueberries and sunshine, we may turn our attention to an entirely different feature of this mountain—the feature without which no mountain is really complete—its history, or, at least, its thrilling legend.

¹⁵ Osgood: *White Mountains*, 339-341.

¹⁶ See Eastman: *East of the White Hills*, 40-41; Bolles: *At the North of Bearcamp Water*, 68.

Chocorua was a real Indian. An old settler of Tamworth, Joseph Gilman, often used to converse with an older pioneer who had been on intimate terms with the Indian.¹⁷ There are several entirely different versions of the Chocorua legend, all agreeing, however, on the chieftain's death here. The Albany records have burned, so that nothing may be learned from that source. But I will give the legend in the forms in which it usually appears. It has been said that Whittier deemed the legend too sad to put into verse.¹⁸

Perhaps the commonest version is that given by Lydia Maria Child, as follows:—At a late period in the history of the Indians around Conway and Albany, Chocorua was among the few remaining red men. His son, nine or ten years old, became intimate with the family of Cornelius Campbell, a Scot who had fled from the wrath of the Stuarts. One day the little Indian lad swallowed some poison, which Campbell had scattered about his cabin to kill a troublesome fox, and went home to his father to die. Chocorua, perhaps naturally, blamed Campbell, and, during the absence of the latter, he murdered the Scot's family.

The Albany settler tracked the Indian to the summit of the present Mount Chocorua and called upon the fugitive either to throw himself into the abyss below or be shot. To this Chocorua made reply: "The Great Spirit gave life to Chocorua and Cho-

¹⁷ Merrill: *History of Carroll County*, 106.

¹⁸ See J. Warren Tyng, in *Granite State Magazine*, III, 186.

corua will not throw it away at the command of the white man.' 'Then hear the Great Spirit speak in the white man's thunder!' exclaimed Cornelius Campbell. . . . Chocorua, though fierce and fearless as a panther, had never overcome his dread of fire-arms. He placed his hands upon his ears, to shut out the stunning report; the next moment the blood bubbled from his neck, and he reeled fearfully on the edge of the precipice. But he recovered himself, and, raising himself on his hand, he spoke in a loud voice, that grew more terrific as its huskiness increased, 'A curse upon ye, white men! May the Great Spirit curse ye when he speaks in the clouds, and his words are fire! Chocorua had a son, and ye killed him while the sky looked bright! Lightning blast your crops! Winds and fire destroy your dwellings! The Evil Spirit breathe death upon your cattle! Your graves lie in the war-path of the Indian! Panthers howl and wolves fatten upon your bones! Chocorua goes to the Great Spirit,—but his curse stays with the white man!' " 19

Drake's version of the legend makes Chocorua defiantly spring from the rock into the unfathomable abyss below, before the appalled hunter can fire a

¹⁹ Lydia Maria Child, quo. in Willey: *Incidents in White Mt. History*, 272-6; Starr King: *The White Hills, Their Legends, Landscape and Poetry*, 145-49; Eastman: *East of the White Hills*, 41-47; Bent: *A Bibliography of the White Mts.*, index, "Chocorua"; Musgrove: *The White Hills in Poetry*, 340-1; Caverly: *The Bride of Burton*; David H. Hill's poem on Chocorua, in Merrill: *History of Carroll County, N. H.*, 117-124.

shot.²⁰

For years after, as will be shown in another chapter, the country seemed to have fallen under this curse.

A second legend, very similar to the first, describes Chocorua as a chief of the Ossipees, who loved his native land too well to leave it. With a small band he held this mountain as an observation post. Here rangers, in quest of the bounty for scalps offered by the Massachusetts Government, destroyed his band and pursued their chief to the summit, where he pleaded his friendliness to the English and offered himself as prisoner. But the blood-money was too tempting and the white men were inexorable. Chocorua, flinging forth his terrible curse, leaped from the dizzy height.

A third tradition, in all probability less authentic than the others, says that in 1761, long after Lovewell's Fight, when the power of the Pequawkets had been broken and they, together with the Ossipees, had fled to Saint Francis in Canada, Chocorua returned, seeking revenge, and was shot on this mountain.²¹

Charles J. Fox has embodied the legend in verse, as follows:—

²⁰ Drake: *The Heart of the White Mountains*, 22-4; *New England Legends and Folk-Lore*, 469-472.

²¹ Merrill: *History of Carroll County*, 116; Osgood, 341; Charlton: *New Hampshire as It Is*, 89.

"DEATH OF CHOCORUA

"On the cliff's extremest brow
 Fearless stands Chocorua now;
 Last of all his tribe, and he
 Doomed to death of cruelty.
 O'er the broad green vales that lie
 Far beneath, he cast his eye. . . .

" 'Lands where lived and died my sires,
 Where they built their council-fires;
 Where they roamed and knew no fear,
 Till the dread white-man drew near;
 Once when swelled the war-cry round,
 Flocked a thousand to the sound;
 But the white men came, and they
 Like the leaves have passed away.

" 'Wo to them who seek to spoil
 The red owners of the soil!
 Wo to all who on this spot
 Fell the groves, or build the cot!
 Blighted be the grass that springs!
 Blighted be all living things!
 And the pestilence extend,
 'Till Chocorua's curse shall end!"

"On his murderers turned he then;
 Eyes shall ever haunt those men;
 Up to heaven a look he cast,
 And around—beneath—his last!
 Far down and lone, his bones are strewn,
 The sky his pall, his bed of stone." ²²

It was "Jim" Liberty who made the pioneer experiment of running a hotel high up in the sky, on the

²² Charles James Fox: *Death of Chocorua*, in Charles J. Fox and Samuel Osgood: *New Hampshire Book*, 208-9; see also Musgrove: *The White Hills in Poetry*, 115-6.

shoulder of Chocorua. Later the "Chocorua Peak House" was purchased by Mr. David Knowles.²³ Once, when spending a memorable night at the Peak House, I saw the venerable Liberty, who at that time was doing some work for Mr. Knowles. Liberty built a good carriage-road to his Half-way House. From that point, the trip to the Peak House was made afoot or on horseback. The old Frenchman, in guiding parties from the Peak House up to the summit (for the Peak House is not on the very top of the mountain but at the base of its conical rock apex), used to go barefoot in order to secure a firm foothold upon the slippery ledges. He would tie ropes around the timid and weak ones, to assist them over the most dangerous places in the trail.

A clipping from an old newspaper gives us a graphic picture of "Jim" Liberty: "It was at the old Half-way House, a little pine board shack in the heart of the black growth that binds with a grasp like iron the belt of Chocorua, most picturesque of mountains in the White Hills.

"Mrs. Liberty laid aside her dish towel and came out and stood on the steps.

" 'Be this your first visit up Chocoruay?' she asked pleasantly. 'Well, you all must come in an' rest yerselves. Mountain climbin' ain't so easy as it looks, leastways Chocoruay ain't—won't you all have a drink of water? You be the first folks so far this mornin', but ain't a day we don't have near fifty, an' sometimes more'n that. They comes from all parts.

²³ See Rollins: *Tourists' Guide-Book*, N. H., 131.

You all will see 'em comin' by an' by. Be you goin' clear to th' peak?' She put a stick of silver birch on the fire. 'Wall, now, but you got a fine day for it. I guess it be right smart windy up along the peak, but all the folks who come around here says they wouldn't miss Chocoruay, not for nothin'.'

"The little white-haired old woman sat down by the window and folded her hands. How the wind whistling through the cracks in the boards brought with it sweet odor of the pines. A mountain stream, water clear as dew and white and cold as frost, ran away from the house towards the far-away lake, Chocorua Lake. . . .

"Straight from the back door of the Half-way House up the mountain side, until it was lost in the trees, wound the trail, the 'Liberty Trail.'

" 'You'll find it muddy to-day, I guess,' went on the old lady, 'in parts; but, law, it's all kind of ways goin' up a mountain, some mud, some corduroy, some har-ricane, an' some rocks—good many rocks, but Liberty an' me, we keep it up pretty well; ain't no complainin', an' it wa'nt easy. How long I been here? Well, I ain't been here only since I merried Liberty, but he's been here goin' on more'n thirty years, an' long 'fore that he made the road up Chocoruay. Lonely? Wall, a lots o' city folks here in summer time, you know, an' long after till the last of October, but then by the time winter shets in thar's never a livin' soul, 'cept maybe a party comin' fer lumber oncet in a while. But I ain't complainin'. I says to myself: "God give me good health an' a roof ter

cover me, an' He put me down here on Chocoruay Mountain, an' here I am ter stay." Here comes Liberty now. I guess he'll put up your teams.'

"Dutch Liberty is a little old man 'going on nigh seventy-five.' 'I look after ze teams—for pay,' said he, pushing back his slouch hat from his bristling gray eyebrows, 'an' I haf to see zat ever one, he give his toll!' 'Dutch' Liberty is a French-Canadian, descended from one of the early coureurs de bois, so many of whom made up the first explorers of New Hampshire, as well as the great Northwest. Liberty is called Dutch by his Yankee brethren because his English is so lame and halting, and up here any kind of broken English or incomprehensible temperament is called Dutch. Then, too, there was another reason. After Liberty first opened his trail up Mount Chocorua, he placed a signboard on one of the blazed trees with a hand roughly drawn in charcoal inscribed: 'Dot vay,' and 'that be Dutch,' folks around here said, 'so Liberty be a Dutchman.' He is, however, in his disposition to exact his dues, true-bred Yankee. . . .

"'Which ever ze way you go,' observed Dutch Liberty, 'be he to ze right or be he to ze lef', you weesh to God you took ze other, so ees he not all ze same thing?' " ²⁴

Let us take the precipitous path down to Mr. Knowles' Peak House, for it would be a great pity to leave the mountain without visiting this unique hostelry in sky-land. Picking our way downward, by the help of an occasional railing, and here and there a

²⁴ Ethel Marie Armes in Boston Transcript, 1902—probably.

short flight of stairs, we catch glimpses of the house. Upon closer observation we see steel cables running over the roof and anchoring it to the rock. On the night when our tent blew down, and when the Passaconaway House barn-door blew off, all of these cables except one snapped. Had that gone——! Not long ago Mr. Knowles built a large addition, a one-story dining-hall, which he thought it would be unnecessary to cable down. The following winter, I think, he spent abroad, and, upon returning, found his dining-hall scattered all over the eastern side of the mountain.

Our delighted eyes are greeted with gorgeous sunset views over the western mountains and the lake-country. Some people prefer to view the sunset from the peak but that necessitates a descent in semi-darkness, which is not pleasant and is somewhat dangerous. I recall a lover of sunset scenes who, some years ago, under great difficulties, was satisfying his desire. A horse brought him up from the lower world to the Peak House. This man was a cripple, the unfortunate victim of some trouble necessitating the continual use of crutches. Shortly before six o'clock he disappeared, and all search was fruitless; but after seven o'clock we saw him, in the fast waning light, swinging himself down from ledge to ledge as he came from the summit, a very difficult feat for an able-bodied man in broad daylight.

Let me recall a night in the Peak House. The roaring wind, which fairly rocks our mountain shelter, causes the carpet to roll in waves like billows on a storm-lashed sea. We gladly respond to the supper

bell, and with zest devour steak and potatoes and Mr. Knowles' far-famed hot blueberry pie. Soon darkness envelopes the house. We study the twinkling lights of far-off Portland for a time, then, wearied with our climb, we retire and speedily fall asleep.

Next morning before four o'clock the bright tints of the eastern sky prophesy the coming of a new day. Before five the gorgeous sun begins to come into view over Mount Pleasant, Maine. "Are we on the ocean?" we ask ourselves, for all beneath us is hidden in a white impenetrable curtain of cloud, above which the mountain peaks, here and there, appear as islands on a boiling sea. The entire earth seems to be passing through an all-encompassing flood, with only the lofty peaks unsubmerged. This scene is short-lived, for, no sooner has Old Sol come out in his dazzling brightness than the clouds rise in perpendicular columns and presently vanish in the thin air. While beholding this scene one exclaims, "Transported with the view, I am lost in wonder and praise."²⁵

At half-past seven the breakfast bell again welcomes us to the dining-room. We enjoy our meal of ham and eggs, after which we select some mountain post cards, and souvenirs made by the Bartlett Indians, which mine host keeps on sale. Then, shouldering our packs, we bid adieu to the picturesque "Knowles' Knoll," and, in a couple of hours, say farewell to Mount Chocorua itself until another summer, in our hearts most cordially indorsing the sentiment of Mr. Whittier which he once expressed in a letter to the artist, J.

²⁵ Granite Monthly, XLII, 275.

Warren Tyng: "I sympathize with thee in thy love for the New Hampshire hills, and Chocorua is the most beautiful and striking of all."²⁶

Since writing the foregoing description of a night on Chocorua, I have learned that the Peak House has been blown to pieces. It was on September 26, 1915, that the building was destroyed. The steel cables did not snap this time, but, in spite of these, the boards and beams were torn one from another and wafted out like straws over the valley. Happily the house was unoccupied at the time of its destruction. In all probability a new hotel will be erected without delay.

The altitude of Mt. Chocorua is 3,508 feet.²⁷

²⁶ See Musgrove: *White Hills in Poetry*, 338. *Granite State Magazine*, III, 94.

²⁷ *A. M. C. Guide to Paths in the White Mountains*, 1916, 311.

CHAPTER VIII

THE NORTHERN SKY-LINE

LOOKING northward from the upper end of the Albany Intervale, a charming picture is seen. In the foreground lie the level meadows, terminating at the sandy beach of the Swift River. Tall trees artistically fringe the farther bank of the winding stream. Then the deep forest begins, for a short space stretching over level ground and then rising until, at length, the silver-threaded crest of Birch Ridge is gained. As a fitting background to this restful foreground is an imposing semicircle of mountains reaching from Bear to Hitchcock. These peaks, some light green, others covered with dark growth and still others a deep purple or blue, here and there displaying a ledge or rocky summit, form what is considered by many one of the most thoroughly satisfying and typical mountain sky-lines in New Hampshire.

In the eastern corner, over whose southern shoulders the first glow of dawn appears, lies Bear Mountain, between the valleys of the Saco and the Swift.¹ Appropriately indeed was this wilderness monster named. The dark furry back, well rounded, and humpy near the shoulders, the little ridge of fur rising on the wrinkled neck, and the bent head smothered in its massive

¹ Compare Osgood's: *White Mts.*, 128.

paws, easily shapes itself into a great bear in repose.

Of course all depends upon the viewpoint. From the town road at the base of Bear, the mountain appears precipitous and angular; while from our end of the interval, southwesterly from Bear, not a sharp angle is seen. Its surface is all smooth knobs. Years ago Bear was clothed in a coat of dark spruces. The lumbermen have sadly mutilated its western slopes, leaving huge, ghastly slashes from their merciless shears. Time is gradually restoring the original beauty, however.

Although of insignificant altitude, Bear is imposing. It is rarely visited, however.² This is because, first, there is no path to the top. After leaving a logging road, which terminates well up on its side, one must strike through a tangle to reach the top of the ridge. An almost impenetrable growth has shot up among the tumbledown and the very summit is so barricaded with prostrate logs, underbrush and stones that the intrusion of a climber seems to be resented.³ The second and weightier reason is that, as the top is heavily wooded, one must seek fragmentary views from distant lookouts. But even from these lookouts only an ordinary view may be had. Of Chocorua, Moat, the surrounding peaks and our valley the view is good, but of Washington and its neighbors, only moderate.⁴

Between Bear and Bartlett Haystack—northwest of the former—lies the Bear Mountain Notch, through

² Osgood: White Mts., 128.

³ Bolles: At the North of Bearcamp Water, 243-251.

⁴ Compare Bolles: At the North of Bearcamp Water, 243-251.



Photo by J. T. Porcull

BEAR MOUNTAIN

which many trampers pass. This affords the shortest cut from the Albany Intervale to the Presidential region. Years ago the Bartlett Land and Lumber Company built a railroad through the notch, but this long ago rotted away. A bright spot on the "Notch Trail," in the very heart of lonely solitude, was a cozy little cabin formerly owned by Charlie Brewster, who lived here alone on the side of Bear for a number of years.⁵

High above and in plain sight from the road, and perhaps accessible from it, a flat-topped ridge extends from Bear to Moat; this is known as Table Mountain.⁶ This mountain is not visible from our "Great Intervale," however. Table is only 2,663 feet in altitude, while Bear is 3,230 feet.⁷

Bartlett Haystack, also known as Silver Spring or Mount Revelation,⁸ lies to the northwest of Bear. From our valley the mountain resembles a saddle more than a haystack, there being a deep depression between two wooded cones. For a low mountain Bartlett Haystack is imposing, because of its sharpness. It is only 2,995 feet in altitude.⁹ Remarkable views of the Albany and Bartlett valleys, and good views of the surrounding country and the Presidential mountains may be enjoyed. From either Cobb's Ford, in Bartlett, or by the "Notch Trail," the ascent usually is made. The latter, although shorter, is much more difficult, there

⁵ See A. M. C. Guide, Part I, 174.

⁶ Osgood: White Mountains, 128.

⁷ U. S. Geo. Survey, Crawford Notch Sheet.

⁸ A. M. C. Guide, Part I, 178.

⁹ U. S. Geo. Sur., Craw. Notch Sheet.

being no definite trail, and no party should attempt to climb by this route without either an experienced woodsman or one well acquainted with the local terrain. The view fully repays one for his toil.¹⁰

The third mountain in our northern sky-line, as our eyes travel from east to west, is Tremont, whose peak several years ago was swept by fire,¹¹ but which nature is slowly re-clothing. Because of a ridge uniting Tremont with its more northeasterly neighbor, of which we have spoken in the preceding paragraph, these two mountains are known jointly as the Bartlett Haystacks.¹² Tremont's bare granite summit is somewhat rounded at the top, and from Chocorua's heights resembles a sharp cone, gorgeously glittering when snow-covered in winter. From "Shackford's" it appears as a huge, white-capped wave. This mountain is a cluster of lowly peaks which at length condense into one knobby ridge.¹³ A slide on its southwestern slope extends from near the summit to the edge of Sawyer's Pond, and may be seen from many of the neighboring lookouts. One can get a glimpse of this slide even from Sabbaday Falls.

Many claim that the semicircular hill-top south of Tremont is only a spur of Tremont, while others assert that it should be classed as a separate mountain. This is Owl Cliff. Its massive face strikingly reminds one of an owl: There are the huge, hollowed-out eyes, sep-

¹⁰ A. M. C. Guide, Part I, 178.

¹¹ Osgood: White Mts., 130.

¹² Same.

¹³ The same.

arated by a prominent curved beak, and the trees at its base form the feathery neck and shoulders. Especially at approaching dusk or on bright moonlight evenings is this resemblance the more remarkable. Then the beak shines, and the huge dark eyes seem alive and dancing with their savage fire. The most frequent visitors to these peaks are deer and bear. For several summers a pair of eagles apparently had their home on or near the ledges of Owl Cliff. At the foot of the precipices, the deer make their yard during the winter, and you may see many trees with the bark stripped off by deer to the height of six or seven feet.

From our valley the ascent of either Tremont or Owl Cliff should not be attempted without some knowledge of the lay of the land, for one easily loses his way.¹⁴ An A. M. C. register may be found on Tremont. From the summit are enjoyed fine views of the Presidential and surrounding ranges, the Swift and Saco valleys, and the Carrigain Notch.¹⁵ The hope has been expressed that, by running a path from Upper Bartlett, Tremont may be opened up to a larger number of trampers.¹⁶ From the Albany side the route would be too long and arduous. Tremont is 3,365 feet in altitude, lifting its peak 415 feet above Owl Cliff, which is 2,950 feet high.¹⁷

To the north of our cottage, in the blue distance, lies a truly Alpine scene. Between Tremont and the Car-

¹⁴ Compare A. M. C. Guide, Part I, 176.

¹⁵ Osgood: White Mts., 130; A. M. C. Guide, Part I, 176.

¹⁶ Osgood: White Mts., 130.

¹⁷ U. S. Geo. Surv., Craw. Notch Sheet.

rigain Notch are three sharp peaks. This range is known as the Nancy Range, and comprises Lowell, Anderson, Nancy and Bemis. Mount Bemis, however, is not visible from our valley. These mountains are heavily wooded and are separated at their bases by tiny lakes.¹⁸

Taking the Nancy Range from west to east, let us begin with Lowell, the sharpest of the group. Lowell is a real mountain and, among the many peaks visible from our cottage, it is one of the few which remind us of the sharp mountains of Switzerland. Lowell's western side drops off with terrible steepness, forming the eastern wall of the Carrigain Notch. Its sheer cliffs have been left bare by huge slides. Lowell was formerly Brickhouse Mt., but in 1868 its name was changed to Lowell, in honor of a Portland gentleman who was an enthusiastic mountain explorer.¹⁹

Mount Anderson, five feet lower than Lowell, is east of the latter, but because of its massive shoulders and less angular outlines, it presents a far less imposing appearance and seems like a much lower mountain. Mr. Anderson, for whom this peak was named, was the chief engineer of the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad.²⁰

For the benefit of those who wish to climb these mountains, the following directions will be found helpful:—"Mts. Lowell and Anderson can best be ascended by leaving the Carrigain Notch trail just north of the

¹⁸ A. M. C. Guide, Part I, 163.

¹⁹ Osgood: White Mts., 133.

²⁰ The same.

Notch and following up a depression between them in an easterly direction until the Livermore-Lincoln town boundary, a blazed line, is struck. Turning south on this line, the summit of Mt. Lowell may be reached in about a mile of very steep climbing, while north about the same distance and same steepness is Mt. Anderson. An outcropping ledge on the west side of Anderson, near the line, gives a wonderfully fine view of Carrigain, Carrigain Notch, and the Pemigewasset Wilderness. An A. M. C. register is at this point. Passing over the summit, the boundary may be followed down into the valley between Anderson and Nancy, the line passing between Norcross Pond and Nancy Pond, though not within sight of either. The line may be followed up the south slope of Nancy to the summit which is wooded and affords little view. The highest point is east of the town line and bears an A. M. C. cylinder. The trees around the register are spotted to aid in its location. The boundary may be followed down into the depression between Nancy and Bemis, where a good camping site is found at a small lake under the summit of the latter. The line may then be followed up an easy slope through open timber to the summit of Bemis, which has a number of open vistas affording fine though limited views. An A. M. C. register is on the highest point, the trees around it being blazed. The descent may be made down the steep south shoulder to Nancy Brook through fine spruce growth, thence good logging roads may be taken out to the M. C. R. R., a short distance below Bemis Station. The above trip should only be taken by those ex-

perienced in wood craft, as no paths exist and the way is very rough. On account of the length of the trip, camping equipment is necessary.”²¹

The third of the trio, higher and more romantic than either Lowell or Anderson, is the gently sloping Nancy. Its name was formerly Mt. Amorisgelu, but eventually this was changed to Nancy to commemorate the victim of a tragedy which occurred at its base.²² Mr. Sweetser, in “Osgood’s White Mountains,” tells the story as follows:—“The bridge, brook, and mountain derive their names from a sad incident in the early history of the country. In the autumn of 1788, a young woman by the name of Nancy was employed in Colonel Whipple’s family at Jefferson, and became engaged to one of the men on the farm. She gave him her two-years’ wages when they were about to depart for Portsmouth to be married, but he started away during her absence, leaving no explanation. On her return at night she set out after him, hoping to catch the recreant lover in camp at the Notch, before the dawn. The ground was covered with snow, and the route for thirty miles lay through the forest, marked only by a line of spotted trees. She reached the camp, but it was abandoned, and after vainly striving to rekindle the smouldering fire, she pressed on down the Notch, fording the icy Saco in several places, and at last sank down in utter exhaustion on the south bank of Nancy Brook, where she was speedily chilled to death. The bitter north-west wind had driven blinding masses of snow upon

²¹ A. M. C. Guide, Part I, 161-163.

²² Osgood: White Mts., 133.

her; her clothing had become saturated in fording the streams; and she was found stiff and cold, with her head resting on her staff. The men at Colonel Whipple's had doubted that she would face the storm, but, becoming alarmed at her long absence, they followed the trail and found her, not long after her death. On learning of her dauntless faith and terrible fate, her lover became insane, and died, a few years later, in fearful paroxysms; and there is a tradition that long afterwards these valleys resounded on still nights with the weird and agonizing shrieks of his restless ghost."²³

These three mountains—Lowell, Anderson, and Nancy—are covered with tall growth. Although comparatively free from underbrush, no paths lead to their summits. Their peaks are densely wooded. Lowell is 3,730 feet, Anderson 3,725, and Nancy 3,810 feet in altitude.²⁴

That the Carrigain Notch is the most imposing notch in the White Mountains was the opinion of Prof. Vose.²⁵ This is a great hollow between Lowell, Carrigain, and Tremont. It is so thickly wooded that its beauty may best be appreciated from the overhanging ledges of its mountain guardians. If a road were to be built from the Saco country to the Pemigewasset, the natural and easiest route would lie through the Carrigain Notch. From Sawyer's Rock to the center of the pass the distance is not more than three miles. The Appalachians

²³ Osgood: *White Mts.*, 138.

²⁴ U. S. Geo. Surv., *Craw. Notch Sheet*. Compare also A. M. C. *Guide*, Part I, 161.

²⁵ Osgood: *White Mts.*, 137.

opened a blazed trail through the Carrigain Notch in 1906.²⁶

Mt. Carrigain lies in the Pemigewasset forest between Sawyer's River and the East Branch. It is the loftiest and most imposing of a group of mountains. Its bold and impressive outlines make it an object of great interest, hence Bolles calls it "Carrigain, the mighty."²⁷ But its remoteness from the roads has rendered it all but inaccessible to ordinary tourists.²⁸

Prof. Vose, after whom Vose's Spur is named,—which spur is the only part of Carrigain seen from "Shackford's," although from Jack Allen's, Mrs. Colbath's and the Mayhew Farm grand views of the main mountain may be had—says of Carrigain:—"It stands almost exactly in the centre of the vast group of the White and Franconia Mts., and, rising as it does to a height of nearly 5,000 feet, is a marked feature in the landscape from almost every point of view. Conversely, the view from Carrigain must embrace the whole mountain mass, and must sweep around over all the principal summits. . . . Ranges and notches, huge mountains and broad valleys, never seen from the points commonly visited in this region, are spread all around. From its central position a better idea of the arrangement of the White and Franconia Mts. is had than from any other point, perhaps, in the whole group."²⁹

²⁶ A. M. C. Guide, Part I, 157-161.

²⁷ Bolles: *Chocorua's Tenants*, 42.

²⁸ See Osgood: *White Mts.*, 134.

²⁹ The same.

A narrow ridge, several rods long, forms the summit, which is 4,647 feet in altitude. Vose's Spur, 792 feet lower, is more open and affords a fine outlook. There is another spur south of the summit known as Signal Ridge, for here a signal-pole was set in a pile of stones; from this lookout—4,400 feet high—one has the best and most complete view in all directions except westward. The ravines between these spurs and the summit are very inconsiderable, and it well repays the tourist to spend some time on these lookouts, east and south.³⁰ Surveyor Crawford was so struck with the view that he expressed the wish "that the next year a party might be sent up to clear the summit of the trees and thereby open up the grandest view in the state."³¹ A tripod now affords a good outlook. The first path up Carrigain was made by the Appalachians in 1879. In 1898 this was re-located. One may find in the "A. M. C. Guide to the Paths in the White Mts., 1916," detailed descriptions of and directions concerning the path to Carrigain's summit.³²

Philip Carrigain was born at Concord in 1772, and died there in 1842. He was a graduate of Dartmouth. He practised law at Concord, Epsom, Chichester and again at Concord. He was later State Surveyor, and from 1805 to 1810 was Secretary of State of New Hampshire. He was also clerk of the senate. He made a map of the White Mountains which was published in 1816, and for this service the "Hub of the

³⁰ Compare A. M. C. Guide, Part I, 155.

³¹ Osgood: White Mts., 134.

³² A. M. C. Guide, 1916, 240.

White Mountains" now fittingly bears his name.³³ He was the first to call New Hampshire the "Granite State."³⁴

Julius H. Ward devotes an interesting chapter, entitled "The Heart of the Wilderness," to Mt. Carrigain. In this chapter he enthusiastically says:—"It is the distinguishing characteristic of Mount Carrigain that it is in the centre of the White Mountain system and holds the key to the entire country. It is a bold and massive peak, wooded nearly to the summit, not desolate like Chocorua, not rifted with the fury of the gods like Mount Washington, but unique in its beauty as seen from a distance, and presenting a wonderful panorama of the wilderness when you have climbed its summit and from its cairn look out at all points of the compass upon an uninhabited world. I have stood on the brow of the cliff that hangs over Kineo Bay at Moosehead Lake and strained the eye in every direction over the untrodden forest; I have surveyed the Adirondacks from the nose of Mount Mansfield and swept the field of vision through the lower Canadas; I have felt, as others have felt who have climbed these peaks, that there was something about the view from them and something in the silence that reigns upon them which appeals strongly to the conception of universal Nature; but I think that the sense of utter separation from humanity, the sense of entire lostness in the wilderness, the sense of the complete abandonment of the soul to Nature was never realized as it was during my stay of

³³ A. M. C. Guide, Part I, 155; Osgood: White Mts., 135.

³⁴ Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography, I, 535.

a few hours on the topmost peak of Mount Carrigain." ³⁵ Champney's celebrated painting of Mount Carrigain was made from near the old mill in Upper Bartlett. ³⁶

From our valley, little Green's Cliff, 2,903 feet high, shuts out the greater part of Carrigain from our view. No truer natural fortress could be asked for than this flat, perpendicular rampart offers. It is seen to best advantage from the knoll at Church's Pond. The two-mile stretch between it and the pond is as wild a region as can be found in the state. Logging roads take one to the base, but there is no path to the summit, and it is almost never ascended by tourists.

At the far northwestern extremity of our northern sky-line the dark humps of Hancock appear, in the Carrigain, Huntington and Hitchcock range. ³⁷ It rises 4,430 feet above sea level. ³⁸ This peak on Prof. Guyot's map—a very early one—is called "Pemigewasset Peak." ³⁹ Because of its remarkably well-rounded humps, it has been known as Camel's Hump. Very steep and heavily wooded, in places exceedingly rocky, is Hancock. Formerly climbers ascended it from the East Branch of the Pemigewasset. Hancock has been heavily lumbered the last few years. There is an A. M. C. register on a ledge near the highest point. ⁴⁰

Lying to the left of this monster is Mt. Hunt-

³⁵ Ward: *The White Mountains*, 134-5.

³⁶ Osgood's *White Mountains*, 127.

³⁷ A. M. C. Guide, Part I, 163.

³⁸ U. S. Geo. Surv., *Craw. Notch Sheet*.

³⁹ Osgood: *White Mts.*, 157.

⁴⁰ A. M. C. Guide, Part I, 163.

ington, with Mt. Hitchcock just peeping over its southern shoulder. The former, although only 3,730 feet in altitude,⁴¹ bulks large to the eye. Huntington is entirely clothed in dark green trees except for a patch of light-colored second growth at its southeastern base. When the lumbermen cut off the dark growth here, they cut in such a way as to leave in the center a distinct cross of dark growth. This dark cross, upon its lighter background, is a very interesting sight, especially when seen from the top of Potash; only in certain lights can it be seen from the level of our valley.

From our porch Hitchcock is indistinguishable from Huntington except when a cloud rests in the valley between the two mountains, or on misty or hazy days, when their separateness is manifest even to the stranger.

Charles H. Hitchcock was the State Geologist of New Hampshire and became Professor of Geology at Dartmouth. Joshua H. Huntington was his Principal Assistant in the former office. Their contributions to the state were maps, researches on mountain peaks, and their "Geology of New Hampshire." Huntington spent a winter on Mount Moosilauke and another on Mount Washington. The volume entitled "Mount Washington in Winter" contains several interesting chapters from his pen. This little book gives one the shivers by its description of the Arctic conditions encountered up in this land of the sky.

At the western end of our intervale, and lying entirely within it, there is a little hill which so resembles

⁴¹ U. S. Geo. Surv., Craw. Notch Sheet,



Photo by J. T. Porritt

SUGAR HILL AND MOUNT HUNTINGTON

a sugar loaf, that it is named Sugar Hill. Were its summit bare granite, it would be Potash's duplicate on a smaller scale. Its sides slope off regularly and gently in all directions. In altitude it is 1,845 feet. On Sugar Hill huge boulders are strewn in every direction. Frank Bolles claims that this must have been either an island in the great lake which once existed in the Passaconaway Intervale, or the western shore of its waters. This hill is neither thickly covered with rich loam, as is the valley, nor does it show any signs of having been submerged.⁴²

One of our favorite tramps is up the Swift River Trail. This may serve as an arbitrary dividing-line between our northern and western sky-lines. I can do no better than to give in substance a description of this old Indian path which was written by Prof. James Sturgis Pray:—The Swift River Trail follows, from the westerly end of the Albany Intervale, the Sabbaday Falls Path for perhaps a mile, or a mile and a half, from the Passaconaway House. Thence it runs alongside the south bank of the Swift, "sometimes skirting the very edge of its high bank, commanding beautiful vistas up and down stream, at other times out of sight (rarely out of sound) of its running water," for a mile and a half to Pine Bend. On this part of the trail we pass some noble stretches of smooth ledge. We press on until a logging road is gained which leads to Camp No. 6, perhaps a mile and a half. The divide between Kancamagus and Huntington is climbed and presently one reaches the headwaters of the East Branch of the

⁴² Bolles: At the North of Bearcamp Water, 281.

Pemigewasset. Henry's old lumber railroad lies perhaps three miles west of the divide and leads to either North Woodstock or Lincoln. About the same distance from the divide one finds a trail leading south through the Mad River Notch, between Osceola and Kancamagus, to Waterville. "Everywhere it is through beautiful forest, from once entering just above Shackford's, till finally coming out upon the old logging road, and even this region is beautiful again, it having been logged so long ago." ⁴³

Among other interesting features of this trail there used to be a secluded cabin belonging to a prominent Conway physician. This was known as "Horne's Camp," and nearly every one traveling the Swift River Trail enjoyed its hospitable shelter. The owner made it a point to keep it well supplied with non-perishable food and warm bedding. A few years ago this famous camp was destroyed by fire. In the days of its existence, if one wished for absolute solitude, unbroken only by visits from wood mice, bear, and other forest folk, this cabin offered such a haven as exists nowhere else. In my chapter on adventures, etc., I shall narrate some experiences which took place here.

The Swift River and Swift River Trail lie at the base of Mount Kancamagus. In the chapter devoted to the chieftain of that name will be found a brief description of this mountain.

⁴³ J. S. Pray, Feb. 19, 1903, *Appalachia*, vol. X, 173; A. M. C. Guide, Part I, 178-9.

CHAPTER IX

SUNSET RAMPART AND THE SOUTHWESTERN QUADRANT

TRIPYRAMID, as its name indicates, is a triple-peaked mountain, all three of whose peaks seem to rise from a nearly horizontal ridge. Tripyramid towers high above all the surrounding peaks except one—Passaconaway. Its three peaks taper up from the ridge into sharply pointed cones or pyramids. From our valley they remind one of the steam-domes and sand-boxes on the boiler of a huge modern locomotive. Just below the crest of this ridge, a monster bear, chased for three days by Jack Allen and his son, met his fate.

Because of its sharp peaks this mountain was formerly known by the people near its western slopes as Waterville Haystack.¹ Then, too, from its awful grandeur, it long bore the name of Passaconaway.² Later this royal name was transferred to another gigantic pile of rock of nearly the same height, Tripyramid's altitude being 4,121 feet, while Passaconaway is 4,116 feet.³ Tripyramid is wooded to the summit and the ground is strewn with "tangled and bristling evergreens," so that if any view is to be obtained one must

¹ Chas. Fay in *Appalachia*, vol. I, 23.

² Compare Chas. Fay in *Appalachia*, vol. VI.

³ *Among the Clouds* gives both as 4,200.

go to the ledges on the southern side. Here a wonderful view of the lake-country may be enjoyed.⁴

The west side has two mammoth land-slides. In Waterville the word "Tripyramid" is almost synonymous with that of "land-slide." "The Great Slide on Tripyramid is considered by many visitors the most remarkable object among the curiosities of Waterville. It commences about two miles from Greeley's, at the ancient clearing known as *Beckytown*, and is reached by taking the path to the Cascades and diverging to the left at the forks (about one and a quarter miles from the house). Beckytown is 280 feet above Greeley's, and from this point the Slide may be ascended for two miles, gaining a farther altitude of 1,015 feet. This section of the devastated valley is followed by a small stream, and the fringes are encumbered with the high-piled remnants of the ruined forests. It is here over 1,000 feet wide, where the débris spread over the meadows, and it decreases in the ascent to 125-300 feet wide. The upper half-mile narrows gradually from 640 to 30 feet, and has an angle of about 34°.

"At two miles above the foot, the Slide turns at right angles with the brook, coming down directly off the sharp slope of Tripyramid, very broad, heaped with bare white rocks and their disintegrated fragments, and breaking down to the bed-rock in frequent places. This section is about a half mile long, and rises 1,100 feet, giving for the whole Slide a length of two and a half miles, and an altitude from base

⁴ Osgood: *White Mts.*, 328.

to top, of 2,115 feet. The brook section is comparatively easy of ascent, but the upper half-mile is so extremely steep as to enforce slow advance on the part of the climber, whose footing, moreover, is often very insecure. Beautiful views of Lake Winnebepesaukee and the mountains to the south and west are afforded in retrospect. The great natural convulsion which caused this catastrophe took place during the remarkable rains of the year 1869, but was unattended with any loss of life or property. The Slide contains many points of interest to geologists and other scientific men. The rocks on the lower half are labradorite and ossipyte, and the white boulders above are granitic.”⁵

The second slide is on an even larger scale. This slide is not far from the first. It seems to have laid open almost the entire southwestern side of the mountain. The downpour of August 13, 1885, was the cause of this slide. A Waterville man has given us the following interesting account: “On Saturday, the fifteenth, a small party, including Mr. Butler, started to find the new slide and examine it. At ‘Beckytown’ we found that most of the old clearing had disappeared. The brook-bed was a waste of sand and rock nearly two hundred feet wide. A few rods higher up, the width of the havoc and the amount of the débris was doubled. Boulders and great stones, scattered or piled in confused masses; high banks of mud, now being cut and channeled by many streams; piles of logs and stumps; trees stripped of limbs and bark, cruelly bruised and hammered, broken asunder like matches

⁵ Osgood: White Mts., 328.

or twisted like withes; young trees bent over and their tops buried in mud and sand; cords of driftwood in the corners, often ground to fragments, finger size—this was the destruction before us. And this, with narrower limits and slight variations, was the scene of the next two miles. . . . Boulders piled higher than one's head extended in long lines parallel with the current, while the hard-pan of the bed rock was plowed down five, ten, and even twenty feet to the underlying granite. . . . Spruces five feet in diameter were broken like pipe stems. Birches almost as large were twisted off, leaving their ends like basket-stuff. Great gnarly stumps partially torn asunder were frequently seen, but never a limb nor a branch; they had been broken and carried away, or ground into undistinguishable fragments. We saw cracks and crevices in the ledges wedged tightly with log-fragments; stones up to four inches in diameter driven their whole size into the sides of green tree trunks; boulders bruised and scarred as though hammered by sledges of iron. . . . As one nears the foot of the mountain, these masses of slide salad become hills of twenty, thirty, and forty feet in height. . . . This new slide is at the east of and joins at the base of the 1869 slide. . . . The two have made the fair mountain a desert of rock. A narrow strip of forest separates the two slides from near the top to two-fifths of the way down. The slide of 1869 is thirty feet wide at its apex; that of 1885 is over an hundred feet. The widest part of the old equals that of the new, but the new maintains a twenty-five per cent greater average width. . . . The slide of

1869 has one apex, that of 1885 has three." ⁶ While this new slide was roaring down, the old one, not to be outdone, started afresh, ten rods above its ancient apex, and, rumbling over the scarred bed, contributed its mite to the débris in the valley.⁷

Tripyramid may be ascended by a trail from our valley, although it is a long, hard day's work. The ascent usually is made, however, from Waterville, by trails up the slides, a climb of $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles.⁸ It has even been ascended by snow-shoe parties from its western side.⁹

Between our valley and Tripyramid the bald head of Potash shines. Although in figures on the map this little hill looks negligible, yet its steepness, shape, and bare ledges give it an imposing distinctiveness. Potash is conspicuous when seen from a distance because of its coarse white granite peak; this granite, the same as is found on the expansive ledges of Tremont and Green's Cliff, is known as "Conway Granite."¹⁰ A very fine view of this stone may be had on the north-western slope of Potash at Sabbaday Falls.

Potash is said by Osgood to be only a mile and a half from the Passaconaway House site,¹¹ but, from repeated experiences, I can testify that these are "mountain miles." Were I to guess the distance, I should call the climb a good stiff $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Potash, so

⁶ A. A. Butler in *Appalachia*, vol. IV.

⁷ Same.

⁸ A. M. C. Guide to Paths in the White Mountains, 1916, 304.

⁹ See Chubbuck in *Appalachia*, vol. VII, 14.

¹⁰ Osgood: *White Mts.*, 11, 343.

¹¹ The same, 343.

named because of its resemblance to an inverted potash kettle, may be ascended by a path (now uncertain). From the first lookout, a lower spur of the mountain, a well defined path runs to the great ledges. This tiny path passes through gloomy stretches of woods, sometimes running over moss-covered ledges, then plunging again into the silent depths. I think this little path is one of the most beautiful patches of scenery in the Albany Intervale.

The first lookout is a promontory some distance east of the dome itself. Like the summit, it presents a distinct, though blunted cone, and is separated from the summit by a slight ravine. Fine views are enjoyed from this lookout. Pressing on to the summit we find that the top of Potash is broad and flat, necessitating a walk from side to side in order to get views in all directions. Potash's altitude is about 3,000 feet.

There is one most interesting and unique natural phenomenon which is known as the "Balanced Boulder." It is a smoothly rounded rock about five feet high and ten feet long. This stone may be rocked by the hand. In the summer of 1915, while rocking it back and forth some boys pushed it too hard and it rocked too far, sticking fast. After much coaxing with wooden levers we finally prevailed upon it to return to its original pivot so that now it is in working order again. This boulder may be found lying a trifle below the southeastern side of the summit.

From this little mountain the view is superb. To the east, our valley, with its few tiny houses, ribbon-like road, and the silver thread of river unroll at our



Photo by Horace F. Bouser

MOUNT POTASH

feet. Bear, Moat and Chocorua form an ideal background. Southward loom the bristling Hedgehog, massive Passaconaway and Whiteface. From nowhere else can so good a view of Passaconaway's slide be obtained as from the top of Potash. The slide squarely faces us and seems very near. On the west and to the north stretch miles and miles of unbroken forest. Scores of mountains are in sight. In these directions not a sign of human habitation is to be seen. The poet's longing "for a lodge in some vast wilderness"¹² could be satisfied here. At certain times in the year, namely, in the blueberry season, a lunch need not be carried; but a weapon, for defense against bears, is not amiss; Potash is a good "blueberry mountain" and hence popular among the ursine inhabitants of "cloudland." Potash is one of the best "little" climbs to be had here, and one ought not to leave the Albany Intervale without scaling its broad ledges.

From the Albany Intervale, Mt. Whiteface appears as a wooded dome rising above the lofty ridge which extends from Passaconaway to Tripyramid. But from the country south of the Sandwich Range the appearance of Whiteface is entirely different. The wooded dome becomes a huge face of granite cliffs. Because of this aspect from the lake country it was named Whiteface. In October, 1820, a landslide laid bare its southern face,¹³ forever literally making the mountain a Whiteface.

Whiteface may be ascended by path from the south

¹² Cowper: *The Task*.

¹³ Osgood: *White Mts.*, 335.

side, from Passaconaway, from Tripyramid or from Sandwich Dome; the plateau of Flat Mt. connects Whiteface with the last, says Osgood. From the southern side, at McCrille's farm in the northeastern part of Sandwich Township, the path follows up the great ravine for three miles. The remaining mile is a hard pull over long stretches of ledge and stones. Usually within three to four hours from the time of entering the woods the summit is reached.¹⁴

The U. S. Coast Survey erected a signal-pole on the summit and from here a comprehensive view of the lake-country may be enjoyed. If one desires he may obtain fine views from the northwestern lookout. A well worn path leads from the summit a little to the northeast, where there is a deliciously cool spring.¹⁵ Few but the hardy climb Whiteface from our Albany side, although it is frequently ascended from the south. Its gigantic granite face towers 4,057 feet above sea level,¹⁶ or over 150 feet lower than Passaconaway and Tripyramid, its two nearest and loftiest neighbors. There is an A. M. C. register on Whiteface.

Before leaving Whiteface let us recall Lucy Larcom's lines:

"CLOUDS ON WHITEFACE

"So lovingly the clouds caress his head—

The mountain-monarch; he, severe and hard,

¹⁴ Osgood: White Mts., 335. Comp. A. M. C. Guide, 1916, 332.

¹⁵ See Osgood: White Mts., 335.

¹⁶ Among the Clouds.

With white face set like flint horizon-ward;
They weaving softest fleece of gold and red,
And gossamer of airiest silver thread,
To wrap his form, wind-beaten, thunder-scarred.
They linger tenderly, and fain would stay,
Since he, earth-rooted, may not float away.
He upward looks, but moves not; wears their hues;
Draws them unto himself; their beauty shares;
And sometimes his own semblance seems to lose,
His grandeur and their grace to interfuse;
And when his angels leave him unawares,
A sullen rock, his brow to heaven he bares." ¹⁷

And another has been moved to pen the following:

"WHITEFACE

"Alpine in height, a towering form it lies
Against the blue, colossal in the morn;
And haply now the foamy clouds, o'erborne,
Shall veil its summit on the eastern skies;
And now the gentler airs shall whisper sighs,
Or the imperious tempest-storm, forlorn,
Whirl o'er the grim ravines and rock-ribs, shorn;
Yet, lo! it stands immutable, defies
The passion-throes of earth!

Symbol of power,
It breasts the heavens; and when the shadows fall,
When vales are blurred in dusk, watching, I see
A nimbus clinging, like a golden shower,
On its white brow. Even so, when truth shall pall
On lesser souls, the great seem rapt and free!" ¹⁸

All but one of the southern peaks are treated in separate chapters as they bear Indian names, namely,

¹⁷ Lucy Larcom: *Clouds on Whiteface*; see Musgrove: *The White Hills in Poetry*, 107.

¹⁸ Stephen Henry Thayer: *Whiteface*; see Musgrove: *White Hills in Poetry*, 98.

Passaconaway, Wonalcet, Paugus and Chocorua. The remaining one is the bristling, hump-backed hill named Hedgehog. This little mountain presents an entirely different appearance from points not far distant from each other. From Mrs. Colbath's, a mile and a quarter down the road from the hotel site, Hedgehog would hardly be recognized as the Hedgehog visible from our cottage; while from Square Ledge, its scrawny cliffs present an appearance both wild and terrible. From one place in the road this mountain, with one end high in the air and the other lost in obscurity, resembles a sinking ship with bow high in the air, while the stern is submerged beneath the waves. Especially when its leaves have turned, in the autumn, Hedgehog appears beautiful and even artistically shaped. Its two great ledges—Allen's Ledge on the north and the huge glass-like roof on Little Hedgehog to the southeast—shine like silver epaulets; above and between these shoulders it lifts a massive head. (This is the only hedgehog on record as wearing epaulets.) Such is Hedgehog as seen from our part of the valley. It is about 2,600 feet high.

The lumber butchers unmercifully have slashed the poor porcupine, stripping it of many of its quills. Yet its sides are still very thorny, trash wood and débris being strewn every which way. Perhaps because of this, or from the fact that very similar is its view to that from Potash (Hedgehog's horizon, however, being much more restricted) this mountain is seldom, if ever, ascended—to the summit—by visitors.

To all who come into the Albany Intervale, however,

even to people past the mountain-climbing age, I would suggest that they go up to Allen's Ledge. This vantage-point affords a remarkable view—very similar to that seen from the higher lookouts—of all but the lake-country. Allen's Ledge gives you more for your money than any other climb. You see the Passaconaway Intervale, Chocorua, the Moats and other eastern peaks, and the Presidential Range, the Nancy, Carrigain and other ranges. On clear days we have been able to trace the slow upward crawl of the unique Mount Washington engine by the puffs of smoke it emits while "chugging" upward. By the aid of the glass, the buildings on Washington are made out. Vast stretches of unbroken wilderness unroll before our eyes, and, by the light and dark growths, the track of fire, hurricane and ax can be traced from the Carrigain Range to Moat, Paugus, Chocorua and Bald.

Time and again while reclining upon these sun-kissed ledges we have seen eagles majestically wheeling overhead. Here, on one occasion, I lay awaiting the onslaught of a howling wild-cat which didn't attack, and here the bears come for their blueberry pies. All this for only a half mile's tramp after entering the woods!

Allen's Ledge received its name when an inquirer asked Jack Allen what those rocks on Hedgehog were called. The reply was prompt and unhesitating: "They are called Allen's Ledge!" So from that day they have been Allen's Ledge, an enduring monument to human modesty and veracity. Once an aged guest

who was visiting us suggested that we spend our noon hour on Passaconaway's summit—this being her first visit to mountain land, she was a poor judge of mountain distances. At length we prevailed upon her to attempt Allen's Ledge first. She found even this little scramble sufficiently strenuous to satisfy her ambition to "do" a mountain. Being very rheumatic, she discovered that the descent was even more difficult than the upward climb—it being much harder on the knees to descend than to ascend. But the remarkably fine view from the ledge amply compensates one for the slight exertion, even if one belongs in the stiff-kneed class.

Every American mountain-lover should plan to visit these "Highlands of New England" before or after seeking those abroad. Many widely traveled tourists claim that our own Crystal Hills are as attractive and interesting as those "across the pond." In a letter which Henry Ware, Jr., wrote home in August, 1831, he says: "Nine miles to Sandwich to breakfast, by a route among the hills, very like some pretty spots in Switzerland."¹⁹ The Albany Intervale has often been likened to the valley of the Rhone.

The more one studies, climbs, and conquers these ozone-bathed heights, the more beautiful, protecting, and romantic they become. Love of this historic wilderness grows upon one; and when one once has drunk in the glory and strength of the mountains, be he native highlander or city-born, if "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined"²⁰

¹⁹ *Memoir of the Life of Henry Ware, Jr.*, 333.

²⁰ Shakespeare: *Hamlet*.

within the suffocating brick walls of "civilization," he pines for the soul-thrilling freedom and exhilarating out-of-dooriness of wind-swept, cloud-washed, sun-kissed sky-land.

CHAPTER X

SABBADAY'S TRIPLE FALL

BY following the Swift River and Sabbaday Brook trails about a mile and a quarter from the former Passaconaway House (Shackford's), a charming triple waterfall on Sabbaday Brook is reached. This was called by the early explorers of the valley Sabbaday Falls, because it was on Sunday that they reached this brook where the decision was made to return home.¹ Sweetser calls the falls Church Falls, either because they were painted by F. E. Church, the artist—the picture being in the Woburn Public Library—or in memory of Charles Church, an early settler who lumbered near the falls.

There used to be an ancient foot-path, carpeted with dead leaves, leading from the open intervale up the Swift River. According to the legends of the valley, this was an old Indian trail, worn smooth by long and frequent use. The A. M. C. had placed signs, so that a visitor could find the falls unaided. In 1915, however, the lumberjacks so cut and slashed this historic trail as to obliterate it, leaving no trace of its famous "lightning tree," etc. By walking the lumber railroad and then following a logging road, one may now reach the falls, though by a route shorter and

¹ See Chapter on Albany.



Photo by Arthur P. Hunt

UP SABBADAY BROOK

uglier than the old Indian trail. But the devastating ax did not stop at the trail. It injured Sabbaday Falls by so cutting the timber along the brook-bed above the falls that the watershed is now laid open to the merciless sun, and the volume of water pouring over the falls is greatly diminished.

On the very edge of the flume, prone on the ground, lies a tree which must have been blown over in some hurricane. In falling, the tree lifted its roots out of their original bed in such a manner as to form a natural railing opposite the prettiest part of the falls. Juliet's Balcony is the name we have given this parapet, and hundreds of visitors have leaned over it during the past twenty years. Few indeed are the persons leaving the Passaconaway valley without first having visited Sabbaday Falls.

Sabbaday offers numerous natural wonders; the ever moist sides of the chasm, the fall itself, its punch-bowl, and the Devil's wash-basin still remain intact. Prof. Huntington gives this account of the falls, from the standpoint of an expert geologist: "The rock is a common granite, in which there is a trap-dike, and it is the disintegration of this, probably, that formed the chasm below where the steep fall now is. Above, just before we come to the falls, the stream turns to the west, and the water runs through a channel worn in the solid rock, and then, in one leap of twenty-five feet, it clears the perpendicular wall of rock, and falls into the basin below almost on the opposite side of the chasm. Great is the commotion produced by the direct fall of so great a body of water,

and out of the basin, almost at right angles with the fall, it goes in whirls and eddies. The chasm extends perhaps one hundred feet below where the water first strikes. Its width is from ten to fifteen feet, and the height of the wall is from fifty to sixty. The water has worn out the granite on either side of the trap, so that, as the clear, limpid stream flows through the chasm, the entire breadth of the dike is seen. The fall of the water, the whirls and eddies of the basin, the flow of the limpid stream over the dark band of trap set in the bright, polished granite, the high, overhanging wall of rock, all combine to form a picture of beauty, which, once fixed in the mind, is a joy forever." ²

The water in the gorge below the middle fall is deep and clear, although it boils and roars and is churned into foam as it comes from the upper falls. Then it plunges over the third and lowest fall into a pool of great depth in a circular basin, the sandy bottom of which may be clearly seen through the water. So swiftly does the current shoot into this pool that none but strong swimmers venture into its depths.

On the ledges at the foot of this flume there is a "pot-hole" or a cup-shaped hollow, symmetrically gouged out of the solid rock in an almost perfect circle of perhaps two feet in depth and three feet in diameter. This is always partly full of water and we call it the Devil's wash-basin. Such pot-holes are familiar enough to geologists. The bed of the Connecticut River has many of them.

Not the most uninteresting part of Sabbaday Falls

² Osgood: White Mts., 343.



Photo by J. T. Povall

SABBADAY'S PUNCH BOWL

is the upper fall. Originally the water flowed over the edge of a flat shelf of granite. Inch by inch, however, the flowing water has worn away the granite, cutting a polished channel back into the solid rock, until now the shelf has been eaten into a dozen feet or more. Hence, the water of this upper fall, instead of dropping perpendicularly as it did originally, now flows down a comparatively sloping incline.

But the most picturesque part of the triple falls of Sabbaday is the middle fall. Under the flat shelf over which the fall first leaps there is a long, shallow cavern, perhaps eighteen or twenty inches in height. This depression extends in a horizontal semicircle above the rim of the punch-bowl, concerning which we are about to speak. Men have wormed their way along on this cut-under shelf until, reaching the spot where the water pours over, they have endeavored to pierce the liquid column with their fist. So powerfully does the water rush here that only the strongest can thrust the arm through the liquid veil.

Then there is the punch-bowl. This is a smoothly polished basin of pinkish granite, hollowed out like a bowl, perhaps five feet in diameter. In this basin the water whirls and twists around in such a way as to form a curl not unlike the one on a "kewpie's" head, and then it leaps into the abyss with a roar. Sometimes, after a storm, the curl assumes the form of a face. This we have christened "The Spirit of the Falls."

The perpendicular walls of this wonderful chasm are always wet and almost painfully cold. The moss,

with which the face of the precipice is covered, retains the moisture and lets it trickle down incessantly over the perpendicular ledge.

One bright summer morning, while my father and I were working over near Camp Comfort, at the edge of the woods near the Mast Road, a child came running towards us shouting at the top of her shrill voice. We hurried to our cottage where we learned that M——, who had brought up two friends to camp near the falls, had just run through the valley shouting, "W—— has shot himself at the falls!" The two older Smith boys, starting off on the run, already had disappeared in the direction of the falls. My father made a stretcher by sawing off the legs of a canvas cot, gathered up a roll of cheesecloth for bandage, and started after them. He met the party a few rods from the falls. The brother of the injured man had torn his clothes into strips to bind the wound and make cross-straps for a rude stretcher of poles. Quickly the wound was re-bandaged with cheesecloth and the sufferer transferred to the more comfortable stretcher.

While the victim was being brought down the "old Indian path," M—— raced down the town road for a horse and wagon. Meeting a native who was comfortably jogging along in his "hahnsum kerridge,"³ M—— breathlessly explained the predicament of his friend, but had considerable difficulty in convincing the owner that the need was urgent. He must first "bait his horse," he argued. But M—— was insistent and had his way. Just as the extemporized ambulance

³ Holmes: One Hoss Shay.

reached the woods, the party appeared. W——, though chalky-faced, weak from loss of blood, and suffering agonies from the tourniquet, was game to the core and did not permit a murmur to escape him. At the hotel a bed-spring was secured and the wounded man was transferred to the mail-wagon. Soon the sixteen miles were covered and the party dashed up to the Conway Station just in time for the afternoon train. That evening found the luckless camper in a Boston hospital, his wound properly dressed, his life and limb saved. To-day he is as well and sound as ever and a stranger never would know how close a call he once had. The accident took place thus: The young men had been swimming in the pool at the foot of Sabbaday Falls, and were putting on their clothes again. W—— wore a 44-caliber Colt revolver in a holster of very flexible leather. This holster swung against a rock, discharging the weapon. The bullet passed through the leg, just missing the bone. Evidently it hit a large blood-vessel, for he bled "like a butcher."

Usually the pilgrimage to Sabbaday Falls is made on the visitor's first Sunday in the intervale. The very name suggests such a plan, and moreover the quiet, cool stroll makes an ideal "Sabbath Day's journey." Perhaps we may see a big buck jump up and bound away; or we may find the hen-hawks "at home" on their nest. But even if we catch no glimpses of wild life, the winding river, the singing brook, the great pipe-organ of the falls, the life-giving air and healing sunshine will amply reward us for our attendance

at the falls church at Church's Falls on the Sabbath. And within the sacred walls of such a sanctuary one's mind is filled with thoughts of Him who is Lord of the earth and heavens, who gives us mountain, brook and blue sky.⁴

'Frank Bolles has left us an interesting account of a Christmas which he spent at Sabbaday Falls. (Bolles: At the North of Bearcamp Water, 273-285.)

CHAPTER XI

THE DEER PONDS

ALMOST beneath the beetling crags of Green's Cliff, and at the base of the gentle northeastern slope of Sugar Hill, lie two little ponds, called the Deer Ponds. The larger of these, and the one which lies the nearer to the town road, is called Church Pond, or Church's Pond, probably in memory of Charles Church, a former inhabitant of Albany Intervale.

Church Pond is a natural beauty spot. With artistically curved outlines, dotted with gray rocks and fringed with dark firs, this little sheet of water is a veritable gem set in the dark recesses of the wilderness. From a distance this pond, which is enclosed by trees on three sides, appears like a blue mirror, sometimes reflecting a fleecy cloud; but only one-half of its beauty usually is seen, for one arm is invisible from such a vantage-point as Potash or Hedgehog. Running east and west, Church's Pond is divided into eastern and western sections; the former is much smaller than the latter, but contains the outlet, which is Church's or Pond Brook; the western section of the pond is wider, longer, and deeper, and it is all that is visible from the summits lying to the southward.

Parallel with the eastern arm of the pond, south-

east of and opposite the place where the two parts of the pond join, there rises a long monadnock. This hillock—"The Knoll," we call it—begins to rise gradually near the outlet of the pond, and, running westward, gently slopes upward until, just opposite the junction of the arms of the pond, it drops off sharply to the water on its northern side and western end. This knoll, having been burnt over a few years ago, is covered with birches, pines, charred and prostrate logs, blueberry bushes and rocks. Its extreme western end is covered with a fine grove of tall trees. The crest, thus shaded by the grove and carpeted with pine needles, offers an unexcelled vantage-point.

South of the knoll and pond there lies a large area of burnt-over, marshy land, which bears the appropriate name of "the bog." This bog is nearly as large as the cleared area of our intervale and is so marshy that even in the height of drought one is fortunate indeed if he traverses it dry-shod. Carpeted with brilliant reddish-brown bushes, dotted and steepled with dark shafts of charred and weathered stubs, with here and there a considerable cluster of these upright ruins, the bog presents a marked contrast to the long sheet of water with its symmetrical dark green background. The bog is a famous place for pitcher-plants.

From the knoll not only may a commanding view of bog, pond, and surrounding forests be had, but also the Sandwich Range looms up steeper and more imposing than from any other viewpoint in the Albany Valley. Even little Potash and Hedgehog appear lofty and precipitous; Passaconaway and Tripyramid seem



Photo by Horace F. Bowser

CHURCH POND

more gigantic than ever; and Green's Cliff defiantly raises its oblong redoubt far above us, and, from here, is a mountain worthy of respect and admiration—a truly magnificent and imposing rampart. One of the chief attractions in the entire valley to me is the wilderness solitude and romance of this secluded knoll at Church's Pond.

Centuries ago, probably when the ice melted after the last glacial period, the entire valley—the Swift River or Albany Intervale—was covered by the rippling waters of an intermontane lake. This fact is proved by the deep deposits of rich loam throughout the intervale, and by the absence of stones, so common in most New England fields. As we have already said, the innumerable rocks and boulders on Sugar Hill prove that this eminence was either an island or the termination of the lake, if we may take Frank Bolles as an authority.¹ After years and probably centuries of pounding and drilling, the Swift River finally bored and reamed its way through the rocky gorge between Bear and Bald Mountains, and thus in time drained off most of the water. Still the lake did not give up without resistance. Repeatedly it braced itself for a struggle and made stand after stand, but all in vain. On the hill at Mrs. Colbath's, ridge after ridge was formed, showing how resolutely the lake postponed its ultimate defeat. But finally, the last barrier gave way. All that remains of the original lake is this pair of twin Deer Ponds and the bog.

The red man was a great lover of beauty; we find

¹ Bolles: *At the North of Bearcamp Water*, 280-1.

Passaconaway referring to his "beautiful island of Naticot." It is a noticeable fact that the Indians lived in the most beautiful spots and made their paths along the most picturesque routes.² We read in the early history of a great abundance of beaver in the Albany valley, and it is highly probable that hundreds of these industrious little workers lived along these very shores. The later records also tell of vast quantities of beaver killed in the intervale. Such a country the Indian would prize highly. Taking everything into consideration, therefore, we should not go very far astray were we to guess that, centuries before a white man ever tickled this pond with a pickerel hook, the Indians were building their fires on the very knoll which we love so well. That the Indians used to trap in the intervale is proved by the Russell Manuscript, from which we shall quote later.

Not until the lumbermen built a camp on its very shores, did we ever fail to see deer whenever we visited this pond. Generally we had but to sit quietly upon the knoll for a few minutes, when we would be rewarded by seeing a deer step gracefully from the forest to the water's edge, and then slowly proceed into the water. These innocent and beautiful creatures always excite my admiration. With their yellowish brown and white coats, and standing knee-deep in water, they are prettier than any picture that can be painted. While feasting our gaze upon these creatures we are lost in admiration, only being brought back to earth by the soft splashing or rippling of the water

² John S. C. Abbott: *Life and Adventures of Miles Standish*, 133.

as a buck wades slowly about, or by the whispering of a gentle breeze. We have watched the deer scores of times, when their proximity made field-glasses unnecessary; and so long as nothing startled them, they would feed on the lily-roots, for half an hour or more, before stalking off into the woods.

One cloudy afternoon, in July, 1912, my father and I came here planning to try for pickerel; but we did not catch any, nor did we even try for them. It was our custom to approach cautiously across the bog. Thinking that our chances for seeing game were exceptionally good on that day, we skirted the southern ridge of the knoll until the western end had been reached. The semi-darkness of a threatening sky concealed us perfectly. Straightening up behind some bushes near the shore, we saw two groups or families of deer standing directly opposite us in the water. One family, the nearer to the western end of the pond, consisted of a doe and a fawn; the second group, of a mother and two fawns; making a total of five deer seen at once. The cute little speckled fawns ate as industriously and seriously as their elders. Every detail was distinctly visible, even to the tiny spots on the youngsters' sides. From one side to the other the nervous "white flags" of the mothers perpetually twitched. Slowly, and with the dignified tread of a "Scotch Highlander," they marched from one lily-pad to another. Time was nothing to them, and, no doubt, standing there as undisturbed and as independent as one could desire, they were enjoying a real "Thanksgiving dinner." For over an hour we watched their graceful

movements. Not until we emptied our revolver into a vicious snake, did the deer vanish.

One hot July forenoon, my attention was attracted by some enormous birds not far away. On their long legs they stood fully four feet high. At first sight I thought they must be storks, but they proved to be great blue herons. I had seen marsh hens, but these birds almost could have swallowed the ones with which I had been familiar. All four flew, from their original position near the knoll, directly over our heads and off over the bog. They were not fifty feet above us when they passed over. They rushed by with a great beating of wings, their pipe-stem legs folded against their bodies and their feet sticking far out behind. The wings of these birds seemed to be as broad as any eagle's I had ever seen, and I shall not venture a guess at their length. Never had I viewed such winged creatures; to one accustomed to seeing hen-hawks, mud-hens, owls and crows, the appearance of these great birds is not only startling but somewhat awe-inspiring. Their grandeur lies in stature and length of limb, rather than in fineness of feature, or grace of movement.

That same afternoon a friend of ours, while crossing the bog, met an old mother bear coming with her two cubs from Green's Cliff. Being unarmed, he deemed discretion to be the better part of valor; for experience had taught him to give a wide berth to Madame Bear, which he promptly proceeded to do.

Some years ago, our neighbor, S——, was rapidly crossing the tumbledown between the pond and Green's Cliff. One exceptionally large windfall lay right in

his path. Clearing this at one leap, his foot descended on something which yielded somewhat under his weight, something surprisingly soft. And no wonder, for it was a bear that had been sleeping close to the log. The woodsman did not hesitate as to what course to pursue. Upon relating his experience he was asked what he did next, whereupon he immediately replied, "I think I did a mile in two minutes."

Another friend of ours was fishing in Church's Pond about dusk. He was after pickerel and, as the raft was unavailable, he was wading about knee-deep in water. "Crack, snap!" He looked around, for the noise came from the brush near the water's edge. He slowly fished down the pond, but the occasional breaking of twigs kept pace with him on the shore. In the gathering twilight he was beset with many fancies. Once he thought he saw the savage face of a lynx peering towards him. And perhaps it was not all imagination either, for, on going ashore and following his trail back across the bog, he saw paw-prints deeply imprinted in the mud, the prints of a wild-cat, tracks larger than a man's clenched fist. Further search revealed that the cat had tramped up and down the bank, probably changing his position as often as the man changed his. Evidently the cat coveted the contents of a somewhat heavy fish-basket. With darkness rapidly closing in and with the knowledge of having been tracked, H—— did not stand upon the order of his going, but departed for civilization with all speed. Later it was found that all the time he was searching for the tracks and even for quite a distance on his way

home he was being followed. This was shown by the paw-prints in the soft mud which the man discovered next day. The lynx, though eager for the fish, evidently lacked the nerve to attack the fisherman.

One of our former neighbors, X——, was returning, I think from the pond, on the other side of the river, when he felt that something was following him. The farther he went the stronger this feeling became. At last he was sure he heard a twig snap behind him. At least he would satisfy his curiosity; so he concealed himself behind a big tree a few rods from and commanding the path. Nor had he long to wait, for within a few seconds afterwards a Canadian lynx, with nose sniffing the air, came trotting down the path. Drawing bead carefully, X—— fired. The cat sprang into the air and, with a frantic kick or two, expired—shot through the heart. Mr. Povall had the trophy stuffed and it was on exhibition at the Passaconaway House until February 13, 1916, when the hotel burned. It is now in the present writer's possession.

Scores of these little anecdotes might be narrated—of deer shot on the ice, of a silver fox seen here, of the moose which treed some boys on the knoll (narrated in the chapter on Albany in this work) and of the bears shot or trapped here at Church's Pond, but space does not permit. Suffice it to say that, within a year or two, now, as soon as the lumber fiends shall have left, its wild and lawful tenants will return, and then new experiences will thrill the visitor.

The second Deer Pond is even more secluded than is Church Pond. A sense of utter loneliness and

desolation sweeps over one as he gazes upon this tiny sheet of water so completely buried in the great wilderness. Consequently it offers a paradise to wood folk and is a popular summer and winter resort among the beasts of the forest.

One need not take the trouble to press his way through to the second Deer Pond in order to see game. You can see it at Church's Pond. But remember one thing, you can't see game if you telegraph to it the fact of your approach when you are a half mile away. Once we were watching a beautiful buck feeding near the base of the knoll, when a sudden peal of laughter at the western end of the pond startled us. As quick as thought, Mr. Deer bounded away among the trees, and almost before we knew it he was gone. Shortly after, a party of hotel guests appeared on the shore and their dog took up the fresh scent of the buck, but soon returned unsuccessful. Upon joining our party they said they had seen no deer and not in all their trips here had they ever seen any. In my opinion their only chance to see deer is that the deer may become stone-deaf from the fall shooting. So, when going to a quiet secluded spot like this, don't go like a human megaphone, but as a listener and spectator. Those who keep silent, move quietly and look, are seldom disappointed. Remember the sage observation of the old stage-driver who said: "I've driven hundreds of people over this very road, and most of them hear nothin', see nothin', and just talk on and on about nothin'."

CHAPTER XII

THE OLD MAST ROAD

THERE is an old, well-traveled road, though now in many places blotted out by lumbermen's débris, which runs south from our valley, leaving the town road almost opposite the Passaconaway House. This old road runs past the foot of Square Ledge, through the Paugus-Passaconaway Notch to Wonalancet. This ancient road has long been known as the "Old Mast Road." Along this very road trees—gigantic pines and spruces—bearing the royal "broad arrow," were hauled from the slopes of Chocorua, Paugus and Passaconaway to the level country south of us.¹ As the mast industry, called by many the most important and most picturesque enterprise before the Revolution,² formed an important part of the early history of these frontier towns, let us take a nearer view of the mast-trade.

No one can understand the colonial history of New Hampshire who is not familiar with this great enterprise in which public administration and private business joined. The Spaniards had sought this continent impelled by lust for gold, but in only a few cases were

¹ Compare Bolles: *At the North of Bearcamp Water*, 44.

² Weeden: *Econ. and Social Hist. of New Eng.*, vol. I, 356.

they rewarded. The hardy British settlers, however, coined gold in the New World by an entirely different process. They found that the colonies could furnish spars and masts and even ships—"the best in the world"³—and by means of these stout, swift-sailing ships the gold of the Spaniard could easily be captured.

It is said that one, and probably the only, great thing the English king did was to place the "mast-trade" upon a broad and firm foundation. The government created a fleet whose sails whitened every nook and corner of the globe, a fleet which conquered the Dutch, outstripped the French, and which has commanded the seas ever since the establishment of the mast trade in our New England colonies. Industrious, skilful and energetic men came to this country to help promote this trade. Not only did New England supply the immense Royal Navy with masts, spars, and bowsprits, but the merchant marine was fitted out here also. We find that, in the later development of the trade, ships were built right on the New England shores for the express purpose of transporting the huge sticks⁴ hewn from the virgin forests.

We find the Provincial Government of Massachusetts, in 1668, reserving for the express use of the Royal Navy all white pines which, one yard from the ground, measured two feet in diameter. King William also caused acts to be passed to this effect, and about this time appointed a surveyor, who was to mark *every* tree suitable for a mast with the "Broad

³ Weeden, vol. I, 243.

⁴ The same.

Arrow of the Crown.”⁵ In 1708, the Government of New Hampshire passed a similar law, and we find a heavy fine imposed for violation. Such legislation was odious to the hard-working settlers, and we have reason to suspect that on more than one occasion a noble mast was cut into kindling wood.⁶

The agents and contractors who carried on the great traffic amassed huge fortunes, but not so with the men who wielded the ax or the ox-goad.⁷ The felling of one mast would require scores of men, and thousands were employed by the agents; but because there was almost no business in the summer time, because the workers were supplied with the bare necessities of life and very poorly paid, the laborers were always anticipating their wages, and, as they themselves phrased it, “working for a dead horse.” Thus they were kept in a poverty-stricken and dependent state.⁸ By such a system contractors heaped up enormous fortunes.

No matter how rigidly the mast laws were enforced, the experienced woodsmen could, with little difficulty, avoid the penalty although they broke the laws. It does seem as though in some cases they cut down the “favorites of nature”⁹ just out of spite. Then, too, because of the great number of these forest monarchs, many a mast tree must necessarily rot in the woods before the contractors could reach it. Yet,

⁵ Belknap: Hist. of New Hampshire, vol. II, 23-4.

⁶ Same.

⁷ Belknap: Hist. of N. H., vol. III, 150.

⁸ Same.

⁹ Weeden: Econ. and Social Hist. of New England, vol. II, 783.

if it bore the "broad arrow," it must not be touched. Many, too, after being felled, were found to be unsound and were left to decay. All these facts seem to have been obnoxious to our hardy and thrifty New Hampshire settlers, and they fretted and chafed under the law.¹⁰ Conflicts between surveyor and squatter¹¹ were bound to come out of such a state of affairs. At Exeter, the surveyor having arrived to seize some logs suitable for masts, was set upon by a party disguised as Indians and warmly flogged.¹²

In the legislation of the time all white pines were accounted as the property of the King, but provision was made whereby all towns granted before September 21, 1722, should be exempted from this restriction.¹³ Naturally disputes arose as to the boundaries of different towns and also a dispute between Massachusetts and New Hampshire. This latter dispute, contrary to the terms of the charters, was decided by the King himself. He generously gave the decision in favor of the Granite State,¹⁴ as might naturally have been expected, since his economic interest was at stake. It is a fact that by this "just and non-partisan" decision, the best mast trees in the world were assigned to New Hampshire, which was subject to the mast-tree law. Had the "impartial" decision been rendered in favor of Massachusetts, these beautiful trees would

¹⁰ Weedon: *Econ. and Social Hist. of New England*, vol. II, 783.

¹¹ Coman: *Industrial Hist. of U. S.*, 105.

¹² Fox and Osgood: *The New Hampshire Book*, 249.

¹³ Belknap: *Hist. of New Hampshire*, vol. III, 81.

¹⁴ Fox and Osgood: *The New Hampshire Book*, 249.

have been the property of the different townships.

Let us now see how one of these long, straight trees was felled. A mast tree would have no limbs within eighty or more feet of the ground and would be in danger of splitting when it fell. Therefore, a bed or cradle was carefully prepared to receive it. The snow helped also, being so deep in winter that it not only covered all the rocks and boulders, but presented a soft bed for the tree to fall upon. Hence most of the masts were cut and sledded out in winter. But in other seasons, when the ground was bare and stony, the lumbermen would cut down scores of small trees, and so pile them that, when the giant mast crashed down, it would nestle among the upright branches of the smaller trees. Thus the great tree was safely brought to earth. The prostrate log was then cut off in the proportion of a yard in length for every inch of diameter. Since each mast was at least twenty-four inches in diameter, it must be at least twenty-four yards, or seventy-two feet, long. If the slightest defect was found, the log might be cut shorter for yards or bow-sprits. If it proved to be unsound, it was either left or sawed up into logs.¹⁵

The transportation of these logs was a Herculean task for the engineers of those days. All the men for miles around were summoned and great crowds gathered to see the feat. The mast was rigged upon two pairs of wheels; sixteen and sometimes even forty yoke of oxen were chained in front; on each side, between the fore and hind wheels, two additional yoke tugged

¹⁵ Belknap: *Hist. of New Hampshire*, vol. III, 78.

and strained. In this fashion the forty (or eighty-eight) animals, under the guidance of noted drivers, pulled and strained as one machine, the huge mast was put in motion and was slowly but surely dragged to the coast. Most of our New Hampshire masts were shipped from Portsmouth, which was the center of this romantic trade.¹⁶

Concerning the value of these huge sticks, considered by Europeans to be "the best in the world," we find that some New England masts, in 1644, were sold to the Royal Navy for from ninety-five to one hundred and fifteen pounds per mast. These masts measured from thirty-three to thirty-five inches in diameter at the butt. A premium of one pound per ton was usually paid on masts by the Royal Navy.¹⁷

So extensive was this trade that an entire fleet was constructed in the Colonies for the purpose of carrying the great sticks to England. These ships carried about a half hundred masts each, and were manned by crews averaging twenty-five men. The mast-ships plowed the seas until the breaking out of the Revolution in 1775.¹⁸

When, in 1727, Colonel Westbrook, then the royal agent, transferred the center of this trade from Portsmouth to Falmouth (now Portland), Maine, he effected a marked change in the industry.¹⁹ Although

¹⁶ Weeden: vol. I, 356-7.

¹⁷ Weeden: vol. I, 243, vol. II, 578. Comp. also Belknap: N. H., vol. III, 80, note.

¹⁸ Weeden: vol. II, 578.

¹⁹ Same.

Falmouth's commercial importance was thus suddenly increased, Portsmouth's prosperity was struck an almost fatal blow. However, from the new center, the trade lasted less than a half century. The Revolution completely stamped out this greatest of all colonial activities.²⁰ Since the United States became a nation these trees, like all others, have become the property of private landowners. Although the mast trade had grown up with miraculous rapidity, yet, once destroyed, it has never been revived.

Nathaniel Berry, of Birch Intervale, tells of masts and spars being hauled out from the southern slopes of the Sandwich Range.²¹ The older settlers of our Albany Intervale recall hearing their ancestors tell of the days when the King's Broad Arrow was blazed upon the big trees in this region. I have no proof that masts for the Royal Navy ever were hauled out over our end of the Old Mast Road, though probably they were dragged down the southern sides of the same hills. The town road was not built in the Albany Intervale until long after the Revolution. Unless the logs were run down the Swift River on the spring freshets, there would seem to have been no way of getting them out of our valley in colonial days. But we do know of huge masts being cut here in later times. Mr. Shackford used to tell us about a mast 110 feet long, and 2 feet in diameter at the small end, which was hauled out of our valley in his day. And we

²⁰ Weeden: *Econ. and Social Hist. of New England*, vol. I, 243.

²¹ Bolles: *At the North of Bearcamp Water*, 44.

have other reliable testimony to mast cutting in our quiet intervale.

With the "Old Mast Road" beginning, or coming to an end, on the lot of land on which our little cottage now stands, we shall not soon allow to slip from memory the famous and once all-important "mast trade." The "Old Mast Road" more than once has been choked with the débris of ax and hurricane and fire. The Wonalancet Out-Door Club has done not a little to keep the trail open. Although just now the historic old path here and there loses itself in brushwood left by the lumbermen, it is only a question of time when "an highway shall be there, and a way"²² perhaps for the untiring "benzine buggy" of the summer tourist.

²² Isaiah 35:8.

CHAPTER XIII

ALBANY (PASSACONAWAY) INTERVALE, PAST AND PRESENT

ON November 6, 1766, through the efforts of Governor Benning Wentworth, a charter was obtained from the Crown for the laying out of a township in the bleak, yet beautiful, Swift River Valley and the lands south and east of it.¹ The grantees were Clement March, Joseph Senter and fifty-nine others.² This charter from George III stipulated that not only should a lot of several hundred acres be reserved for the governor, known as the Governor's Right, a lot for church and school privileges, but that also no large pines should be cut if marked with the broad arrow. As a tax, each grantee was to give the king one ear of corn a year.³ However, this last condition never applied to the Swift River Intervale; for, at the time the charter was granted, only wild beasts and Indians inhabited the valley, and white men probably never harvested an ear of corn here until after American Independence was declared.⁴ Sometimes a white man would extend his hunting-trip and go far

¹ Belknap: Hist. of N. H., vol. III, 241.

² See list in Merrill: Hist. of Carroll Co., 782.

³ Russell and Colbath MS.

⁴ Same.

up into the wilderness in the "Great Valley," where otter, beaver, and other valuable fur-bearing animals were plentiful,⁵ and in this manner what is now the beautiful Passaconaway Intervale came to be known, and ultimately was opened up and settled.⁶

Near the northeast base of Chocorua a settlement very early began to be made, which later was called Burton. It was while this little cluster of cabins was springing up that the death of Chocorua at the hands of Cornelius Campbell (who lived within the limits of what later was the town of Burton) took place.⁷ According to the well-known tradition, the chieftain, just before his death, cursed the whites, praying that their crops might be blasted and that disease might waste their people and cattle. The cattle did indeed sicken and die, it being impossible to raise a calf.⁸ And even robust men seemed to waste away. There was something wrong, something that could not be accounted for. Quickly the superstitious fear that the Indian's curse was in effect crept over the minds of these hardy frontiersmen. With such a handicap Burton did not grow as fast as the surrounding towns.⁹

The proprietors perceived the need of surveying and establishing well-defined boundaries. This project

⁵ Willey: *Incidents in White Mt. Hist.*, 277; Merrill: *Hist. of Carroll Co.*, 783; Charlton: *New Hampshire as It Is*, 89.

⁶ Russell and Colbath MS.

⁷ Coolidge and Mansfield: *History and Description of New England, New Hampshire vol.*, 406, note.

⁸ Coolidge and Mansfield: *Hist. and Description of New Eng., New Hampshire vol.*, 285.

⁹ The same and Charlton: *New Hampshire as It Is*, 89.

was approved, and so carefully was the work done that the town was forced to surrender to an adjoining town several acres which clearly did not belong to Burton. Yet the surveyors succeeded in annexing to Burton a large amount of ungranted lands which more than compensated for the loss of a few acres. The division of the land into lots was the next step. At length, after many difficulties, it was voted at a proprietors' meeting that, after marking off the Governor's Right lot, the Minister lot, and a lot for school privileges, the right should be given to every settler to pitch and stake off his own bounds. In 1798 a lot of ten thousand acres was sold. The settlers finished their task of parceling out the land in 1804. One man was appointed by the proprietors to make a plan or map of the township, with numbers of lots and names of owners, and this was done. This map has been the foundation of all later plans down to the present.¹⁰

According to the terms of the original grant, the boundaries of the new town were as follows:—"Beginning at the middle of the west side line of Conway and from thence to run west until the line so run west shall intersect a line run north from the northeasterly corner of an additional grant to the township of Sandwich, thence by sd last mentioned line to the addition of Sandwich afores'd and thence on to Tamworth, thence easterly by Tamworth to the northeast corner thereof, thence a strait line by the township of Eaton to the northwesterly corner of a tract of land granted to officers late in His Majesty's

¹⁰ Russell and Colbath MS.

service, thence by said officers' lands to the southwesterly corner of Conway to the bounds first mentioned." ¹¹ The present town of Albany (originally Burton) is bounded thus: On the north, by Livermore, Bartlett and Hale's Location; on the east, by Conway and Madison; on the south, by Madison and Tamworth; on the west, by Sandwich, Waterville and Livermore. ¹² Its area is 36,700 acres. ¹³

None but hardy laborers would brave the difficulties of settling in such a desolate and distant place, in the very heart of a vast wilderness. Let me narrate an instance, recorded in an old manuscript, which shows the patience, perseverance, ingenuity and enduring courage of these settlers. A farmer, having cleared a lot and built a house, brought his family to Burton, and then prepared his field for planting. But he had no seed. So he saddled his horse (the only means of conveyance, there being no wagon-roads) and canvassed the houses of the adjoining towns in the hope of buying a bushel of seedling potatoes. Not a bushel was for sale, however, so he returned home, but determined to try again. Next morning, throwing his saddle-bags upon his horse, he went again from house to house begging a single potato from each. Those who would not sell a bushel were willing to give one potato and, in some cases, more. For three days he kept up these tactics, riding home at dusk each night, until he was supplied. This man remained in Burton

¹¹ Merrill: *Hist. of Carroll County*, 782.

¹² See U. S. maps.

¹³ Merrill, 782.

and brought up a large family of children, all of whom are prosperous and respectable.¹⁴

Of course the distance from seaport towns made it very difficult to secure certain necessary articles which could not be found in the field or forest, such as iron, salt and lead. These all had to be brought by man or horse. A man would carry a bushel of corn on his shoulder ten miles to the mill and carry back the meal the same way, considering himself fortunate to be able to secure meal on any terms. Many and many a time the community was forced to send deputations as far as sixty miles to buy grain. Once, when a scarcity of salt was producing sickness, a certain man went eighty miles on foot, bought a bushel of that commodity, and returned with it on his shoulder.¹⁵ Just as these energetic frontiersmen, by their unremitting toil, seemed to be accumulating and getting ahead a little, bears, wolves, and other wild animals would steal their pigs or calves and do other damage. "Meal and water and dried fish without salt was often their diet for days when game was shy or storms prevented hunting."¹⁶

A century ago, wages were extremely low. Measured by modern charges they seem absurdly small. I think that we shall the better appreciate the industry of the hard-working settlers of this time if their incomes are recorded. "Women's labor was fifty cents per week. They spun and wove most of the cloth that

¹⁴ R. and C. MS.

¹⁵ Merrill: Hist. of Carroll County, 53.

¹⁶ The same.

was worn. Flannel that was dressed at the mill, for women's wear, was fifty cents a yard; men's wear, one dollar. Farmers hired their help for nine or ten dollars a month—some clothing and the rest cash. Carpenters' wages one dollar a day; journeymen carpenters, fifteen dollars a month; and apprentices to serve six or seven years had ten dollars the first year, twenty the second, and so on until the seventh, receiving seventy dollars, and to clothe themselves."¹⁷

But who were some of these pioneers? According to the proprietors' records, which commence in 1780, the first "pitches" were made by Henry Weed for Joshua Weed, Isaac George, Orlando Weed, Ezekiel Gilman, William Page, and Aaron Beede; all in the southern part of the town.¹⁸

Colonel Jeremiah Gilman, commander of the second regiment raised in the Granite State for the Revolution, settled here in 1780. A fine specimen of industry and perseverance was the Colonel. He built the first "power" spinning-mill in the United States. At the time of his invention the Saco Valley was producing large quantities of flax which was spun and woven in the individual homes, the finished cloth being borne on horseback to Dover, Portsmouth, or Portland, where it was bartered for flour, rum, etc.¹⁹

Orlando Weed was another sterling and energetic settler in the lower part of the town. Discovering iron ore, he immediately erected a rude smithy, where he

¹⁷ Merrill: *Hist. of Carroll County*, 52.

¹⁸ The same, 783.

¹⁹ The same, 784.

forged first his own tools and an anvil. He made a coarse steel for trap springs. Later he forged anchors, large and small; and upon a rigging of his own contrivance, consisting of two poles, he dragged his anchors to Portsmouth where he sold them. Besides being a very hard-working man, he was generous and public-spirited. In 1796, he represented Eaton, Tamworth, and Burton at Concord.²⁰

In 1785 a petition was sent to the legislature praying for authority to call the first legal town meeting. Four years later, the following petition for the appointment of a Justice of the Peace was submitted: "Burton April 1789, recommending Benjamin Weeks for justice of the peace for the town. Orlando Weed, Benjamin Meed, Levi Rundlet, Orlando Weed, Jr., Daniel Head, Ambros Hinds, Nathaniel Head, Nathaniel Hayford, Elisher Weed, Ezekiel Gilman, Theophilus Brown, Caleb Brown, Isaac George, Jeremiah Gilman, Joseph Crosbe." ²¹

The disease from which Burton cattle suffered and which was laid to Chocorua's curse, proved to be not imaginary but real. So serious was it that, in 1821, Professor Dana, of Dartmouth College, was sent by the state to the afflicted town to find out if possible the nature of "the Burton Ail." ²² He found the cause to lie in the water, which contained a weak solution of muriate of lime. A remedy was discovered near at

²⁰ Merrill: Hist. of Carroll County, 52.

²¹ The same.

²² Coolidge and Mansfield: Hist. and Description of New England, New Hampshire vol., 285; R. and C. MS.

hand, however. It was found that a certain kind of meadow mud, when administered in large pills to the cattle, counteracted the disease. Soap-suds acted similarly.²³ The town had gained an evil reputation on account of "the Burton Ail," but with the discovery of a remedy, its population and business were stimulated somewhat.²⁴

In the earlier days of the town, warrants were sent out for "May training," according to that ancient New England custom. All the men of military age were assembled and officers chosen. On one occasion, when the men proceeded to form company, it was found that there was only one man, Farnham by name, who ranked as private, all the rest having been chosen officers. "Looking wistfully upon his superiors, standing in terrible array before him, he said, 'Gentlemen, I have only one request to make; that is, as I am the only soldier, I hope your honors will not be too severe in drilling me, but spare me a little as I may be needed another time.' He could form a solid column, he said, 'but it racked him shockingly to display.'"²⁵

This "May training" affair recalls an unhappy incident. A young Mr. Allard lost a hand by the bursting of a gun at one of these musters.²⁶ He was a genuine pioneer and fearless hunter. In his old age he used to delight the younger generation with his quaint

²³ Willey: Incidents in White Mt. Hist. 276.

²⁴ Coolidge and Mansfield: Hist. and Description of New England, New Hampshire vol., 285.

²⁵ Willey: Incidents in White Mt. History, 277-8.

²⁶ R. and C. MS.

stories of exciting experiences. Upon the authority of a veracious old settler of Burton, who used to sit for hours and listen to his droll stories, I will relate this one, told in the old man's own words: "When I was about seventeen years old, brother Jim" (his twin brother) "and I set a trap to catch a bear. We went early one morning and there was a big black bear in the trap. Fearing he would get away I grabbed him and told Jim to run back to the house for an ax to kill him with. When he got there breakfast was all ready, so he stopped and ate breakfast. When he came back I said, 'Well, well,' " (an expression often used by the early settlers) " 'now you hold him and let me kill him.' So Jim took a firm grip on the bear that he might be sure and hold him. 'Well, well, now I will go and eat my breakfast!' So when I came back we killed the bear." ²⁷

Another member of this same family, and equally interesting, was Stephen Allard, known as "Old Uncle Steve Allard." "Steve" was an early pioneer here, and resided in Albany until his death, September 4, 1869, at ninety-nine years of age. "He was a kind, peaceful citizen, and waged war only against wild beasts that infested the neighborhood, and being an athletic man, he usually came out victorious. Mr. Allard could entertain one for hours with stories. He was a man of iron constitution, and, when about ninety-five years old, slipped away from his family and walked six miles, over poorly kept roads, with snow three feet deep, to see an old gentleman, an

²⁷ R. and C. MS.

early settler of Conway." ²⁸

One intensely dark night "Steve" Allard was ascending a small hill, which is about two miles from Conway, on the Eaton road, and which rises abruptly from a pond. With bowed head he was toiling up the incline, when suddenly he was none too gently embraced by a big black bear which, standing upon its haunches, with outstretched forelegs, had lovingly received the man into his clasp. Instinctively Steve knew what kind of an antagonist he was grappling with, and, putting forth almost superhuman strength, wrestled with "the bear that walks like a man." ²⁹ The brute hugged and tugged, the man pushed and wriggled. At length he tripped up the bear and threw him. Down went bear and man together. Over and over they rolled; first the bear was underneath and then the man. Clutching each other like long-lost friends they rolled down the hill and —"Splash!"—they plunged into the pond. This seemed to dampen the spirits of the ursine wrestler, for he relaxed his hold, crawled out of the pond, and, having no inclination to renew the encounter, without even a last look at his foe made off through the woods. ³⁰

With this brief history of the lower part of the town, now known as South Albany, let us now consider those adventurous pioneers who went eight or ten miles farther into the wilderness to settle the "Great Val-

²⁸ Merrill: *Hist. of Carroll County*, 784.

²⁹ Kipling: *The Truce of the Bear*.

³⁰ Willey: *Incidents in White Mt. History*, 181-2; see Allard's Hill in Osgood: *White Mts.*, 93.

ley." Some time in the eighteenth century two men, from Conway, traveling westward, followed up a swift-running stream, as they described it. Having gone a dozen miles, they came into a wide and beautiful valley which they called the "Great Valley"—now the Passaconaway Intervale.³¹ Being on friendly terms with the Indians, one of these hunters, having set a trap for a wolf, was sorry to find in the trap one morning what he thought was an Indian's dog. Upon releasing the animal, however, he saw that it was a real wolf which he had liberated.³² By hunters this valley came to be looked upon as a paradise.³³ The Indians frequented and even lived in it, in spite of their fear of the mountains. Beaver were abundant, and long after the valley had become permanently settled and the Indians had disappeared, trappers would come up from Conway to catch these valuable little creatures.³⁴

In time it was proposed to run a road through to the settlement now known as Waterville. This was approved by the proprietors, and laborers were set to work cutting trees and leaving landmarks. One Saturday night, tired and discouraged, they reached a spot near a brook. With a cold winter fast approaching, these workmen, far from their farms, next morning concluded to hide their tools and return home. It was their intention to resume the work next year. Before leaving, they named this brook the "Sabbaday

³¹ Russell and Colbath MS.

³² Same.

³³ Willey: Incidents in White Mt. History, 277.

³⁴ R. and C. MS.

Brook," because it was on the Sabbath Day, or "Sabbaday" as the old-timers called it, that they ceased their labors and returned to their homes. But the tools rotted and rusted, for neither these workmen nor others, thus far, ever have completed a highway from Albany Intervale to Waterville.³⁵

The proprietors of the town of Burton, in 1790, voted a lot of land, with mill privileges, to any man who would build a saw-mill in this intervale. At length a Mr. Weed came in from South Burton and erected a mill. After a few boards had been sawed, however, Weed tired of the occupation, and, leaving the mill to rot down, he left the valley. Some other settlers came in about this time—perhaps to help build the mill—settling in three or four places, but their courage was short-lived, for they soon quit.³⁶

Shortly after 1790, two Weeks brothers "pitched" north of the river, clearing land on Lots 8 and 9, Range 4 (on the survey made after their departure), the present Annis Farm. Also the Knox brothers settled on what later became the Burbank and Shackford farms; and another "pitch" was made on Lots 11 and 12, Range 4, which was taken up and left for others.³⁷

November 27, 1800, Burton was taken from Grafton County and annexed to Carroll County.³⁸

During the year 1800, Austin George, with a large family (fourteen children) drove up from Conway and

³⁵ R. and C. MS.

³⁶ The same.

³⁷ The same.

³⁸ Rollins: *Tourists' Guide to New Hampshire*, 99.

built a large barn, of hewed and split white pine from top to bottom. No labor was wasted, for the timber grew upon the very ground which the settler wished to clear. The men chose rift trees, split the boards, shingles and planks and smoothed them with an adze. A log-house was built and finished in the same way. One or two neighbors came with this family, but made no preparations for permanent settlement, and, after two or three years, went back to Conway. Mr. George's oldest son brought his bride from Conway to live with the family.³⁹ Doubtless owing to the hardship of pioneer life, sickness came to the family. A daughter, nineteen years of age, died of consumption. The nearest neighbors were ten miles way. The poor mother was forced to make all the funeral preparations with her own hands. Friends arrived later and the customary burial rites were observed. The father, Austin George, was a scholar and a great reader. He taught his children geography, grammar, arithmetic and history, and in later years some of these frontier children became among the best school teachers in the country.⁴⁰

So cold was the climate that corn and wheat were out of the question; in fact, the only vegetables they could raise were those which frost could not kill, such as cabbages, turnips, onions, and potatoes. Although the soil is unusually fertile and free from stones, so very short is the season between frosts (for ice often forms here in July and August) that only the fast-

³⁹ R. and C. MS.

⁴⁰ The same.

growing vegetables and those that can survive the frosts can be relied upon. The girls and boys reaped abundant crops of hay, while the father cultivated the garden. The mother, by hand, wove the clothes for the numerous members. The entire family had to turn to and toil from daylight to dark in order to eke out their meagre existence. There were no drones in these early families.⁴¹

Times grew harder and harder in the George home. The cattle died of the "Burton ail," no remedy at this time being known. A hurricane swept through the very center of the valley, tearing up trees by the roots. Everything in its path, which was a half mile in width, was laid level with the ground. The hurricane crossed the valley from northwest to southeast. In 1814, the family decided to abandon the place. Two sons had left and enlisted in the war against England, one of whom was killed at the Battle of Bridgewater in July, 1814.⁴² In October of the same year, the oldest son moved his family away. The now aged father decided to stay long enough to feed his stock the supply of hay on hand, while his family lived on the produce they had raised, as it was impossible to move these supplies through the forest and Mr. George had nothing with which to buy more. Until March, 1815, he remained, when, taking his family, which now consisted of a wife, three sons and three daughters, he moved to Bartlett. Mr. George felt very sad over abandoning his home in the intervale, and, although he lived

⁴¹ R. and C. MS.

⁴² The same.

twenty-four years longer, he never could bring himself to visit the spot again and see the abandoned home. Thus Mr. George derived no benefit from the years of toil and hardship which he had put in here.⁴³ For ten years the old George homestead was left to transient hunters, trappers and perhaps bandits. Yet its occupancy by the Georges had proved that, despite Chocorua's curse and the rigorous climate, human beings could exist here.

In March, 1824, nine years after Mr. George had left, Mr. Amzi Russell, who had married the granddaughter of Austin George, moved into the old house, and the settlement was begun in earnest; and never afterwards, up to the present, although time and again sorely tested, has it been entirely abandoned. The building was in a very dilapidated condition, having been used by rough men from time to time. The beautiful white-pine finishing had been ripped off by these vandals, who used the wood as fuel with which to cook their venison and keep themselves warm. The Russells had every reason to believe that the house had been used as a meeting-place by men who came from different parts of the country and who seemed well acquainted with the place. Evidently it had been a rendezvous for brigands who met here by agreement to divide their plunder or bury their treasure. A horse was discovered in the month of March by some of the Russells who were hunting. The family worked industriously on their farm and existed on what "garden truck" they could raise, which fare was sup-

⁴³ Russell and Colbath MS.



Photo by Horace F. Boyser

THE HISTORIC GEORGE HOUSE
(Home of Mrs. R. P. Colbath)

plemented by a plentiful supply of game. In 1833 the Russell brothers built a mill at the lower end of the intervale. Here they sawed lumber for the valley and made trips to Portland to haul lumber to market. At Portland they could procure supplies for their families. On these trips they would also bring back goods for the traders at Conway, and this helped to pay expenses. They managed to subsist by such activities and by farming. Happily and contentedly they lived, and made what improvements they could in addition to their regular tasks.⁴⁴

Austin George had fourteen children, the first three of whom are buried in the Russell Cemetery in the Albany Intervale. Daniel George, a son of the pioneer, had a daughter, Eliza Morse George, who married Amzi Russell, son of Thomas Russell. Mrs. Russell lived to be over ninety years old. She kept a manuscript from which were taken not a few of the facts here recorded. The children of Amzi and Eliza Morse (George) Russell were Martha George Russell, who married Celon Russell Swett; Thirza Russell, who married Andrew J. Lord; Mary Russell, who died young; Ruth Priscilla Russell, who married Thomas Alden Colbath and lives in the historic old George homestead, and who for many years was Postmistress; and Flora Emma Russell, who never married. To Mrs. Colbath the present writer is deeply indebted for access to the Russell Manuscript and for letters supplementing the account given in said manuscript. Mrs. Colbath, as her acquaintances can testify, is a woman of

⁴⁴ Russell and Colbath MS.

superior intellectual ability and moral excellence, and scores of people, in many states, take pride in calling her their friend.

The reason for writing so particularly about the George family is that not only have very reliable records been kept of the hardships endured, which hardships were typical of those necessarily endured by all the early families, but because Mr. George's long stay laid the foundation for a permanent settlement in the Albany Intervale.

Meanwhile, a Mr. Stinson went up the river into the township of Waterville, where at considerable expense he began to erect a large saw-mill. After expending much money and labor on the mill, which was approaching completion, he left laborers to continue the work, went to Boston, and died. The laborers faithfully completed the mill, put it in running order, and proceeded to defray the expenses incurred by putting it up for sale. It was sold at a great sacrifice shortly after, two brothers by the name of Morse being the purchasers.⁴⁵

The Morse brothers sledded pine logs to the mill during the winter; in the spring they sawed these logs and stuck them up on end to dry; the following winter, as soon as a good snow fell, they hauled their lumber to market. For years the work was carried on in this slow, inconvenient way, until at length a road was constructed suitable for wheeled vehicles. Such primitive methods reveal the difficulty of earning a living in those days. All the lumber, except perhaps a

⁴⁵ Russell and Colbath MS.

few boards used in the neighborhood, had to be drawn to Portland. Until the lumber could be sold in Portland, the settlers were obliged to depend upon their meagre garden for supplies.⁴⁶ But the farm offered only a precarious existence. Mr. George and his industrious family had done all in their power, but the valley could not produce a living for them. So the Morse brothers, hard-working and determined men, besides caring for their garden, toiled and toiled at their lumber business, thereby making up for the meagreness of their crops.

At daylight these conscientious workers would go into the woods and not return until dark. Meanwhile, all day long, their families cultivated the garden. On returning at night, the brothers would feed their animals and, supper eaten, they would bring their shaving-horse into the kitchen and shave a bunch of shingles before bed-time. On Saturday night, however, all work was laid aside, except "the care of their creatures," and they rested until Monday morning, when they would again begin their six long days of hard work. The writer of the manuscript from which these facts are taken says that without this rest on the Sabbath these men could not have stood the awful grind of the week days.⁴⁷

In those times Sabbath observance was taken seriously. The children were not allowed to whistle or sing any tunes except psalm tunes, or read any books

⁴⁶ Russell and Colbath MS.

⁴⁷ The same.

except religious ones.⁴⁸ During the period which we are now considering, two young brothers went into what was later known as the Church Field after some cherries one Sunday. But the cherries had gone by. One of the boys thereupon said to the other, "Let us go over to the pond and get some berries." No sooner said than off they started. They pushed on through the narrow strip of woods, towards the first Deer Pond, which we now call Church Pond. On coming within sight of the pond, they saw some dark object in the water on the farther side. While they watched it, they saw it begin to come towards them. Without any means of defense, yet having a great curiosity to learn what it was, each took to a tree. Evidently it was the head of some large animal swimming towards them. At first a great fear came over them, for their guilty consciences told them that it might be some monster sent to punish them for their Sabbath-breaking. Slowly the animal continued to swim in their direction until it could touch bottom. Then out came its huge shoulders, and the next moment it waded ashore at their very feet. Here it stood, at the edge of the pond, gazing up at the strange fruit in the trees as curiously as the terrified little fellows stared back at it. Then the huge beast retraced its steps, swam across to the spot where they had first seen it, and majestically stalked off into the woods. It was a moose, and probably had young somewhere near. Scrambling down from their perches, the boys ran home and told the family of having seen a "very ferocious animal,

⁴⁸ Russell and Colbath MS.

with large, wild-looking eyes and a dangerous countenance." ⁴⁹

In those days beaten paths were found running from the pond in several directions. These were the avenues worn smooth by deer and moose in going to their drinking-place. Some boys thought they would make a snare across one of these paths. Bending down a tree so large that it was all the two could do to bring it down with their weight, they fastened it with a strong rope, in which they rigged a noose. When next they visited the trap, they found a moose caught in it.⁵⁰

After the first snowfall in the autumn of 1831, a moose crossed the river and passed through the fields to one of the southern mountains, and, shortly after, retraced his steps. He was evidently looking for good winter quarters. Some of the young men followed the trail until they found tracks of different sizes, which showed that there must be a number of moose in the vicinity. The young men walked in a circle, not crossing a track, until they came to their own footprints again. Then they went home to wait for more snow and a good crust. Not until March were they rewarded for their patience. Then these three brothers went to the place where the moose were yarded up and killed four in one day. These were the last moose known to have been killed in the Swift River Valley.⁵¹

⁴⁹ Russell and Colbath MS.

⁵⁰ The same.

⁵¹ The same.

Becoming dissatisfied with the reputation of the town, due to Chocorua's curse and the "Burton Ail," many of the townspeople thought it might be beneficial to change the name. Some suggested the name "Boston," others various other names. After much discussion, it was decided to call it "Albany," from the capital of New York state.⁵² In 1832, therefore, the citizens petitioned the legislature, and, on July 2, 1833, with that body's sanction, the town of Burton became "Albany,"⁵³ by which name it is known to-day. Because of the two distinct halves of the town, which are completely shut off from each other by mountains, the lower half is known as South Albany and the upper as Albany Intervale. One can readily appreciate the difficulty under which the town business was and is transacted because of the necessity of traveling around the mountain, twenty miles, to town meeting. The majority of the voters lived in South Albany and held most of the town offices and administered the town's affairs to suit themselves. At present, the town meetings are held alternately in South Albany and Albany Intervale, the meetings being held in the tiny schoolhouses.

But "can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?"⁵⁴ Even with the name of the town changed, the cattle still persisted in dying of the "Bur-

⁵² Russell and Colbath MS.

⁵³ Merrill: *Hist. of Carroll County*, 782; Osgood: *White Mts.*, 342; Hayward: *N. E. Gazetteer*, 1839; see Rollins: *Tourists' Guide-Book*, N. H., 99.

⁵⁴ Russell and Colbath MS., quoting Jer. 13:23.

ton Ail" and the troubles of the settlers did not cease. Down from the mountains came wolves, killing or driving away the deer and threatening the lonely and scattered inhabitants. The few families in this desolate intervale, when night came on, could hear the dismal howl of the wolves beginning far off on one of the mountains and gradually increasing in volume until the noise became a blood-curdling chorus.⁵⁵

In 1834 some of the intervale settlers began to feel the need of religious meetings, especially on the Sabbath. Therefore two aged women, with fear and trembling, went one Sunday morning to a house near the center of the settlement to see what could be done. To their surprise they were met by another on the same mission, who had come from the opposite direction. As neither party had knowledge of the other's intentions, they were greatly encouraged, and appointed a meeting for the following Sunday. Others joined them "to sing, pray, read and exhort." For years these little meetings were kept up, with the occasional help of a minister from South Albany or from some neighboring town. A little society was formed as a branch of the Free Will Baptist Church and ten members joined, while others affiliated with other churches, as they believed right.⁵⁶ There is no church in the intervale, although meetings have been held in the schoolhouse some summers, when visiting clergymen have preached.

Not until 1837 was the town road laid out. Up to

⁵⁵ Russell and Colbath MS.

⁵⁶ The same.

that time inhabitants of the Albany Intervale had to drive from door to door, and through fields, to any place they wished to go. In 1837 they petitioned the selectmen to lay out a highway from the Conway line to the Waterville line. The selectmen at that time were Joshua Nickerson, David Allard and Samuel Lawrence, all of whom lived at South Albany. The "town fathers" feared the cost of such a road as was petitioned for. To avoid the expense of bridging the river, they laid out the road "to the river, and from the river, when they came to it."⁵⁷ Of course by this plan a very long, zig-zag and inconvenient road was the result, but it was some improvement over the old way. Says the author of the Russell Manuscript: "I give this as a fair sample of the way the town business was done until at length the credit of the town was gone."⁵⁸

During the thirties a great fever of land speculation raged throughout the country, and almost the entire township was lotted off, mountains as well as bog and marsh being sold at fabulous prices to New York and Boston parties.⁵⁹

In 1840 an interesting experiment was tried. Lumbermen from the Saco came into the valley, bought timber lands and attempted to drive logs down the Swift River. The swiftness of the little river during the spring freshets, its crookedness, and the rockiness of its bed prevented success. Thereupon the men peti-

⁵⁷ Russell and Colbath MS.

⁵⁸ The same.

⁵⁹ Merrill: Hist. of Carroll County, 783; Osgood: White Mts., 342.

tioned the legislature for permission to construct a sluiceway. Thus armed, they built side-dams and sluiceways, being obliged to do much blasting. For a few years logs were hauled to the river bank, whence, by the help of the sluiceways, they were driven down the Swift into the Saco. But this operation after a while was suspended, and the river once more "rolled unvexed"⁶⁰ to its confluence with the Saco.

After narrating this repulse of the attack of the timber-slaughterers, the author of the old manuscript from which I am transcribing data, jubilantly bursts out into poetry thus:

"Oh, fair Swift River, go on and go by,
Go on and go down till the voice of the sea
And the white lips of surf and the hand of the tide
And the might of the deep, where great ships ride,
Reach out and give welcome to thee."⁶¹

After chronicling this experiment of river-driving, perhaps I may mention here various railroad projects. In 1839 a survey of the intervale was made for a railroad route from Portland to Vermont. No such railroad was built, however.⁶² On July 9, 1874, a charter was granted to the Swift River Railroad. It was proposed to build this railroad from the height of land in Waterville to Conway, where it was to connect with the Portsmouth, Great Falls and Conway Railroad.⁶³ This railroad never was constructed.

⁶⁰ Abraham Lincoln.

⁶¹ Mrs. Amzi Russell in the Russell MS.

⁶² Merrill: Hist. of Carroll Co., 783.

⁶³ The same, 68.

For many years the Bartlett Land and Lumber Company owned and operated a lumber railroad from Upper Bartlett to the Albany Intervale. This road ran through the Bear Mountain Notch. Frank Bolles gives a fascinating description of riding on the engine of the lumber train on this road, late in 1891.⁶⁴ I think that the road was in operation from the early 1870's until the 1890's. In 1906 or 1907 a lumber railroad from Conway to the Albany Intervale was built by the Conway Lumber Company. Over this road many millions of feet of fine timber have been hauled out of the valley. But while this chapter is being written (in May, 1916), a rumor comes to me that the Company has sold out its lands to the United States Government and that the road will be discontinued and the rails taken up.

Let us glance at some of the settlers who followed the pioneers whom we have already mentioned. Among the early settlers were the Bickford, Broughton, Shackford and Burbank families. Ebenezer Burbank moved into the intervale from Conway about 1830. He owned land on both sides of the Swift River. He found the low, level land on the south side of the river best for raising hay; while the sunny hillside (now known as Birch Ridge) was less frosty, and therefore better for corn and other vegetables. His farm was about one-half mile east of Shackford's. In 1866 Mr. Burbank moved to Madison. He had been Selectman of Albany for nine years.⁶⁵ His eldest son,

⁶⁴ Bolles: *At the North of Bearcamp Water*, 243-5.

⁶⁵ Merrill: *Hist. of Carroll County*, 786-7.

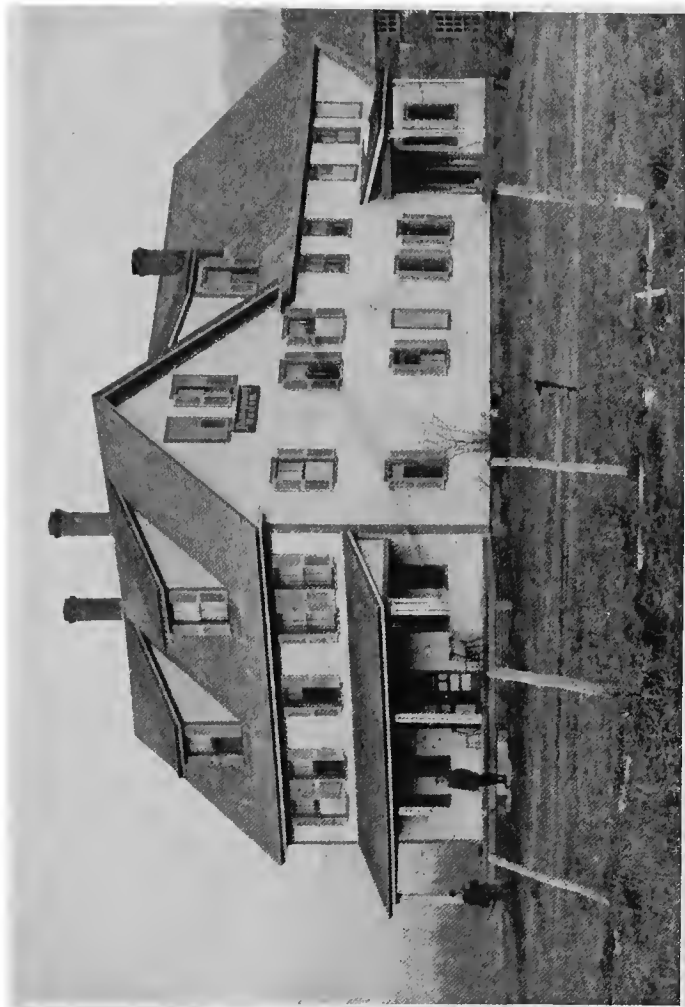
Hubbard C. Burbank, succeeded him on the farm in the intervale. Hubbard C. Burbank died in 1885. Soon afterwards the Burbank farm came into possession of Richard Hill, and to this day it is known as "the Dick Hill Place." After Hill's ownership of the farm it passed into the hands of George B. James, and by him was sold to the Conway Lumber Company. This farm was included in the lands purchased in 1915-1916 by the United States Government to be a portion of the National Forest Reservation.

One of the earlier settlers who, by homestead right, acquired land in the Albany Intervale, was Thomas H. Shackford, a hard-working and prosperous farmer. He succeeded in raising some fine cattle, even when his neighbors failed. He cleared many acres of land, and erected the largest group of buildings in the intervale. Until fire laid flat the Passaconaway House, with its sheds and barns, on February 13, 1916, specimens of the senior Shackford's handiwork could be seen. In the barns, sheds, and in the attic of the house, one could look upon the great oak beams, bearing ax-marks, for they were all hand-hewn. The frames of the buildings were held together with oak pegs. The white pine shingles were riven out by hand, and these original shingles, up to the time the buildings were consumed by flame, seemed to be as sound and serviceable as when first laid. Many were the interesting and sometimes exciting experiences of this settler. His son used to tell of poling about in flat-bottomed boats, near the barn, during spring freshets, when the water came up around the back part of the

buildings. The Albany Intervale lost one of the best citizens it ever had when Thomas H. Shackford died in 1864. His body rests in the little Russell Cemetery, adjoining Mrs. Colbath's yard.⁶⁶

James M. Shackford, son of Thomas H., was born in the Albany Intervale about 1836. After the Civil War, tourists, attracted by the scenery and pure spring water, began to visit the intervale, and "Shackford's" soon became a popular summer resort. The rapid increase in the number of summer boarders soon necessitated the enlargement of the house. In the old age and failing health of Mr. and Mrs. Shackford, they sold their farm, in 1907, to Mr. Alfred Povall, of Cambridge, Mass. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Shackford survived the change long. From their new home in Conway both passed on into the "Great Beyond." "Uncle Jim" and "Aunt Hannah," as we neighbors lovingly called them, were typical, hard-working, and thrifty Yankees. How we children did enjoy listening to Uncle Jim's stories! Our favorite ones were about an "all fired big bear," the burning over of Mount Tremont, and the description of the great Passaconaway slide in the 90's. And when Mr. Shackford went surveying with a certain primitive instrument, one would think that George Washington, the young surveyor, had been re-embodied. Uncle Jim was a man of inflexible honesty, "as square as a brick," and his "word was as good as his bond." He served in almost every town office and for several terms was sent to Concord by his fellow-citizens as their Representa-

⁶⁶ Mrs. Colbath's letters.



SHACKFORD'S
(The Passaconaway House)

tive in the state legislature. To Mr. Shackford, more than to any other one person, is the valley indebted for its development as a summer resort. Fishermen, hunters and mountain-climbers liked the house he kept, and to this day the intervale is more widely known as "Shackford's" than as "Passaconaway."

Charles Church came here from Massachusetts some time between 1840 and 1850. He was engaged in the lumber business and purchased land far up the river, nearly up to Sabbaday Brook. At first he endeavored to run logs down the Swift River, but soon discovered that this was impracticable. He built a mill for manufacturing lumber. He also erected a small house at the extreme upper end of the settlement where a field had formerly been cleared by the Morse family. Here he and his family lived while he superintended his interests. He was unsuccessful in his business venture, and left the valley much poorer in pocket than when he came in. Many years later, his wife and daughter having died meanwhile, he returned to the intervale, probably about 1870. He spent his remaining days with the Shackfords, until his body was laid to rest in the little Russell Cemetery in the valley which he loved dearly.⁶⁷

Gilbert Chase lived in "the yellow house," near Onslow S. Smith's, from about 1848 to 1855. His wife died in 1855, and the family was scattered, most of the children preferring city life and work in the factories.⁶⁸

⁶⁷ Mrs. Colbath's letters.

⁶⁸ Mrs. Colbath.

James Mayhew, a veteran of the Civil War and a G. A. R. man, came into Albany Intervale about 1870, and built a small house for summer boarders, which was known as the "Carrigain House," which became popular and which was carried on successfully until its owner's death in 1895. The boarders would get up coaching parties to attend the circus at North Conway. This was their cheer, which they were wont to fling out on such occasions:

"Yellow and white! Yellow and white!
We're from Mayhew's, we're all right!"

They would then flourish their yellow and white streamers. Many were the good times enjoyed in this hospitable mountain hostelry. Frank Bolles used to make the Carrigain House his headquarters when in the Albany Intervale.⁶⁹ Some time after the death of Mr. Mayhew, the house was temporarily occupied by "Jack" Allen. Later it was used by the Conway Lumber Company to house some of its field officials. Here, too, the Lumber Company erected a store. I am told that, after the Lumber Company finishes lumbering, the house is to be the headquarters of the government Forest Wardens.

Joseph Annis came in 1869 and was the town's representative in the legislature in 1875 and 1877.⁷⁰ Mr. Annis was a very upright and religious man. He drove the stage from Passaconaway to Conway and

⁶⁹ See Bolles: *At the North of Bearcamp Water*.

⁷⁰ Merrill: *Hist. of Carroll County*, 786-7.

carried the mail over this route for years. His farm, the old Weeks clearing, joined the Mayhew farm on the east side of the latter. The large house and barns and broad fields are familiar to all who have any acquaintance with the Albany Intervale. From the lower (eastern) end of his field, near the sharp bend in the Swift River, one can get a view of Mount Washington, through the Bear Mountain Notch.

James Annis succeeded his father as stage-driver and farmer. He is a hard-working man, supplementing his farm work and postal-route activities with teaming. Ever since Joseph Annis settled in the valley, the Annis home has been a favorite boarding-place; hundreds of fishermen, hunters, trampers, summer boarders, and week-enders have enjoyed its bountiful hospitality. James' son, Earl, now grown to manhood's estate, follows along the same lines of activity as his father and grandfather, and is a steady, industrious young man.

Soon after the close of the Civil War, George A. Loring, a Union veteran and a Boston architect, came into this region for his health, and fell in love with the Passaconaway Intervale. After boarding here several summers, he became so much attached to the place that he purchased a lot and built a little bungalow. Here he spent long delightful summers. He had the best garden in the intervale, in which, among other appetizing delicacies, he had a bed of cultivated strawberries. In his cellar was a little spring, the sides of which he boarded up, thus making a natural ice-chest, an original "White Mountain Refrigerator."

Mr. Loring could cook as well as any woman. Nor was he destitute of humor. "Once upon a time" (so all the fairy stories begin, but this is not a fairy tale), a party of his friends came into the intervale and asked him to pilot them into the very heart of the wilderness, where they wished to camp for three weeks. At daylight, next morning, the obliging host mustered the little army of would-be campers, and led the march into the great woods. All day they tramped, up hill and down dale, until, at dusk, the word was given to pitch the tents. This done, Mr. Loring took his farewell, promising to return in a few days, and extracting from the campers a solemn promise that they would keep close to camp, lest they stray off, get lost, and perhaps perish. During the next fortnight, Mr. Loring, as guardian angel, paid four or five visits to the campers, each time repeating his warning to "hug the camp." During the third week, a camper, more adventurous than his fellows, wandered perhaps a full half mile from headquarters. At this terrifying distance from his comrades, Mr. Camper came out upon the highway squarely in front of Mr. Loring's little red bungalow, with its welcoming Santa Claus in the front window. Animated with a love of fun and a desire to make his periodic journeys to camp as short as possible, Mr. Loring, on the first day, had marched the innocents round and round in great circles until, daylight having worn itself away, camp was pitched within a short distance of the starting-point.

Mr. Loring fondly hoped to end his days in the beautiful intervale, which, for many years, he called

"home." But it was not so to be. With the revival of the lumber activities, under the Conway Lumber Company, a lumber railroad once more penetrated the quiet, peaceful valley. The very thought of such profane intrusion was so repugnant to this lover of solitude and scenery that he sold his cottage and land to A. C. Kennett, of Conway, and returned to Boston in 1906.⁷¹ Only a few years after this abandonment of his old familiar and well-beloved mountain home, Mr. Loring died. Was he heart-broken? Who can tell? The little bungalow still stands there, on the bank of the Swift River, between the White Brook and the Olivarian, but its dreamer, its creator, its soul, has departed.

To "Jack" Allen, the intervale's most picturesque inhabitant, I shall devote an entire chapter.

During the periods of lumbering operations, the intervale again and again has teemed with "lumber-jacks." Many a French Canadian brought a big family into the valley, living in some of the shanties at the lower (eastern) end of the "Great Intervale," near the Bolles Trail, or in some of the many paper-roofed log "shacks" on the banks of the various streams flowing into the Swift River. Among these numerous French Canadians was a man known among the English-speaking portion of the community as "Bumble-bee." Probably his real name was Bodreau.⁷² He came about 1890, and remained three or four years. He never owned any land, but occupied a little shanty

⁷¹ Mrs. Colbath.

⁷² The same.

on the south side of the highway, just west of the present Camp Paugus, which is owned by Elijah B. Carlton. Here the remains of an old well may be seen. This was the site of Bumblebee's humble home, immortalized by Frank Bolles in one of his chapters.⁷³ And humble indeed it was. The one-roomed shack was twelve feet long and ten feet wide. The ridge-pole was only twelve feet from the ground. The roof was unshingled. The chimney was a crazy stove-pipe. Of Bumblebee's five children, the oldest was eight years old. The mind of Bumblebee's wife was affected. Who can wonder?

Onslow S. Smith became a resident of the "Great Valley" about 1890. He was the son of Thurston Smith, a prominent citizen of South Albany. From Mr. Shackford he bought a strip of land between the Passaconaway House and what was, at one time, the Tibado place, living in the house which he has since enlarged. Mr. Smith has engaged in lumbering, hunting, fishing, trapping, gumming, farming, etc. He is the best guide in all this region, and repeatedly has served the Appalachian Mountain Club and its individual members in this capacity. He is quick, powerful, resourceful and able. Mr. Smith has held almost every office within the gift of the town. He has served as moderator of town meetings for years, making an admirable presiding officer, because of his familiarity with parliamentary rules and state law, his cool-headedness and fairness. His experiences in the great woods would make an interesting little volume.

⁷³ Bolles: *At the North of Bearcamp Water*, 275.

In 1902 my father, who had been camping in the Passaconaway Intervale for four summers, bought a small parcel of land from Mr. Shackford, and the following summer built a cottage, which in succeeding summers he repeatedly enlarged. This was the second cottage erected by "summer people" in the valley, Mr. Loring's being the first. Later, Father bought from Elijah Carlton eighty-five or ninety acres, formerly owned by John Tibado.

Mr. Alfred Povall, the last proprietor of the old Passaconaway House, was born in England. Coming to the United States soon after his marriage, he served as chief engineer in various large concerns in Portland, Me., the mining region of Pennsylvania, and in Massachusetts. The Povalls had been our next-door neighbors in Cambridge, Mass. The son, James T. Povall, had passed through a severe sickness. We inveigled him up to "God's Country" in the "Land of the Sky" (Passaconaway). A single summer put him on his feet again. He felt like a new man. He fell in love with the intervale, and, at his suggestion, his father purchased the Passaconaway House from Mr. Shackford in 1907. The old hostelry was practically rebuilt, an automobile was purchased, and telephone connection with the outside world was established. These improvements attracted a new group of patrons, and the little farm-house hotel became a busy place from July to October. The daughter taught the Passaconaway school. The son (James T.) served the town of Albany in various offices, for one term being Representative in the legislature at Concord. He was

also Postmaster of Passaconaway.

On Sunday morning, February 13, 1916, the chimney of the Passaconaway House took fire. Mr. Povall and his son succeeded, as they supposed, in extinguishing the flames. After dinner, while "Father" Povall was taking a nap, "Jim" awakened him with the alarming information that all the upper part of the house, around the chimney, was ablaze. So thick was the smoke that nothing could be rescued from the second or third floors. The nearest fire department was fifteen miles away—at Conway. 'Twas the depth of winter and bitterly cold. Nothing could be done to save the buildings. A strong west wind swept the fire through the house, sheds and barns, in two hours laying them flat; only the laundry, to the windward of the flames, and the garage and Post Office, across the street, escaping. Nothing remained of the historic old buildings except a layer of ashes and black cinders. Only a little of the furniture in the two front rooms on the ground floor was saved. The ruin of the buildings was complete. The neighbors loyally hastened to the burning house and rendered what assistance they could. The horse, the faithful old house-dog, and other animals were saved. For several days the Povalls were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Then they took up temporary quarters in Camp Paugus (the Elijah B. Carlton cottage).

The fire refugees lived in Camp Paugus until May, 1916. 'Twas a frightfully cold winter and an unusually blustering spring. During the more than quarter century of Mr. Smith's residence in the intervale,

the wind never blew so hard and so continuously. Some nights, it seemed as if the cottage would be blown over bodily. On one occasion, at least, the family rose at 2 a. m., wrapped blankets around their shivering bodies, and huddled about the red-hot stove, miserably awaiting daylight. One of the minor compensations for this chapter of hardship was a gorgeous display of Northern Lights.

When the family bade their final farewell to the valley on May 6, the mountains were still clothed with snow; indeed the peaks were whiter than they ever had seen them before. On their way down to Conway they overtook a huge bear in the road down Spruce Hill. When his ursine majesty saw the party approaching, he threw up his muzzle and sniffed, then turned, dug his great claws into the snow, and made off in long leaps with the speed of a race-horse.

Miss Povall having married only a few weeks before the fire, the family decided to accompany her to her new home in Spokane, Washington. Having disposed of their property, the Povalls left Portland, Me., in a bran-new touring car, armed with a letter of introduction from the Mayor of Portland to the Mayor of Spokane, Wash. We had the pleasure of welcoming them for a few hours in our home in Worcester. While I write this paragraph, they probably are speeding over the roads, up the historic old Mohawk Valley, headed for Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Chicago, Yellowstone Park, and their new home in the great Northwest. The good wishes of hosts of New England friends will accompany the family on their long

automobile trip and in their new environment.

My father sold the Tibado farm, which he had bought from Mr. Carlton, to Mrs. Eliza G. (Metcalf) Radeke, of Providence, R. I., a philanthropic woman of means and unusual ability. For many years she has been the President of the Rhode Island School of Design. This is only one of the many enterprises in which she is interested and to which she gives liberally. Mrs. Radeke built three bungalows, one of which is now the property of Rev. Arthur P. Hunt, a professor in the Episcopal Theological School in New York City. Mrs. Hunt (Mrs. Una A. Hunt) is the well-known author of "Una Mary" and other books. She is the daughter of Professor Frank Wigglesworth Clarke, the renowned chief chemist of the U. S. Geological Survey, a member of innumerable learned societies and the author of many scientific books.

Since the Passaconaway House was burned, Mr. Hunt has purchased from Alfred Povall the old Shackford farm. A new hotel, containing twenty sleeping rooms, will be erected, and this will be run as such a mountain hostelry should be run, so that lovers of the mountains will be attracted here, perhaps as never before. Thus, in coming years, as in the past half-century, this most beautiful valley in all the White Mountains will be able to extend a welcome to those who appreciate and desire unsurpassed scenery and invigorating mountain air.

Thus, although individuals and families and generations come and go, neither time nor tide (to use Mrs. Russell's phraseology) has swept away the mountain

wall which surrounds our cloud-land valley; but, "as the mountains are round about Jerusalem," ⁷⁴ so, on a larger scale, do grander peaks engird and fortify Passaconaway in the White Mountains.⁷⁵

⁷⁴ Ps. 125:2.

⁷⁵ Brief Bibliography on Albany. Merrill: History of Carroll County, 1889, 782-7; Osgood's White Mountains, 1880 edition, 342-4; Coolidge and Mansfield: History and Description of New England, 1861, volume on New Hampshire, 405-7; Farmer and Moore: Gazetteer of New Hampshire, 1823, 38 (under the name of "Burton"); Charlton: New Hampshire as It Is, 1856, 89; Hayward: New England Gazetteer, 1839, *in loco*; Rollins: Tourists' Guide-book to the State of New Hampshire, 1902, 99-100.

In a single chapter of a book like this it would be impossible to attempt a complete local history. Only a few of the more interesting facts can be presented. In an exhaustive record it would be necessary to speak of many who are not mentioned in the foregoing account. For example, there was John Douglas, who lived on the Chase place over the river, back of the Annis farm. He built a dam and saw-mill, and the Douglas Brook was named for him. He had three daughters and two sons. One boy caught his hand in a bear-trap and died from the effects of the wound. The other boy was drowned in Conway. On the same site lived Orin Chase and the Bickfords and Deerings. The tradition is that Olive Deering fell into a brook and was drowned; and "Olivarian," the present name of this brook, is said to be a corruption of "Olive Deering." George Purington built the Tibado house. A Mr. Haskell built a house and mill at the foot of Mt. Potash, the ruins of which may be seen to-day. Allen's Mill, at the lower end of the intervale, was built by William Allen. John L. Peavey conducted extensive lumbering operations in the valley in the 1890's. (See biographical sketch in Merrill: Hist. of Carroll County, N. H., 391.) The Passaconaway Post Office was established about 1890. Frank Bolles assisted in securing it. Lawyer Carter, of Tamworth, or Ossipee, suggested the name. The office, for many years after its opening, was in charge of Mrs. Colbath, as postmistress.

CHAPTER XIV

A CHAPTER OF ADVENTURES

Bounties on Bears

BEARS always have abounded in the Albany Intervale. Sixteen of them were killed during one month, October, 1866.¹ At one time they became a nuisance and a menace. Hence the town, although poor, offered a generous bounty upon bears, said bounty to be paid upon the presentation of the ears of the bear. Bounties were claimed and paid on a surprisingly large numbers of bears' ears. Presently it came to light that some of the people then in the town were cutting out pieces of sheep-skin to resemble bears' ears in shape, dyeing these black, and turning them in to the authorities. So says tradition. I do not vouch for the alleged facts.

Eagle and Rabbit

During the summer of 1903, some friends of ours were tenting at the foot of Hedgehog, at beautiful "Camp Comfort." I was a moccasined, bare-legged lad of seven, and, upon hearing that the campers were planning a little target practice one clear, warm August

¹ Merrill: Hist. of Carroll County, 783.

morning, I was delighted and excited. Therefore, as soon as breakfast was over, I scampered and pattered down the Mast Road just as fast as my legs could carry me, now and then casting hasty glances over my shoulder to see if my departure had yet been discovered by my parents in the cottage. I soon reached the tall bushes, and behind this screen I felt that I was beyond the zone of recall. Nevertheless, I sped on with unabated ardor, and was within a few rods of the edge of the woods when, "crack!" went a rifle. Instantly a monstrous eagle rose from behind the bushes, tightly clasping in his talons something brownish gray. The eagle was within a few rods of me. Seeing me, the great bird began a marvelous ascent on his three-foot wings. As he rose, his talons opened ever so slightly, and down dropped his prey into the bushes. Within a minute or two this "monarch of the heavens" had dwindled into a mere speck in the blue sky. Then, from this immense height, he sailed off, straight as a ruler, over the top of Passaconaway. I hunted in the bushes and found a fat, warm, lovely rabbit. Picking it up, I found it to be quite dead. The vice-like talons had sunk deep into "Br'er Rabbit." Little bloody holes told the story. The rabbit certainly was a beauty, dead or alive, being soft and fluffy. I was completely captivated with the little creature and proudly showed it to the campers. But upon their suggesting that a fine rabbit stew could be made, I fled with my prize back to the cottage, where I cuddled the furry thing for hours. It was my intention to keep the rabbit "forever and ever," just as it was.

But this plan was vetoed by the "powers that be." After protracted protestations on my part, a solemn funeral was held, and the little creature was reverently interred.

A Blow-down

When my father decided to build our cottage, "Score-o'-Peaks," he spent his spare hours of the spring in making a tent in which the family might live until a wooden roof could be erected. The tent was fifteen feet long, ten feet wide, with walls about a yard high. The poles were made of pieces of steam-pipe, cut into proper lengths, which sections could be screwed together. The interior of the tent was curtained off into compartments. In addition to the tent proper, which was sheltered by a "fly," there was an arrangement for a dining room or living porch in front of this canvas house. Nothing could be completer. With our folding cots and folding chairs every inch of space was made to count.

We had not lived in the tent a week before we passed through an exciting experience. We had gone to bed and some of us had dropped off to sleep, when a roaring sound was heard. Nearer and nearer it came, down the mountain-side, through the forest, and before we could realize what was the cause of the noise, a raging storm broke upon us. The mighty wind laid low our beautiful tent at its first onset. With the wind came a deluge of rain. Crawling through the wet tent canvas, our parents fished us children out of our

beds, rolled us in blankets, bundled us into the wheelbarrow and carted us over to the hotel. It was a terrifying night. Tremendous gusts of wind made walking almost impossible. The rain seemed to come in solid masses, and blazing lightning and crashing thunder were mingled with blackest darkness.

We were thankful indeed to reach the shelter of the hotel, which, in spite of its heavy frame of great oak beams, creaked and shook. The barn door was blown off. Mr. Shackford had been laying a pump-pipe from a spring out of doors into the kitchen. The wind blew in through the ditch under the house and lifted and turned over some floor boards which had been temporarily laid down without being nailed.

Father went back to the tent to learn the extent of the damage. He rescued all the supplies, furniture and clothing, and stored them in the Passaconaway House. He found that the iron pipes which formed the tent frame had broken in places (at some of the threaded joints). He rolled up the tent, tied it in a solid roll, and made this bundle fast to a stake in the ground. Next morning the tent was set up again and its furnishings put back in place, but, after such a thrilling experience, we children would scud for the hotel if a black cloud showed itself in the sky all the rest of the summer.

While climbing Chocorua soon after the "blow-down" we found great trees prostrate on the ground, freshly uprooted, and for miles the ground was carpeted with green leaves which had been torn off by the fury of the storm. Some idea of the force of the

wind may be conveyed by a statement of two or three facts. Our wash-basin, which, when we retired, had been left on an empty barrel which was used for a wash-stand, was found next day perhaps twenty-five rods from its starting-place, and it evidently had collided with a tree in its wild midnight flight. A canvas out-house, frame and all, was lifted bodily into the air and was sailing away on the wings of the storm, when its flight was arrested by "Uncle Jim's" hackmatacks, some fifteen rods from where it had been originally pegged down. Many of Mr. Knowles' cables, by which the Chocorua Peak House was anchored, snapped under the terrific strain.

No more "blow-downs" for us, thank you, if you please!

The Capture of Highwaymen

It was during the summer of 1912, I think, that our quiet valley was startled by a telephoned warning that some highwaymen were on their way up from Conway to our valley. Rumors, two or three days old, informed us that an aged woman had been held up by highwaymen. It was thought that the desperate criminals were now fleeing from justice, with the intention of escaping into the wilderness.

About fifteen minutes later two sheriffs came speeding up the road in an automobile. They left the machine at the Passaconaway House and soon were lost to sight in the woods back of our cottage. In about half an hour four men appeared far down the Mast

Road. As they passed our cottage we could see the victims' pallid and frightened countenances. They were poorly dressed and unkempt in appearance, truly tough-looking specimens of the genus homo.

The nearest Justice of the Peace, at that time, was located at the lumber store, and as the sheriffs wished to consult him, they left the highwaymen in the custody of a prominent citizen of the valley. The three men, prisoners and guard, sat on the hotel porch for over an hour; the prisoners, humble, mute, frightened, and apparently penitent; the stern guard, rifle in hand, glowering, and ever alert. One could easily see that he meant business. One single step from their chairs and the prisoners would have been dead men. At length the officials returned. After a searching interrogation the prisoners were found to be innocent lumberjacks who had been peaceably walking up the railroad from Conway, on their way to Camp No. 5.

A Wild-cat or Panther Scare

Tuesday, August 6, 1912, was an exceptionally clear day, so I decided to give my Colorado cousin a view of the valley from Allen's Ledge, on Hedgehog. In preference to striking through the tangled woods, we decided to ascend by the lumber-road trail, although it is nearly twice as long. At the old camp we paused to shoot at several inviting marks about the place. We had gone but a few hundred feet beyond, when, directly back of us, from the road, a savage and powerful cry broke the silence of the woods and brought us

up with a start. Sweat started out on our brows in great drops. We had taken but a few steps more when the cry was again repeated, this time nearer than before. He was following us! Although never having heard the cry before, nevertheless I decided instantly, from the hoarse, snarling "Mur-r-r-ow-w-w," that it came from a wild-cat or a panther. It had all the elements of a house cat's snarling cry, yet was a hundred times as terrifying.

We lost no time in gaining the foot of the ledges. Every forty steps we took we were greeted with this blood-curdling and hair-raising cry. No matter how fast we ran, he seemed to keep the same distance behind us. At the foot of the ledges I discharged one of my three remaining birdshot-shells, to try and divert his attention. Then, with all possible haste, we scrambled up to the topmost ledge and lay flat, facing the woods, ready for the onslaught. With our birdshot we could at best only blind and infuriate him. Tales of wild-cat ferocity and their cruel attacks upon their prey ran through my mind; how they would spring upon one and with their fangs throttle him, or with their hind paws disembowel him. All these thoughts chilled my blood and frightened me even more than his steadily approaching scream.

Now the cry was just below us! "Where will it be next?" This question was continually in our minds as we lay motionless yet anxious, scanning the woods below. Just as the silence around us began to be almost audible, this ear-piercing cry would rise from the depths of the woods and echo and re-echo from the surround-

ing hills. Now his cry was right at the very spot where I had fired. The next few minutes were literally agonizing for us. "Would he be frightened at the smell of powder, or would he come right on up over the ledges?" At last the spell was broken; the next cry was from the ridge. He had smelt the freshly burnt powder and was making off over the ridge. For the next fifteen minutes we thankfully listened to his rapidly receding cries, until finally they were swallowed up in the fastnesses of the dark forests on the side of Mount Passaconaway.

Probably we shall never know just what the animal's motive was. Some natives claim that he was merely calling his mate. On our return trip we could easily trace in the soft mud in certain spots, paw-prints as large as tea-cups in our very path. The strange part is that, as we turned from one branch road to another, he invariably changed his course correspondingly. We were thankful to emerge from the great cat's jurisdiction without coming to close quarters with his pussy-ship. A well known citizen of Conway said, on looking at the stuffed lynx in our cottage, "I shouldn't want such gentlemen to camp on my trail." Although "all's well that ends well," my cousin and I, from personal experience, can testify that it isn't pleasant to have "such gentlemen camp on one's trail."

Wanted—A New Noah!

"Patter, Patter, Splash!" I rouse myself from sound sleep and listen to the gentle sprinkling on the

roof. Is there any music like the patter of rain on a wooden roof? Outside everything is pitch dark. It must be about midnight. Rapidly the rain increases. Now it pours. This is no ordinary shower. Such sheets of rain I never want to see or hear again. The torrent beats upon our frail roof as if it would batter it in. This storm will be remembered in our Passaconaway valley as "the 1912 Cloud-burst."

By five o'clock next morning the rain ceased, and, coming down-stairs, we saw, in the dim light—for the clouds were still very low and threatening—huge puddles of water, in places a foot deep, in our front yard, garden and Mast Road. But look across Mr. Povall's hay-field! There is a silver streak foaming by. How the Swift over-leaps its banks and spreads out over the fields! The little river must have risen six or seven feet since sundown.

After breakfast, the sun having come out brightly, all of the inhabitants of the valley turned out to see the unusual sight. In the Grove, which is at least four or five feet above the normal water-level, the water was knee-deep. Mr. Smith's bridge had been carried down-stream and was now wedged between tall trees a quarter of a mile away. The river was running like a mill-race. Muddy water stretched and surged beneath the trees and bushes. Huge logs, some two feet in diameter, rushed down on the current like race horses. Whole trees swept by, now and then striking the bank or a half-submerged fence, then veering off, or swinging round, and rushing on. These, I imagined, gave the appearance of crocodiles or derelicts as

their ugly forms went whirling by. At the junction of the Downes with the Swift, all familiar landmarks were obliterated. A great lake reached far into the woods on both sides. The volume of the combined streams was something incredible and indescribable.

The lumberjacks, in their camp on the Downes, had been awakened at three o'clock in the morning by the deafening roar of logs and rocks which were swept and rolled along by the current. The men rushed to the stable and liberated the frightened horses. Some of the poor animals were standing in four feet of water. (Lumbermen seem to love to build on the very edge of the water.) A few days before the storm, a wheezy little automobile had carried a party of berry-pickers to a hillock between the Downes and the Swift, just west of the junction. This party was marooned for two or three days. Two of the hotel people, ardent photographers, started up to Sabbaday Falls for the purpose of securing one of the wonderful pictures obtainable only in flood time. But in crossing the Sabbaday, in water which came to their waist, one of them lost his footing. Had not the other quickly assisted him, possibly he might have been lost, for the current on that day was so strong that no swimmer, however powerful, could hope to breast it.

In the early years of the settlement at Conway, every building in the Saco basin was carried away by a flood.² The Swift has a very steep pitch, and in a few hours is able to drain off the enormous quantity of water which the mountains contribute to it. Our 1912 flood

² Merrill: History of Carroll County, 824-825.

had subsided considerably by night time. By noon, in fact, we could see that its high-water mark had been reached. Within a couple of days the streams were of normal size. A few washouts, undermined banks and misplaced logs constituted practically all the damage. Yet the flood was an almost terrifying sight during the few hours it was at its height. The fields back of the Passaconaway House were one broad sheet of water, extending up to the ice-house. At one time we thought that we might be called upon to attempt the rôle of a new Noah.

Pine Bend Camp

Far up the Swift River Trail, there stood a tiny cabin in the very heart of the great wilderness. This camp was built of logs, chinked with mud. Bunks were built against the walls. The owner of the camp was a Conway physician. Many are the stories of savage visitors told by those who have spent the night in this camp.

Late one autumn the doctor brought some friends up for a week end. The next night, I think, an urgent telephone message came to the hotel for the doctor to return quickly to Conway. The night was starless and pitch dark, and the camp was four good long mountain miles away. The path lay through dense unfrequented woods. One of the Smith boys set out to carry the message to the physician. Armed only with a lantern, he started out at a brisk pace. The black trees and bushes, the silent and dark mountains,

the gurgling Downes Brook and murmuring Swift River made the night a lonely one.

Young Smith walked on in the biting air, now with echoing steps passing from rock to rock over the brook, and soon was buried in the darkness of the thick woods. Now the snap of a twig would make his tense nerves start; now a rustling bush just ahead, just out of the lantern light, would tell of the scurrying away of some timid creature. The sudden hoot of an owl so startled him that he almost dropped his lantern.

But, hark! 'Tis not an owl now. Again, again and again, only about half a mile ahead, sounds a long, loud and terrifying cry, something like the cry of a woman. The cry is repeated, louder and more terrifying than before. With beads of sweat upon his forehead, hair standing on end, hat—as he afterwards expressed it—"six inches above his head," the stalwart youth presses forward. Now the animal is but a few rods ahead, directly in the path, and rapidly approaching. The lad must either turn back with message undelivered, or press on and perhaps die in the clutches of the horrible animal. Duty requires the latter course. With the fatalism of desperation, he reasons that if he is to die, die he will, and if he is destined to reach his destination he will do so; but never will he turn back! As if in a dream he mechanically presses on. Eager either to do or die, he becomes impatient and lopes along. Suddenly his progress is abruptly checked by a powerful, nerve-racking shriek out of the deathlike silence of the wood. Only a few yards ahead the beast is coming.

And now, directly in the path in front of the boy, a huge shaggy beast appears, twice as big as a barrel. For a moment the approaching bear hesitates. Straight at the light he looks. The valiant boy, all unarmed, continues to press on. His lantern bobs up and down. The bear, blinking his eyes, half rises on his haunches, and then, with a swift turn, lumbers off towards the south. So close was the boy to the bear that he could have cut it with a long-lashed whip. The retreating brute was almost instantly lost to ear and eye. When, a few minutes later, young Smith entered the camp, he was as pale as a sheet and drops of cold sweat stood on his forehead.

Why the Chowder Did Not Come to a Boil

The Doctor is a great devotee of fishing and not infrequently during the season he used to bring friends up to his little Pine Bend camp. On one such trip, several summers ago, the campers brought up milk, salt, pepper, butter, onions, pork, and crackers to have a chowder. The trout bit voraciously on the first day, which was dark and misty, with low-hanging clouds. Next morning proved to be of similar character and, if anything, more "open and shut." Well knowing that such fishing days were rare, the men went out again, leaving Mr. Smith to cook a chowder.

Shortly after their departure the guide took the pan of fish down to the brook to clean them. Already over fifty had been cleaned when a strong mouse-like odor permeated the air, and a twig snapped between the

man and the camp. Looking back, Mr. Smith saw a huge black bear, not four rods away, coming towards him down the path from the camp. On came Bruin and presently he rose upon his haunches. The man had no weapon except his jack-knife and the pan of fish. My, but wasn't that black bear a giant! But the guide did not stop to welcome or measure his visitor. He promptly abandoned fish and all and beat a precipitous retreat across the brook. Bruin thankfully accepted the guide's hospitality, and, lowering himself to all fours again, devoured the trout. Then with a grunt of thanks, or satisfaction, he shuffled off.

Not until the shaggy guest was well out of sight did the host abandon his post of observation from which he had been watching the "company manners" of his visitor. At dark, when the fishermen returned to the log cabin, tired and hungry, they found a platter of steaming canned baked beans awaiting them instead of the luscious trout chowder which they had expected. The reason the chowder had not boiled was that the "cook had been entertaining a caller."

How the Deer Helped To Harvest Our Crops

We had been considerably troubled, during the summer of —, by deer coming into our garden and eating the tops off the young vegetables. Every morning we found fresh hoof-prints and could see where the sweet and newly sprouted vegetables had been cropped off close to the ground.

Father and I decided to watch, in four-hour watches,

for the deer through an open window just under our porch roof. As night drew near we made our necessary arrangements and I prepared for bed. At precisely midnight I was aroused and notified (much against my inclination) that my watch was to begin. So far all had been quiet. Wrapping up as warmly as possible, with "Old Jack's" rifle lying across my knee, and with field glasses at my side, I waited and waited and waited. Just as I was beginning to get sleepy I heard a snip, snip, snip, and a sniff or two. It sounded much like a person trimming a tender hedge with a pair of shears. Then followed a ripping and tearing. Then again snip, snip. The stars were out, but a thin layer of fog rested over the intervale and garden. Shivering and intensely excited, I peered into the fog, but although the deer was only fifty feet away (as was shown by his tracks next morning) I couldn't see a thing. It was weird, ghostly; the snip, snipping, now a step or two, now a sniff, and then some more snip, snip. At last I raised the field glasses to my eyes and there before me I saw, not the deer, but the white belly, white neck, and his white flag, nervously swishing and whisking, first this side and then that. I put aside my glasses and leveled the rifle, but it was no use. The phantom had vanished, though I could hear the continued snip, snipping close at hand. At length, abandoning all thought of trying to injure the beautiful creature, I decided to watch his every movement through the glasses. Try as I might, I could not, save in my imagination, make out his entire outline. All I could see was the "white lining of his coat."

This kept up until a rooster, over at the hotel, crowed; and then my wild friend, my guest and companion for half a night, stealthily worked his way towards the road. Suddenly the morning light began to shine through the fog and I was able to see clearly the form of a large buck, with head erect, leisurely sauntering down the road towards the Hill Farm. As soon as the sun came up I went out into the garden and saw where he had tracked up and down several times in each row. He had taken away every young sprout. But I came to the conclusion that if he enjoyed our vegetables as much as he appeared to, he was quite welcome to them, for we couldn't possibly get as much enjoyment out of them as he was getting. He came every night all the rest of the summer, making his appearance between one and two in the morning. And sometimes the hoof-prints would show that a doe and little fawn also had been helping to harvest our crops.

Forest Fires

One thing seems to pursue lumbering operations as closely and as inevitably as a cloud of dust follows a speeding automobile, and that is a forest fire; and a forest fire can cause plenty of destruction and excitement.

The first real forest fire I ever saw, and then only from a distance, was when I was perhaps ten years old. The sky became dirty and mud colored, and so heavily laden with smoke was the air that breathing became somewhat difficult. Next morning the sun was

blood-red and appeared as it does when viewed through smoked glass. With increasing fury the fire raged for days, about fifteen miles north of us. At night there was a pink glow, stretching for miles just over Green's Cliff and Carrigain. Sometimes it would brighten up considerably, then, after a short time, die down to its usual steady glow. This may have been caused by the flames rushing up a strip of white birches, which burn furiously for a short time. The last few days of our vacation, large black cinders, some of them several inches in length, floated over our valley, and we children delighted in chasing and catching some of the lowest ones. Upon the day we left the air was fearfully smoky, the north wind wafting mammoth rolls of smoke across our valley, and it was with some anxiety for our little cottage that we returned to the city. Later we learned of the devastation wrought.

I recall the exciting summer of 1912. On June thirtieth of that year an ugly looking cloud of smoke appeared just the other side of Bartlett Haystack and Tremont. An hour later Chief Povall was running his automobile at breakneck speed, carrying Wardens Howe and Brewster over to Rocky Branch, all three having been summoned. They returned a little after dark and reported the fire well in hand.

Friday noon, July 27, while drawing water for dinner, I noticed a thread of smoke curling up from the notch between Paugus, Hedgehog and Passaconaway. Thinking it to be from a camp-fire, I dismissed it from my mind. After dinner, chancing to look again, I saw a column of white, brown, red, and black smoke

rising, now of ominous size. No camp-fire was it, we knew now! Larger and larger it grew, spreading in all directions. There was a gentle breeze blowing from the northwest, so that we were able to trace its rapid progress unmolested by smoke. Telephone calls flew back and forth, and from the hotel the news came that several of the Passaconaway men were on their way to aid Fred Howe, the Lumber Company's energetic young fire warden. Thinking ourselves not actually needed, but a little uneasy lest the wind should swing around to the south and send the fire roaring through the hackmatacks like an express train in uncomfortable proximity to our house, we thought it best to improve the time. Therefore, armed with bush- and grass-scythes, we cut down and burned all the bushes and grass for some distance around the cottage.

Later in the afternoon several of us walked down to Mrs. Colbath's—the old post office—where we sat on the high bank and looked down the gorge through which the Mast Road passes. A cloud of thick white smoke hovered over the center of the conflagration and large tributary curls could be seen twisting up from dozens of places. Here and there a curl would die out, as if the men had subdued it, but in general those columns seemed to grow larger, thicker and more numerous. Down in that hot valley, the Passaconaway men, only a mere handful, were bravely working. But at the time we knew it not. Considerable relief came to the little group of anxious watchers when the report came from the store that a train full of French Canadians was on its way up from Conway.

Long after the lumberjacks were supposed to arrive the fire continued to spread with alarming rapidity. While all of us were gathered at the hotel in the evening, gazing upon the fascinating sight, an excited voice from the store 'phoned to Chief Povall, saying that all the male citizens of Passaconaway were wanted at the fire at daylight.

At half-past three, in the cold dim light, my father and I arose. After breakfasting on fried ham and coffee, we took rations, canteens and hatchets and set out. Down to the now lonely little Jack Allen camp—for the old guide had been buried only the previous Monday—we tramped. Here we turned sharply southward into the woods, taking the main tote-road. While making this change in our course we noticed that the dense fog had already begun to lift. About half a mile more and it had all disappeared. My, but didn't the morning air smell smoky! Just ahead was a cloud of smoke which hung low and thick in the damp atmosphere. Suddenly we came upon a long rustic table by the roadside, with a "cookee" clearing away and washing some greasy tin dishes. The men had just eaten breakfast.

How smoky everything about us seemed! Directly ahead there was a sharp turn in the rough road. Upon rounding it a scene of devastation unfolded itself before us. The smoldering logs and charred trees even then, when fanned by the wind, glowed and smoked. A gentle gust turned an apparently dead stump into a bed of live coals, from which a tongue of flame shot six feet into the air. We heard a rustling and snapping

almost above us; it was a blazing clump of little poplars, which until now somehow had escaped the flames. Now, however, this isolated little clump, an oasis in the black desert, was roaring and blazing. Crash! Down came some of the outer ones, now some more, and at length the remainder, with undermined and fire-gnawed roots, thundered to the ground, falling almost across the road a few feet ahead. On all sides were hundreds of charred upright shafts, the remains of formerly valuable trees, while prostrate on the ashy turf were many hundreds more, smoldering and smoking. Many had been felled to keep the fire from the tree tops but many more had fallen victim to the carelessness of campers. Here and there a fallen trunk was roaring furiously, as the wind drew through its hollow shell, and a tongue of flame might be seen blazing out from its leeward end. The hollow inside was a mass of flame and as hot as a blast furnace.

A rattling and clanking announced the approach of the fire-fighters. Standing majestically in the center of the ruin, upon a little eminence ahead, was Mr. Schoppe, the superintendent of the camps, a noted fire-fighter. Just over the brow of this ridge he pointed out to us a long line of "Frenchmen," each armed with a shovel, advancing in a stooping posture. They were digging a trench around the inside of the ring of fire, one having already been dug around the outside. These trenches were as wide as the width of a shovel, and a few inches deep. Gradually the workmen approached us, leaving a fresh trench in their wake, as a spider spins his thread. The first man in the line broke the

turf, the second loosened it, the third shoveled it off, and the succeeding ones each threw out a small shovel-ful at every step they took. By this method a trench was dug in a remarkably short time.

As the fire was well under control our services were not needed, but we were extremely interested in studying the situation. On the extreme left, several smoky-faced boulders and a musical gurgling at their base announced a brook. Between the black boulders and ashy dirt ran a little "smutty-faced" rill, bearing ashes, black twigs and soaked cinders. Down by this brook we found the only Passaconaway man, the others having wearily trudged home as soon as the Frenchmen arrived—Fred Howe, who had just returned from a couple of hours' sleep. He was directing a gang of men with buckets of water. They were dashing it on a spot where the fire had crossed the trench. Others were returning from different quarters to be directed to blazing stumps or logs after re-filling their pails.

Lumberjacks kept arriving all the time; evidently all the camps had been ordered to send their men here on foot. I should judge that before we left there were nearly two hundred. After thoroughly exploring the battlefield from end to end, we retraced our steps and arrived home before noon.

The fire, although it was now only a turf-fire, was not completely extinguished until a week later, when a hard shower thoroughly drenched out the last smouldering spark. It seems that the night before the fire broke out, two young Princeton University lads had left our valley and passed over this trail. It is thought

that their imperfectly extinguished camp-fire probably was the cause of the conflagration.

On Saturday, August 16, 1913, a cloud of smoke rising from the western side of Kancamagus completely blotted out that mountain. Later, the papers stated that a fire over in North Woodstock, on the opposite side of Kancamagus from us, had raged through the heart of that town.

Last summer, just before we arrived, the northern side of Bald and the eastern end of Paugus were swept by flames. We were told that this was very beautiful to look at, but it cost the little town several thousand dollars before it was extinguished, and raised the tax-rate noticeably. Although blueberry bushes usually spring up where a forest-fire has raged, the cultivation of blueberries by starting forest-fires would be about as economical as burning down one's house to roast one's dinner, as in Charles Lamb's famous "Dissertation Upon Roast Pig."

The Siege of Wolves

Let me close this chapter of adventures with an account of the famous siege of wolves which took place in 1830. Although the battle took place in Tamworth, nevertheless it was from our mountains that the wolves descended upon that town, and to our mountain fastnesses the surviving wolves retreated after the battle.

All this region, during the first third of the nineteenth century, abounded in moose, deer, bears, wolves,

and perhaps panthers. On the evening of Nov. 14 couriers rode furiously through Tamworth and the surrounding towns, proclaiming that "countless numbers" of wolves had come down from the Sandwich Range mountains and had established themselves in the woods on Marston Hill. All able-bodied males, from ten years old to eighty, were therefore summoned to report at Marston Hill by daylight on the following morning.

Marston Hill was crowned by about twenty acres of woods, entirely surrounded by cleared land. Sentinels were posted around the hill and numerous fires were lighted to prevent the wolves from effecting a return to the mountains. All through the night a continuous and hideous howling was kept up by the besieged wolves and answering howls came from the slopes of the great mountains. The shivering besiegers were regaled with food and hot coffee furnished by the women of the country-side throughout their long lonely watch.

All night long reinforcements kept arriving. By daylight there were six hundred men and boys on the scene, armed with rifles, shotguns, pitchforks and clubs. A council of war was held and a plan of campaign agreed upon. General Quimby, of Sandwich, a war-seasoned veteran, was made commander-in-chief. The general immediately detailed a thin line of sharpshooters to surround the hill, while the main body formed a strong line ten paces in the rear of the skirmishers. The sharpshooters then were commanded to advance towards the center, that is, towards the top of the hill.

The firing began. The reports of the rifles and the unearthly howling of wolves made the welkin ring. The beleaguered animals, frenzied by the ring of flame and noise, and perhaps by wounds, made repeated attempts to break through "the thin red line," but all in vain. They were driven back into the woods, where they unceasingly continued running, making it difficult for the marksmen to hit them. In about an hour the order was given for the main line to advance, which was done.

Closing in on the center, the circular battle-line at last massed itself in a solid body on the hilltop, where, for the first time in sixteen hours, the troops raised their voices above a whisper, bursting out into wild hurrahs of victory. Joseph Gilman records that few of the besieged wolves escaped. But the historian of Carroll County maintains that the greater part of the frantic animals broke through the line of battle and escaped to the mountains whence they had come. Returning to the great rock on which the commander-in-chief had established headquarters, the victorious warriors laid their trophies at the feet of their leader—four immense wolves—and once more gave thrice three thundering cheers.

The little army then formed column, with the general, in a barouche, at its head. In the barouche also reposed the bodies of the slain wolves. After a rapid march of thirty-five minutes, the triumphant volunteers entered the village and formed a hollow square in front of the hotel, the general, mounted on the top of his barouche, being in the center of the square.

What a cheering and waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies, in windows and on balconies, there was! General Quimby then made a speech befitting the occasion, after which the thirsty soldiers stampeded to the bar to assuage the awful thirst engendered by twenty mortal hours of abstinence and warfare.³

³ See Joseph Gilman's article in the *Boston Transcript* in the early eighteen-thirties; Granite State Magazine, vol. IV, 160-3; Merrill: Hist. of Carroll County, 735; Osgood: White Mts., 346; etc.

CHAPTER XV

OLD JACK, GUIDE AND TRAPPER OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

ONE moonlight night in late October some weary hunters are trudging up the road, near the foot of the Chocorua Trail. The air is sharp, the breeze penetrating, and the steepled firs stand out in inky blackness against the sky, while the great silver moon causes the frosty road to sparkle. To-morrow they will be in the Promised Land of hunters, and, perhaps, by another night they already will have brought down a deer. The thought of it somewhat revives their spirits in spite of cold, hunger, and fatigue.

A moonlit clearing opens before them, and the pale rays, falling aslant the few deserted buildings, gives the little cluster of houses a ghostly appearance. But on the right, in the French-roofed house, they will find a boon companion. Here they will spend the hours till dawn, in warmth and comfort.

Upon the front door one of the hunters raps loud and long. But not a stir within. The old man is a sound sleeper and hard of hearing. He is at home, however, because a thin curl of smoke lazily ascends from the chimney. In desperation one of the youths mounts the porch roof, and, with the handle of his

belt-ax, beats a sharp tattoo on the wall. This performance is kept up for at least fifteen minutes until, after a series of unusually lusty blows, a voice from within calls: "Here! Here! Boys! Don't make so much noise. I heard you the first time."

The veteran guide always makes it a point to exact from others due respect for his age and white hair, so on this occasion he takes his time about getting up and unlocking the door. "Squeak," goes the bolt, and the hardy old guide welcomes the hunters. Cordially he bids them "set close to the stove." Birch bark is stuffed in among the embers and soon the stove takes on a decidedly pinkish hue, while the venerable host places the coffee-pot on the stove and stows away the baggage of his uninvited guests.

Soon the room glows with warmth and the now jovial boys are waiting with whetted appetites for the goodies which Jack Allen is cooking for them. The hungry trampers fall to, and Old Jack is kept busy re-filling two spiders again and again, while he cheerily calls out from time to time, "Eat all you want, boys, there's plenty more"; which invitation does not go unheeded. At length he cannot force any more food upon them. Tilting back their chairs, the guests tell the veteran hunter of their proposed trip and he reciprocates by reeling off a score of yarns concerning bears and other wild animals. Then "good night" for a few hours' sleep. Light streaks presently appear in the east and the sky begins to display a ruddy glow. Soon Old Sol creeps over the rocky domes of the mountains. If they wish to camp at a certain place the next

night the boys must start. Shouldering their packs, they thank their host and wend their way up the road.

A surprise is in store for the trappers, however, for they have not gone more than a mile up the road when one, by chance, feeling in his haversack, finds it nearly empty. Examination reveals that of the three dozen eggs with which they started, only six remain. By counting up the number each has eaten, it is found that Old Jack, who so hospitably urged them to eat heartily, has served them their own rations.

Such was Jack Allen—a bluff, hearty, jovial, fun-loving old man. In stature he was somewhat above medium height, square-shouldered and of powerful frame. His most striking feature was his flashing eye, coal-black, piercing and at times blazing with his fiery spirit; none but an unusual person could possess such an eye. When narrating his war experiences or reminiscences of the trail, his eyes would flash and dance as if he were fighting his battles over again. “Mentally, morally, and physically, he was the embodiment of rugged strength, yet he had a warm heart and generous impulses which endeared him to his friends. Not only was he admired and respected, but deeply loved.”¹ Jack possessed a keen sense of humor and a fertile imagination which, coupled with a willingness to tell stories and a forceful way of relating them, made him an interesting companion.

Our hero, whose real name was not Jack, but James, first saw daylight in Sebec, Maine, in 1835. He served

¹ North Conway Reporter, August 1, 1912, written by C. E. Beals.

during the Civil War, followed the sea for over eight years, and, during the last forty years of his life, cast in his lot with the dwellers in the Albany Intervale. For several years he lived a hermit life on Bear Mountain. He looked after George B. James' timber lands and served Mr. James' successor in a similar capacity. During the last few years of his life he was in the employ of A. C. Kennett, who generously provided a nominal and congenial position for the old man.

The foregoing is but the bare outline of a varied and strenuous career, which I shall endeavor to unfold by narrating in detail a few of its principal events. These incidents are almost without exception taken from the lips of the guide himself. In order that the other chapters of this book may be taken seriously, I must waive all responsibility for the truthfulness of these tales, but residents of the valley and other acquaintances of the old man can testify that these things are set down much as the veteran guide himself narrated them.

"Curly Jack"—as he was called in his younger days—grew up to be a youth of powerful physique, widely famed for his strength and endurance; he became an ardent lover of boxing, wrestling, and other red-blooded recreations of the farm and lumber-camp. Often he modestly testified: "When I was young, I was considered the stoutest and best-looking man that ever stepped into the State of Maine."

His first really exciting experience came when, as a lad in his teens, he went to a county fair in New Hampshire. These fairs have been described in song

and story. All the people for forty miles around turn out on these holiday occasions. Such an one was this. Here and there a lad, or a group of boys, would be performing feats of strength before admiring lassies. Curly Jack was wending his way in and out among the chattering groups when a boastful voice fell upon his ear. Its owner was a young giant, looming up well over six feet, who was narrating his accomplishments to a bevy of beaming girls. Young Allen thought he would take a reef in the sails of this Iago. Stepping up to the giant, he requested him to confine his conversation to the acre on which he stood and not, with his sonorous voice, disturb people in the neighboring fields. Little heed did the tall one pay to this unasked-for advice. Twice more the huge man was addressed, but the massive human mountain noted not young Allen's words. Considerably irritated, Jack thereupon poked him in the ribs and in no uncertain tones requested him to "Shut up!" but the big boy rattled on "all the smarter." "I hit him acrost the head hard enough to knock down a seven-foot ox," said Curly Jack, in telling the story, "and it never even jarred him. Looking on me as on a toad, he said, 'Young man, if you'd hurt me I'd have cuffed your ears.'" The baffled youngster slunk away, and ever after told this only in tones of the greatest respect for his pacific opponent.

Many of the young men of northern New England and the Provinces go into lumber-camps during the winter. Numerous were Jack's stories of logging on the River Saint John, two of which I will recount.

While many of the stories of his experiences seem quite improbable, others equally so are known to be true. Hence, in the following yarns there may perhaps be a grain of truth in a bushel of fiction.

One winter the lumbermen moved into a new camp, leaving many of their spare tools at the old one. The cabin was steaming hot, but outside the wind whistled and roared, and the mercury was steadily falling. Supper over, the boys were lounging around when the door opened and the boss stepped in. "Boys," said he, "we've got to use them big chains to-morrow, so one or two of you must go fetch them." The camp was eight miles below and wolves had been in evidence recently. The lumberjacks, however, did not volunteer all at once; on the contrary, silence reigned supreme! Then up jumped Curly Jack, who, with skates in hand and clad in sheep-skin coat, departed. A thankful sigh of relief rippled around the room.

The keen wind cut the skater's bronzed face like a knife. His powerful strokes soon carried him to the center of the moonlit ice sheet. At times, however, an ugly wind-cloud concealed the goddess of night, making Jack's progress more difficult. Bend after bend in the river rolled by. At times a promontory of fir and spruce would shelter him; at others the wind, sweeping for a mile across the ice sheet, would beat against his breast, holding him back. Onward he plowed and at length the spooky outlines of the moonlit camps were seen. Arriving at his destination, the young lumberman sat down to rest a moment before starting on the return trip. Going back, he would

have the wind at his back to help push him.

He found the chains, which weighed fifty pounds each, and returned to the ice, where, with benumbed fingers, he put on his skates again. Shouldering his half dozen chains (of course a load of three hundred pounds was a mere nothing to a Hercules like Curly Jack), he struck out for home. Not more than two miles had been reeled off when a sound like the voice of a distant demon was heard above the clinking and crunch of his speeding skate-runners. Again, but more distinctly now, the sound fell upon his muffled ears. This time he clearly recognized it as the howling of wolves. Glancing over his shoulder, Jack saw his hungry pursuers about a mile behind him. At this particular point the river was exceedingly wide, and as far back as he could see the ice was black with a tossing, heaving, on-rushing wolf-pack.

It was a sight to make an ordinary man's blood run cold. Not so with Curly Jack, however. Pulling his cap down tighter and clutching his chains with a vise-like grip, he simply "lengthened his throw" and flew on the faster. Now and then dismal howls were wafted down the wind to his ears, but he only skated the faster, until, with a final burst of speed, he skated up to the camp and, without stopping to remove his skates, plunged through the welcome door.

Ever an ardent lover of quiet and solitude—considering himself about the best company to be had—Jack erected a little hut on the bank of the River Saint John and spent a winter here in preference to living in the lumber-camp. One night, while enjoying the

congenial society of his corn-cob and the red-hot stove, a wolf howl suddenly broke in upon his reveries. Again the howl was repeated; now two, three, and presently a score of tawny, white-fanged wolves had congregated outside his tiny cabin. The tall forests echoed and re-echoed with weird howls. Presently a scratching was heard, and Jack looked towards the sound only to see fall to the floor a strip of dried clay which had been chinked in between two logs. A dark nose was seen, next a pair of flashing eyes appeared and finally a cruel muzzle was thrust into the breech and then withdrawn. The awful howls outside increased until they were deafening and blood-curdling. Peering out through his tiny window, Jack saw—as it appeared to him—the ground literally covered with great timber wolves.

Again a muzzle was thrust into the aperture, up to the eyes, and again it was withdrawn. Snatching up his hatchet, Jack concealed himself close by the narrow rift. Not long had he to wait before a tawny nose was thrust through, whereupon down went the hatchet! With a snarl of pain the wolf ran off. Jack repeated this performance again and again during the exciting hours of the long winter night. When the sun rose not a wolf was in sight. Snatching up a bushel-basket, the intrepid hermit filled and emptied it into the river twice before the floor was cleared of severed noses!

There is just one more episode in his Maine career which I must mention. While in a lumber-camp a dispute arose in which the young Yankee found himself confronted by the entire camp crew. Hot words were exchanged. Perceiving the impending strife, Jack

stepped to the center of the room, crying, "Come on, boys, two or three of you at a time; I won't fight the whole camp at once!" The fiery youth gained his victory by such tactics, for no matter how angry his opponents might be, there were not any two or even three French Canadians who dared to commence the fray. There stood Curly Jack, the defiant conqueror of the whole camp.

During the Civil War the name of "James Allen, Color Sergeant," is said to have appeared on the muster-roll of a regiment of Maine Volunteers. It was that of our friend, Curly Jack, now about twenty-six years old. According to his own modest admission, he never failed to take the most daring risk and was always in the thickest of the fight. Like many another old soldier, Jack could have won the war single-handed had he been allowed his way, for he was a tireless, fearless fighter and a marksman of deadly accuracy.

His regiment was present at the First Battle of Bull Run. Jack fought unflinchingly until the retreat began, when, having won his laurels as a fighter, he next proceeded to win his laurels as a sprinter. For miles he jogged along beside his Colonel, who was on horseback, literally keeping up a running conversation, until at last, finding the pace too slow, he speeded up and left the horse far behind. The aged guide's eyes would twinkle and flash when he related how the "Colonel often complimented me on beating his horse back to Washington."

Then, too, he loved to tell of being at Gettysburg.

But here his duties as color sergeant greatly handicapped him; had his superiors given him a rifle in place of a puny revolver the battle never would have lasted three whole days. "I was considered one of the first five shots in the Union Army," was his own blushing confession.

At the Battle of the Wilderness, amid falling trees, blazing brush, and amidst unthinkable sufferings, the doughty color sergeant fought day after day. Well do I recall hearing the old guide, only a few weeks before his death, describe the falling of burning trees on friend and foe, and of his seeing "Johnny Rebs" drop at the "bark" of his revolver. On the third day, amid clouds of smoke, a body of Confederate cavalry attacked the piece of woods which his shattered regiment was defending. Down upon the thinned ranks the Southern horsemen charged. One of the cavalrymen made a vicious downward cut at the Union standard bearer. Instinctively Sergeant Allen put up the flag-staff to ward off the blow. The saber descended and sank deep into the wood. It is said that this gashed flag-staff and its tattered flag may be seen at the State House in Augusta. But it was not the wood alone which was gashed. The hand holding it was all but severed, and for the rest of his life Jack carried a mangled, scarred hand as a souvenir of this army experience, and as he lay in his casket the poor, crooked hand, resting upon the silent breast, bore mute yet eloquent testimony to a patriot's loyalty. Jack's original regiment was practically cut to pieces during the war, and the battle-scarred veteran was trans-

ferred to another regiment. Besides the battles already mentioned, he used to tell of taking part in several other important engagements.

After the war he sailed from Boston and followed the sea for some eight years. Practically nothing is known of this part of his career and he seldom alluded to it.

Many years after the war, some members of a prominent gun-club used to engage Jack during the hunting-seasons. Just before the opening of a certain season, some of the members wrote to the old guide offering him a modern automatic rifle if he would make good his claims of marksmanship, which he had often made. After reading the letter, he took his "old bone-breaker" from its pegs, and paced off across the field opposite his house an even quarter of a mile. Here he found a stump. Standing a few feet off, and taking careful aim, he fired. Chips flew from the stump. A carpenter with a rule could not have found the center more accurately than did Old Jack's bullet.

That evening the city men arrived. Strapped to one of the suitcases was a new, high-power repeating rifle. The gunners did not arrive until dusk, so there was no time to win the prize that night. But promptly after breakfast next morning their spokesman, holding up the rifle before Allen's admiring eyes, said: "Prove to us your claim of being one of the best shots in the Union Army and this is yours." Old Jack examined the mechanism a minute, then threw a cartridge into the breech. Standing in his doorway, he indicated his intended mark, brought the rifle to his shoulder, and,

taking no aim at all, fired, exclaiming, "Guess I hit it!" He led the men to the stump and there, sure enough, was the bullet-hole. The hunters promptly turned over to him the handsome weapon which, although he seldom used it, he prized highly.

Time and again when asked why he preferred to hunt with his old gun he replied: "Why should a man hunt squirrels with a cannon or a Gatling-gun?" He was not very enthusiastic over modern rifles, thinking them too powerful or too complex for ordinary use. One day a youth asked Old Jack's opinion concerning a rifle the former had just purchased. Old Jack replied: "It might be all right for some, but I shouldn't like it."

About 1873 Allen came into our valley. From a humble driver of oxen, he gradually evolved into "the Guide and Trapper of the White Mountains," to use his own words. After a lonely existence for several years on the slopes of Bear Mountain, he yearned for the companionship of his fellow-men. He became the very life of the community and never was contented unless starting some joke.

He was a "jack-of-all-trades" and good at all. Hunting, fishing and lumbering were his chief occupations, but anything he turned his hand to he could do skilfully. Summers, he helped with the haying and looked after his garden; winters, he trapped, hunted and cut ice. Each season he filled every spare cubic inch of his cabin with wood before getting snowed in.

One summer, during haying-time, he was helping a farmer, Deacon Annis. Mr. Annis was a devout

Christian, while Old Jack, I am sorry to say, occasionally lapsed into profanity. The farm-hands sat down with the family to breakfast. The deacon closed his eyes and, with bowed head, started to pray. Allen's eyes wandered about until they rested on some object out of doors. On and on prayed Mr. Annis, until suddenly the impatient voice of Old Jack irreverently interrupted: "For God's sake, Joe, cut it short; the cows are in your garden!" Whereupon the pious farmer remarked: "Oh, Jack, you are an awful man, amen!" Then all rushed out to drive off the cattle.

Possessing a keen sense of humor, nevertheless he had his troubles and they were as tragical to him as ours are to us, and perhaps more so. Most of the time, devoid of money, he was forced to go hunting for a living. So long as he had ammunition he worried little. The guide seemed to have been born a hunter, as some are born soldiers, sailors, etc. Often, starting for the woods, he would say: "I guess I'll go out and get a piece of meat." The wilderness was his market where food was to be bought with a charge of powder. It sorely tried him even to think of being deprived of venison the greater part of the year by "game laws." I suspect, however, that, much as he fretted about it, the paper law was not an effectual barrier and could not prevent the deer from jumping into his fry-pan. He regarded game-wardens with intense loathing.

While scouring the woods one day in search of game, he chanced upon a warden. Recognizing the buckskin-clad hunter, the warden demanded his hunting-license.

Jack's eyes shot fire as he roared out: "My license is in my gun barrel!" Mr. Warden made a precipitous exit.

One cold morning a man walked into the guide's cabin and sat down. Old Jack had built a fire in the fireplace. The guest explained that he was a trampler from the other side of the mountain (Paugus) who wanted to rest and get warm before proceeding further. As noon approached, Old Jack invited his guest to "have a bite before setting out." When the guest hesitated, Jack intimated that he intended to serve venison. Upon this, the stranger accepted the invitation. The simple meal at an end, the unknown unbuttoned his coat and there shone a warden's badge. Allen was informed that he was under arrest. Old Jack stubbornly maintained, however, that the warden could not prove who had shot the deer and therefore refused to consider himself under arrest. On the other hand, the warden, a small man, pointed out that the possession of venison in closed season was sufficient evidence. Jack could stand it no longer. Picking up the warden bodily, he deposited his ungrateful guest none too gently in the fireplace. Nor did he heed the latter's cries for mercy until the promise had been extracted that the warden would neither report nor trouble him again.

A man with a gun one afternoon knocked at Jack's door. The old guide welcomed the stranger heartily and insisted that he should stay to supper. At the table the host apologized for not serving fresh meat, but promised his guest that, if he would remain over

night, he should have venison for breakfast. The innocent-looking hunter, who was in reality a game warden, accepted, inwardly rejoicing over an opportunity to secure so easily incriminating evidence. In the gray dusk of early morn two fine deer came into the yard. "You take that one and I'll take the other," whispered Old Jack. "All ready,—fire!" Jack brought down his animal, but the guest did not shoot. For the first time suspecting the real character of his visitor, the irate veteran leveled his repeating rifle at the latter, roaring, "Shoot, or I will!" The warden fired into the mist, and though not intending to kill the deer, was so frightened that he actually shot it. Needless to say there was no arrest made in this case.

One warden was a real bugbear to him. Try as he might, he could not seem to shake off this pest. Whenever or wherever he went, this officious official seemed to know of it. Desperation drove Old Jack to borrow a bear-trap from a neighbor. Finding out the warden's daily route, he set his trap accordingly, placing it in the youngster's path. Next morning Mr. Warden experienced the pleasure of feeling two huge jaws close upon his shins. Fortunately for the victim, Old Jack had padded the teeth so that the jaws, although holding the victim in a viselike grip, did not penetrate the flesh. That the youth might have plenty of time to think, the guide waited until almost dark before visiting the trap. When he did arrive, he found that his ruse had worked. The victim was pale and penitent. On seeing the other's plight, Old Jack exclaimed: "I set that trap for a bear and caught a

darned skunk!" Then he helped the lad home. The warden was a changed man; he realized that promotion gained by jailing a white-haired old man was likely to prove a pretty expensive promotion. Jack was not again molested by this fellow, who shortly after resigned.

For all Old Jack delighted in drawing the long bow concerning his hunting trips, he was in reality one of the best hunters in the state. Not until age began to prey upon him was his table devoid of game. He seemed to be more fortunate than anybody else. For days at a time he would be the only member of a party to bring in game. Game seemed to run right within his range. Yet he never wasted a particle, or killed simply for the fun of killing.

Of his first day's hunting-trip in the Albany Valley he used to tell thus: The river was high and several times he was forced to ford it. While effecting one of these crossings with his game—three partridges, six squirrels, a quail, a coon, four rabbits and a fox—a flock of geese flew over. Firing, he was gladdened by the sight of four tumbling into the river. These he secured. But just then the trout were running plentifully and they filled his trousers so full that, upon reaching the shallow water, a button flew off and killed a mink. By tying the trousers tightly around his ankles he was able to carry the trout home, so that with the game that he had shot he could live like a prince for many a day.

Once when returning from an unsuccessful hunt on Paugus, Old Jack discovered a deer following on the

same path. He went on down the trail, towards home, and the unsuspecting deer kept on following. This performance continued until the road in front of the guide's house was reached. Concealing himself, he awaited the advent of his prey. Haughtily the buck came on and then Old Jack fired. "I guess the deer had a fit!" he was wont to exclaim at this juncture of the story. The hunter had only to drag the carcass a few remaining rods to his shed. He always did believe in conserving his energies, in making his head save his heels!

For a time the buildings on the Hill Farm were unoccupied. This farm, between the former Passaconaway House and Mr. Kennett's bungalow, is so situated that from the guide's kitchen the east and west windows of the farmhouse are in one or two cases in direct line. While eating breakfast one morning, Old Jack saw a reddish-brown animal pass the window on the farther side of the house. Then it was gone. Jack took "Old Bone-breaker" and, sitting in the open door, waited; it seemed ages, but by and by an animal's body came into his zone of vision. Drawing bead carefully, he blazed away. When the smoke had cleared, both windows were seen to be shattered, but no animal was anywhere to be seen. The quarter mile between the two houses flew under Old Jack's racing feet. There by the Hill House lay the deer kicking in its death-throes and Old Jack speedily put it out of misery.

There was at the lumber store, so a story runs, a long-barreled gun which the veteran longed to pos-

sess. Although the price was moderate, it might just as well have been in the thousands. One wintry morning, while caressing this gun—which he feared he probably never would possess—a deer came into sight, bounding about in the light snow, a long distance from the rear of the store. Allen at once struck a bargain with the clerk, offering the bounding deer in exchange for the gun. The offer was accepted. The old hunter stepped to the back platform and fired. Noon saw him carrying the long-desired firearm home.

Old Jack was very pronounced in his likes and dislikes and would persist in using one gun, one ax, or one fish-pole, and never use others even when he had them. I am now the proud possessor of his favorite fish-pole, with its home-made reel. This was presented to me by his son after the old guide's death. His pet rifle was "Old Bone-breaker," which he claimed never failed to kill. But as he got older he could not carry this heavy firearm, which shot a half-inch ball, so he became attached to a smaller rifle. This, his 30-30 Winchester, is the one he holds in the picture. He loved this rifle like an old friend and would not have traded it for a life of luxury and ease. Then, too, it was a rifle with a record to be proud of. Old Jack claimed that it had slain sixty-six deer and over twenty bears—which, in consideration of the game he shot in the course of a season, was not impossible. No wonder he cherished such a rifle!

One spring Jack and his son were fishing through the somewhat rotten ice on Church's Pond. The beloved rifle was lying beside them. Suddenly the ice

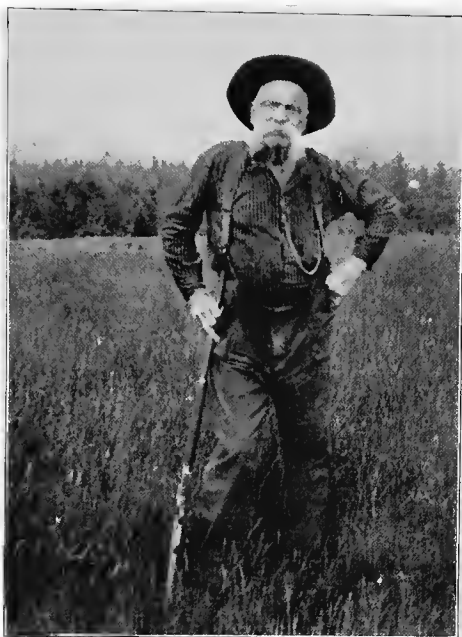


Photo by Mr. Hunt

OLD JACK, GUIDE AND TRAPPER

gave way, and the fishermen found themselves splashing about in the pond. The rifle had sunk immediately. Old Jack was nearly disconsolate, but he stuck a pole into the mud near the place where his trusty gun had disappeared. Just as soon as the pond was free from ice, Jack poled the raft out to this buoy. Repeatedly he grappled for the rifle and at length succeeded in rescuing his precious weapon from its muddy bed. He bore it home in triumph and tenderly nursed and oiled it, day by day, until its natural complexion had returned. Apparently "Old Trusty" was none the worse for its long cold bath, and Old Jack would use no other as long as he lived.

His son tells how he and his father discovered the tracks of a huge bear under the brow of Green's Cliff. All day they followed the trail. At nightfall they camped on Bear Mountain. The second day the bear led them a long chase along the sides of Paugus, Hedgehog, Potash and Tripyramid. Night saw them sleeping high up on the slopes of Tripyramid, beside some fresh tracks. At daybreak they set out again. Following a tiny brook-bed, they found tracks exceedingly fresh. Under the very summit the aged father's keen eyes spied a shaggy animal close to a huge boulder. His beloved Winchester clicked, and the bear, shot behind the ear, dropped dead. This rifle is now the property of the author's father, having been bought by him after the old guide's death.

While Old Jack was helping cut the hotel's supply of ice, a cake of unusual size was reached. Two of the younger men could not budge it. The powerful

Allen braced himself, and in all seriousness addressed the others thus: "You three men take that side and I'll take this."

One of Allen's keenest delights was to guide parties, especially schoolma'ams. He was not only handsomely rewarded, but loved to play the hero in their eyes. Many a time he marched up the road with a dozen or so flocking about him, listening breathlessly to his stories of hand-to-hand victories over blood-thirsty beasts. If game or excitement were lacking, he would manage to "start something." His subtle sense of humor never permitted a minute to go to waste. He would either scare his party half to death or play some practical joke which never failed to produce a laugh.

Some "city folks," having vainly searched the woods for the sight of a deer, stopped before the guide's house and inquired of him if there were any deer in that part of the state. "Deer!" roared Old Jack. "There goes one now!" Instinctively they faced about to look in the direction indicated by his finger, but in vain. "His tail disappeared behind that brushy pine just as you turned round," explained the guide.

Upon receiving news that some youngsters were coming up to camp with him, the aged guide went out in search of game. But for once he was forced to return empty-handed. In due season the young chaps were deposited at his door by the stage-driver. The lads' mouths were watering for a game dinner. Horrors! What sort of a guide would this old man be if he could offer no game? Bringing in three steaming plat-

ters, he exclaimed: "Now, boys, we have here three kinds of meat, venison, bear, and salt pork; take either one or all three, and don't be afraid to eat hearty." But no matter from which platter the unsuspecting lads helped themselves, in reality they partook of the meat which, under Jewish law, is forbidden food, for the meat was all salt pork, cooked in three of the many different ways in which the old guide knew how to serve it. The city fellows never suspected the deceit.

A party which was going up to camp on Owl Cliff had an exceptionally large amount of baggage, and Old Jack, as guide, was supposed to carry it all. It does seem as though some people hire a guide in place of a truck-horse! Weighted down with a crushing load and with dozens of things dangling from pack, belt, rifle and climbing-stick, the aged guide had to pick his way carefully and for once lagged behind his party. To hurry him up, a fresh little snob playfully struck him a resounding crack across the legs with a switch. As quick as lightning the luggage was on the ground, and, with flashing eyes, the patriarch refused to proceed another step. After the lad had apologized and the incensed guide had cooled off somewhat, he was prevailed upon to continue. But he did not forget the episode and stored up his revenge until a more opportune time.

When darkness closed in upon their cozy little camp that evening the wind tossed the frosty trees and they snapped and cracked. The youngsters, unaccustomed to this life, became uneasy. They huddled close around the fire and Old Jack added to their nervous-

ness by rehearsing some terrible adventures. Ever and anon he gazed out into the darkness, and, listening until the wind snapped the trees again, would remark in a hoarse whisper: "Bears coming up through the woods, boys." Whereupon he would commence another thriller. Having drawn them close to the glowing embers, Old Jack suggested that, before turning in, they should enjoy some roasted eggs. None of them had ever eaten any roasted eggs, but all enthusiastically ratified the guide's proposal. The old joker raked out some red-hot coals and, placing a dozen eggs in the hottest part, covered them over. Then, as if seeking something in the tent, he left the group. No sooner had the folds of the tent-door closed behind him than, "Bang! bang! pop, pop, pop, pop!" went the eggs, while an ash-covered sticky substance flew in all directions, plastering the boys completely. A chuckle of smothered laughter came from the tent. Old Jack was having his revenge. There was not a man in the town who was the guide's equal in playing tricks.

During his life in our valley he resided on Bear Mountain, in the French-roofed house at the foot of the Great Intervale, in the Carrigain House where he took boarders, in the cottage near Kennett's bungalow, and one winter (1911-1912) in the little Post Office building opposite the hotel.

Once when game was scarce Old Jack had hard work to live up to his reputation of being the "guide and trapper of the White Mountains," which he felt implied that he must get more game than anybody else.

He trapped a mink, however, and mink are now rare in our valley. This little creature he "carried about in his overalls pocket until the hair wore off" (so the natives claim). Each morning he would hail passers-by, and, pulling the mink out of his pocket, he would exclaim, "I've got a mink this morning."

Deep in the recesses of one of his pockets an old-fashioned silver watch used to nestle. This was almost as large as a coffee cup. He prized this ancient time-piece and, although it was not what one might truthfully call an expensive chronometer, he often produced it and read the time, especially in the presence of admiring strangers. He came into possession of this watch when he was a stripling in Maine. A few days later he was invited to a New England harvest celebration, with cider and nuts among the attractions. Nuts were passed around uncracked, and tools were then furnished with which to crack them. Jack was near the end of the line, and the supply of tools had long since given out before reaching him, so he was left to his own resources. Pulling out the watch, he cracked his nuts with it to the tune of "Ping! Ping! Ping!" (as he used to express it).

One of Jack's pronounced characteristics was his frankness. He has often been heard to say to his guests, if he considered that they were staying too late, "Well, good-by, boys; come in again soon." With that he would open the door and start to light their way out; even before they had made the slightest move to leave. He also would allow no trifling with him. While bending over a campfire, a friend,

who suddenly and quietly had come up, greeted him with a sound spank on what Dr. Talmage used to call "the God-ordained spot," and a hearty "Good-morning, Mr. Allen!" Like a flash his fist flew past M——'s face, missing it by a hair. "I never allow anybody to lay a hand on me," Old Jack snapped out to his companion, who was an old acquaintance and whom he would not have hurt for the world. He would stand no fooling.

He was one of the "tallest" story-tellers that ever lived, but no matter how apocryphal his tales, no one cared or dared to smile or in any way display a doubt while in his presence as to the truth of these yarns.

While cutting ice, a would-be joker said: "Say, Mr. Allen, what are you putting the ice in there now for, when it is so long to summer? Ain't you afraid it will get wormy?" A knowing smile spread over his venerable face as the patriarch replied: "Wormy! no, sonny, mountain ice doesn't get wormy!"

One time, however, a neighbor got the better of him. While P—— was plastering some cement in a mold at the base of a beam which supported the barn floor, Old Jack's shadow darkened the doorway. "Good-morning, Mr. P——. What are you doing with the mud?" "This isn't mud, Jack; it's cement," replied the worker. "Well, to common folks mud and cement appear to look a pile alike. Do you expect that mud to hold up your barn floor?" Here the younger man had him, so he replied: "Mr. Allen, if you will bring your sledge-hammer down here in a week I will give you leave to knock my cement down

and erect a support to your liking." A week later, almost to the hour, saw Jack triumphantly marching down towards the hotel with his hammer. Try as he might, however, his resounding blows made not the slightest impression, and at length, breathing heavily, he stopped to gaze upon the crackless "mud" in amazement.

A few years before his death Old Jack was taken for his first automobile ride. Before he came into sight we could hear the wildest hooting and screaming. When, going at furious speed, the auto spun into sight, there was Curly Jack standing upright, tightly clutching the rod across the back of the front seat, with his long white locks standing out horizontally and his ruddy cheeks aglow. Passing us, with howls of glee, his eyes sparkled and he jovially waved his broad-brimmed hat. He was having the time of his life. "I felt as if I was shot out of a cannon through a Christmas tree," was his terse description of the mad dash along the tree-fringed road. He could not be induced ever to take another ride, however. "Enough is enough," was his watch-word.

One of the crowning adventures of his life was when he left his mountain hut for a visit to his son in Dover and to Boston from which he once had sailed. Very late in life this trip was taken, and many of his tales from that time on were concerning the unbearable features of city life. He never tired of depicting the horrors of civilization. A mill-owner took Mr. Allen through his plant and after that the guide was disgusted with city life. "Why, the girls'

faces in that mill were as white as a sheet." He was irritated by the harsh noises, could not sleep nights, and experienced a stifling sensation, as if not getting enough pure air; in short, he was thoroughly uncomfortable.

For forty years Old Jack—"The Guide and Trapper of the White Mountains"—had not been in a city, so his son took him to Boston. All was so different that the modern Rip Van Winkle was sadly disappointed. The old streets and buildings were not there, and he could not go down a street without being bumped into or trampled on—streets which in his youth he might walk down with elbows extended and encounter no jostling. Often he remarked: "I don't see what they all do there or where they stay." He experienced one ray of pleasure, however, when he saw a "blue-coat nip a buzz-car" (auto) because it did not wait for the pedestrians to pass.

While riding in a trolley-car he was delighted until it began to rock, then he promptly jumped off.

His son persuaded him to take an elevator en route to the top of a skyscraper. The "lift" had reached only the second story when the old guide demanded to be let out, remarking: "I will elevate myself up the rest of the way." He climbed the remaining dozen or so flights without a murmur. Upon gaining the roof he gazed about, then having satisfied his curiosity he settled down as if to stay there. His son asked if he was not ready to go down, to which Old Jack replied: "I am going to wait here and hear the angels sing." Such were the eyes through which he viewed

civilization.

During the winter of 1911-1912, the old guide became severely ill from cancer of the intestines. He went to Dover, where he was tenderly cared for, but he suffered terribly. Everything that medical science could do, was done. Temporary relief from pain being obtained, the old mountaineer longed to get back to Passaconaway. He was seriously ill, but stoically bore the pain. No man ever was happier than was he when he kindled the fire once more in the little cozy mountain cottage at Passaconaway. He was home again—home to die.

A week before he passed away we saw him, with shouldered rifle, walking down the Mast Road. Upon our greeting him he stated that he had been up to the top of Mt. Passaconaway before breakfast. This summer he was seen carrying whole tree trunks on his shoulder to be sawed and split for his next winter's fuel. He walked down to the post office two days before his death, and on his last morning, though suffering agonies from the disease which was rapidly sapping his life, he walked to the store; from here medical aid was summoned, but too late. That afternoon, Saturday, July 20, 1912, he passed away.

On Monday following many of us in the intervale turned out to gather wild flowers, evergreens and fir boughs. Loving hands transformed the little school-house into a veritable bower of beauty, evergreens and wild flowers completely covering black-boards and bare walls. The aged guide could not have imagined a more beautiful and appropriate and satisfying set-

ting for his funeral service.

In the afternoon, after a prayer, his body was taken from the little house which had been his home and carried to the schoolhouse. The entire community turned out for the last earthly expression of affection, and even strangers were deeply moved by such a spontaneous outpouring of unfeigned love. After a brief and touching service, conducted by clergymen friends of Old Jack from New York and Chicago, all formed in procession and marched across the street to the little (Russell) cemetery, where the casket was lowered to its last resting place. Nothing could be more beautifully impressive than this summer afternoon scene in the tiny grave-yard, surrounded by his beloved mountains, where stood the sorrowing group of sincere friends with bared heads, gazing reverently upon the flag-covered casket in which reposed the body of their comrade, fellow-citizen and friend.

Thus ended the life of one who really belonged to an earlier type of men. He was of that breed who braved the dangers of the wilderness to help lay the foundation of a great nation. Few indeed are these "oldtimers" remaining to-day.

There was a delightful out-of-door-ness about this man that was infectious and gratifying. Bluff, hearty, brave, loyal, of pronounced convictions and utter frankness, a magnetic sort of a sunbeam was he. His passing took from the valley its most picturesque personality, and the Passaconaway Intervale does not seem quite the same without "dear Old Jack Allen" to welcome us.

CHAPTER XVI

FORTY BELOW ZERO IN PASSACONAWAY-LAND

C-O-N-W-A-Y ! C-O-N-W-A-Y !” Then the red-faced conductor slammed the door and disappeared into the next car ahead. Enveloping ourselves in heavy sheepskin-lined coats, we snatched up our bags and made our way to the platform. Low clouds hung cold and leaden over Chocorua’s snow-capped tooth and the gaunt, leafless forests at its foot. The little station was approaching. Never had I seen it so thronged and so busily humming with excitement as to-day. As the train stopped, the crowd surged down the platform and in the midst—almost suffocated—was a jolly red-coated figure, a blue-hooded Santa Claus.

My chum and I were the only passengers getting off at Conway, and we claimed as ours the trunk which banged down upon the waiting truck. We were met by a swarthy, thin-faced, muscular man bundled up in a heavy red sweater. It was the stage-driver, who, after exchanging greetings, repaired to the livery stable for his mail-coach. While waiting for our Jehu to reappear, we took off our shoes and encased our nether extremities in huge “felts” which we had brought with us, and which are the common winter foot-gear in this region. The next few minutes we

stumped about the waiting-room of the station, clumsily thumping our heavy heels and toes. Didn't we feel foolish and awkward, though! An elephant on roller-skates was graceful as compared to the way we felt, for it was the first time we had ever worn such foot-gear. Our first attempts to navigate in these heavy boots must certainly have been amusing to the farmers, lounging about in the station, but they courteously concealed their mirth from our eyes.

A "Who-o-o-a" announced the return of our driver, so we loaded our baggage into the mail-pung. The driver of the tri-weekly mail-stage from Passaconaway to Conway is entrusted by the few inhabitants of the Albany Intervale with all their shopping errands. Hence, at Christmas-time, his function is that of an assistant Santa Claus. Fond parents smilingly had whispered mysterious secrets into his ear on his way down, and now, piled high in the pung, were dozens of presents, on top of all of which a girl's sled was strapped. We pushed our baggage in among the express parcels, and, finding a narrow valley between two small mountains of packages, we crawled into it and found ourselves on the second seat, where we bundled up in anticipation of the sixteen-mile ride up into the wintry sky. The driver had donned a shaggy bearskin coat, which bade defiance to the marrow-chilling nor'wester which was bearing down upon us. There was a thick crust on the eight inches of snow. The leaden heavens threatened to pour out their wintry wrath upon us at any moment.

Gliding up the street on our way to the Con-

way post office, we passed dozens of merrily jingling sleighs. The people of the whole country-side seemed to be here, doing their Christmas shopping. After a few moments' halt at the post office, we proceeded to the store, where we found awaiting us our provisions, which we had ordered ahead. Then, all errands being finished, our horses turned their heads homeward and we two passengers settled down to the stern business of life.

Parcels to right of us,
Bundles to left of us,
Boxes in front of us,
Wedged us in snugly.

Swiftly down the road we slipped, past the ruins of the chair-factory, past the ball-field, now mournfully draped in a white pall, and through the covered bridge over the Swift we plunged. On our right and ahead of us were the gray, indistinct forms of Kearsarge, Moat and the far-off Presidential Range, while on our left was Chocorua, with its tiny, solitary Peak House at the base of its jagged horn. Along the snow-clad meadows and up to Potter's Farm we flew; just north of this farm we skidded around the corner, took the road to Passaconaway and plunged in among sweet-scented spruces, pines and hemlocks.

The Passaconaway Road is the only highway leading to our little valley. It runs almost directly west, skirting the Swift River. Scarcely had we entered upon this road when a snowflake fell upon my shoulder, then another and another. Small, but hard and

thick, no feathers these, they were more icy, and appeared like bird-shot. A few minutes only and we were buried in a hissing cloud of whirling, spinning and tumbling snow. Sometimes with bowed heads and sometimes with the side of our faces to the snow-laden gale, we bravely fronted the blizzard. These snow "pebbles," driving into our faces, cut and stung like knife-blades.

After facing the keen air some four or five miles, we became ravenously hungry. Opening our lunch-boxes, I offered the driver a large, rosy-cheeked apple, which he accepted. I noticed that he did not seem to eat it very rapidly. On biting into another apple myself, I found it to be frozen as hard as a rock. We attempted a few pork chops. Evidently the cold-storage man had been at work, for they were frozen stiff. Only the boiled eggs and sandwiches were edible and they seemed somewhat ossified. Having satisfied our hunger, I reached for the bottle of hot coffee which I had carefully stowed away in my sheep-skin coat. What was my surprise and disappointment to find that I pulled out only the neck and upper half of the bottle. The other half zealously encircled a solid core of coffee-ice still remaining in the huge pocket.

We tucked away our lunches and settled down for the bitter reality of ten more miles. Let "T. R." talk about "the strenuous life" if he wishes. We certainly lived it that afternoon. We were tucked in so tightly that only with the greatest difficulty could we move, and we were forced to maintain this cramped position for

four mortal hours in the face of a biting blizzard. For it was a blizzard, in good earnest. The swirling snow-clouds were so thick that we could not see fifty feet in any direction.

Ascending the height at Colby Chase's house, we were greeted with a friendly "Hello" from an unseen figure. Then a merry farmer came out to get his mail, jocularly saying: "Snowed out, you be." "Why out?" "Because if you were in the house you'd be snowed in." Having enlightened us as to our status, he disappeared in the direction of the house, bearing the welcome newspapers and a letter or two.

Over the roaring Swift we sped, through the "Half Way Bridge," and then past the Ham Farm at the foot of Spruce Hill. This hill is one of the hardest hills in the state for autoists and is the bane of our valley. It is a long uphill pull of a mile or more. In places where the road narrowed we could just make out the steep embankment, plunging dizzily down to the river far below. At the very top of Spruce Hill we reached the "Devil's Jump." I described it faithfully to my chum Bob—how, on a summer day, one can stand here and, looking across to the opposite bank of the river, behold a sheer precipice, down which, with perfect ease, one might coast in a fry-pan, though to accomplish such a feat in safety none but his traditional Satanic Majesty would be able. Of course I had to tell Bob about the mistake I made when a tiny youngster. One year, when I was four years old, my parents were on their way up to enjoy their annual summering in Passaconaway-land. Reaching the top

of Spruce Hill, we all got out of the mountain-wagon (for the automobile had not yet penetrated our wilderness in those days) to view the Devil's Jump. After gazing across at the frightful ledges, and peering down the steep incline to the river so far below us, my parents returned to the wagon, while I lingered. They called, I refused to come. They inquired the reason. "I want to see the Devil jump. When is the Devil going to jump?" was my reply. But all the scenic wonders at the Devil's Jump had to be taken on faith by Bob on this December day, for not a thing could be seen except blinding snow-swirls.

Clouds of steam rose continuously from the bodies of the toiling horses as they pressed onward. "Hooooo! Hooo! Hu! Hooo!" suddenly shrieked something a few rods ahead. Coming, as it did, out of the depths of the wilderness, it sounded uncanny and almost supernatural. But the next instant the mystery was solved, for there leaped into view, about fifty feet below us and near the river bank, the locomotive of the lumber-train. With a great puffing, rattling and clanging, the train of perhaps thirty little logging-cars, loaded high with snow-covered logs, rushed into view. Almost as quickly as it had come, with a clanking and creaking and squeaking of brakes, it disappeared. Again the brownish-white snow curtain shut out the scenery, and we were once more alone amid a solitude of spinning, driving flakes.

Mile after mile wriggled by under our runners, until finally, when within about five miles of our journey's end, we passed Ellen's Falls, or the Swift River



Photo by J. T. Porcull

ELLEN'S FALLS
(Swift River Falls)

Falls, as they are sometimes called. Had it been a summer day, we should have jumped out of our conveyance and scrambled out over the level white ledges to the very brink of the falls. There a pretty sight greets one, for, as Sweetser says: "The river here plunges downward for a few feet through a series of boiling eddies, and is narrowed into a straight passage between regular and massive granite walls about twenty feet high and several rods long. The stream roars down through this contracted gorge, and overflows it during high water."¹

But to-day, all blizzard-lashed as we are, we cannot tarry for sightseeing. Our driver urges on the horses and soon we reach the deserted houses once tenanted by French lumbermen; next the cheerful lights of the Annis house twinkle out; then we pass the store and Mrs. Colbath's. We are now speeding along on the home-stretch. In the darkness we leave behind the Loring bungalow and Jack Allen's last home. Presently the Hill Farm slips by, and now the hospitable lights of the Passaconaway House twinkle forth. Our long ride is ended and we are still alive. Here at the little hotel we find awaiting us light and warmth and a welcome from beloved neighbors. Without delay we are seated at a bountiful table and our plates are heaped high with steaming food.

After supper we spent a pleasant hour in conversation. The genial postmaster showed us his stuffed lynx which had been shot a few months before. Several other "trophyies of the chase," all taken in our

¹ Osgood's *White Mountains*, 342.

intervale, were also in evidence, among them being deer-heads, a big hen hawk, and an owl, all beautifully mounted.

Realizing that the sooner we got our cottage warmed up and the trunk unpacked the sooner we might go to bed, we regretfully bade our hosts "Good-night" and trudged across the road, knee-deep in snow, to "Score-o'-Peaks." We had borrowed a lantern and a pail of water. We carried the trunk in from the porch, where the stage-driver had deposited it, and then lighted every oil-lamp in the house. With the thermometer registering eighteen below zero out of doors, needless to say we started a fire in "double quick" time, and in a few minutes the grateful glow of two red-hot stoves added to our cheer, and we discarded our heavy wraps as the frail summer-cottage warmed up.

After unpacking the trunk, we next turned our attention to the making of the bed. There were two double beds in our chambers. We placed the two mattresses upon the bed in the room above the kitchen. Then spreading two pairs of blankets beneath, and four pairs on top of our woolen sheets, and laying several folded quilts at the foot of the bed, we contentedly gazed upon our handiwork, and then went down to get warm before turning in.

We tucked away our provisions in convenient nooks and, drawing the table up as close to the stove as possible, we spread the remainder of our lunches upon it. Bob and I partook, with a relish, of toasted bread and hot malted milk. Among other edibles, a bottle

of olives, hitherto unopened, "went the way of all the earth." Our lunches had been put up with the idea in view of lasting us three or four meals. Completing a most satisfactory lunch, we replaced in the box the half-frozen pork-chops, *hard*-boiled eggs, brittle sandwiches, and a mince pie which, in its present condition, would have made a good harrow roller-blade. Before retiring we nailed a thermometer to a piazza-post, placed the pail of water between the cook-stove and chimney, stuffed the stoves with huge chunks of wood and climbed the stairs.

Upon Bob's suggestion, we brought upstairs our fur-lined caps. Full of joyful anticipation of the experiences which the future had in store, pulling our cap flaps well down over our faces, we soon were lost to the world, being transported to the "Land of the Mountaineer."

"B-r-r-r, boom!" A snowslide, which sounded as if it would rip off the whole side of the roof, awakened us with a start. We pulled up over us all the quilts at the foot of the bed. We could almost see the cold. The wind was rattling the windows and doors, so that they sounded like the continuous chatter of Gatling guns. The constant roar of the wind told of the gale without and in such a racket sleep was out of the question. Chocorua stood out black and jagged over the broad tract of snow-capped hackmatacks.

The cold had stopped our time-pieces. Bob remarked that the sun didn't rise so early here as in the Bay State and that it might be well to get breakfast before evening. So, after much hesitation, we counted

a shivering "One, two, and—and—thre-eee." Before we had time to think better of our decision we were dressed in clothes, which felt as if they had lain on a sheet of ice for days. Talk about cold—frigid—there actually was ice in the bottom of our "felts"! For the next few minutes we hobbled about in frozen boots, but at length they thawed out and recovered their suppleness.

Shivering and wringing our blue hands, we coaxed our smoldering fire into life and soon a flame shot up from the embers. The dismembered parts of our provision box, the only wood we now had inside the cottage, went into the stove, and leaving Bob as chef to prepare the breakfast I set out, shovel in hand, to excavate the summer wood-pile from the snow-drift. It was not yet broad daylight. Groping about in the semi-darkness, I began to realize how cold it was. Brisk exercise kept me perfectly comfortable, but how frosty the hackmatacks, how arctic the mountains, and how quiet and cold the intervale itself appeared!

The sky gradually grew brighter and, as I was carrying in the last snow-caked armful of wood, Old Sol's welcome face appeared over Paugus. We placed the sticks behind and under the stove to dry and sat down to a hearty meal of steamed baked beans and coffee. Before the meal was over I noticed that the unconsumed beans were coated with white and that they had frozen solid while we were eating. The butter and the water in the pail were also frozen solid.

Breakfast over, we soon had the dishes washed. Next we made the bed and swept the floor. Every

time we opened our back door, which faces the west, the wind would send a shower of snow across the floor. This, as well as the snow which we tracked in, never melted during our entire stay.

The wind had swept the sky clear of clouds, and the day was a perfect one. At short intervals, gusts of wind would come sweeping down from Mt. Hancock. We could follow the progress of these gusts as they swept over the mountains, for, from each peak as the wind struck it, a tiny cloud of snow would rise somewhat resembling the banner-cloud of the Matterhorn.

Contrasted with the dark pines, the snow seemed even whiter and more glistening than I ever had seen it before. Passaconaway, whose snow-clad slide pierces its very heart, loomed up supreme. Then, too, the dark, bluish-green northern peaks formed a beautiful and restful background for the sparkling meadow in the foreground. The ledge-capped mountains, Tremont, Owl's Head, Potash, Bald, and Chocorua, were gorgeous, especially when the sun struck certain cliffs at just the right angle, making them scintillate like gems of the first magnitude. The long stretches of pine forest mantled with snow added the finishing touches to this wonderful picture, a sight never to be erased from one's memory.

A day of such rare qualities must be made the most of. So, with rifle and compass, we started out for Allen's Ledge. When the ground is bare we can make this ledge in three-quarters of an hour. On the uncertain crust, however, we spent thirty minutes in crossing the field before even striking into the woods.

In the woods, the walking was even worse. For a few steps the crust would bear us up, and then down we would go to a depth of a foot or two. The snow had covered all the bushes and completely obliterated the path. But, plunging into the woods at Camp Comfort, we started on the climb. It was not long before our heavy sheep-skin coats became uncomfortably heavy and hot. The toilsome ascent in the soft snow made us pant and we ate snow to cool off.

After we had gone quite a distance, it seemed to me that we were too far to the westward. So we changed our course, going in a more easterly direction. This was a mistake. Had we continued but a few rods farther on our original course, we should have reached our goal. Instead of doing this, however, what we really did was to "slab" the side of Hedgehog in a southeasterly direction. By and by, we saw, through the leafless trees, a high ridge above us. With fresh courage we dashed up the heights until we came out upon the top. Here, to our surprise, we found that, instead of being on Allen's Ledge, we were on top of Hedgehog, a mountain of respectable height—especially if climbed in a deep snow with "felts" on. One comes to appreciate the height of these summits after he actually has ascended them. We drank in the refreshing air, studied the view as best we could, and noted the abundance of fresh deer tracks all about.

About noon we heard a distant yet clear jingling of sleigh-bells and, upon looking down into the Downes Brook Valley, we could see a road far below us, running parallel with the brook. We descended

rather laboriously to this road. In going down-hill our "felts" went down easily enough, but pulling them out of the snow for the next step was a different proposition. At last we reached the "Downes Brook Tote Road." It was Sunday, but sleighs and pungs bobbed to and fro, and we met scores of pedestrians.

Rounding a turn in the road, we came upon a few tar-paper shanties. The walls were of logs, locked together at the corners of the buildings. The doors, roofs, and in one or two cases the entire cabin, were covered with tarred paper. Leaves, dirt, and snow were banked tightly around the sills to keep out the wind. From a chimney made out of a nail-keg smoke curled upwards. From the fragrant odors issuing through the open door of this building we knew it must be the kitchen or cook-room of the camp. In front of several of the shanties were little groups of lumbermen, sitting on boxes, bags or overcoats, playing cards in the bright sunshine. A short distance down the road we turned around and took a picture of the camp, but only one cabin came out well in the photograph.

We reached our piazza about three o'clock. The fire was quickly re-kindled and, putting the kettle, half full of ice, on the stove, we set the table. Bob had some baked beans and I, for a change, had half a dozen slices of bacon, slightly blackened by the hot fire. That evening we sat up long enough to get the two stoves red hot. Then, placing the water-pail between them and casting an anxious look at the mercury, we turned in.

Dark clouds were skimming across the frigid sky and the wind had risen again. Remembering how cold it had been the night before, I placed the sleeping-bag under the mountain of bed-clothes and crawled into it. The harder the wind blew and the more violently the little house shook, the more we enjoyed our adventure. We were tired after our day of trudging through the snow and soon fell asleep.

Monday morning dawned intensely cold. A blizzard was raging, and nothing, not even the row of hackmatacks, close at hand, was visible. It was like being in a boat enveloped in a thick fog, for not even the white fields about us could be seen. The snow drove against our little cottage as if determined to penetrate its walls.

We remained in bed until noon, when, "tired of resting," we mustered up our courage enough to jump out. The two fires were barely smoldering. The water-pail contained a solid piece of ice, and the thermometer affirmed that the temperature was fourteen below. Each cooked his own meal. Bob again dined on beans. I fried a good mess of onions. Each drank two cups of coffee.

We played checkers awhile. Then Bob drew cartoons on postcards to send home by the next mail, while I sat by admiringly. About two o'clock a loud thumping and stamping on the porch announced a welcome visitor. In walked Tom S——, a congenial neighbor of our own age. This injected new life into our drooping spirits, and even if the wind did sift

in through innumerable cracks, we managed, by hugging the stove, to have a mighty good time and to keep a laugh from freezing. In the midst of our jollity we heard another pounding and in walked the postmaster, young Mr. P——. I tell you there is not everybody who is honored in the midst of a mountain blizzard with a call from a member of the Great and General Court of New Hampshire. What a good chat we had! All too soon, however, this congenial little party was broken up, for at dark, about half-past four, our companions left for their homes.

About half-past six Bob and I sat down to our supper, a delicious meal of fried onions, chipped beef, deviled ham and coffee. Coffee was one thing we could make to perfection. Then, recalling the ancient saying that "a poor excuse is better than none," we set out for the hotel to "mail our letters." The warmth of the hotel was equal to that of Saturday night and we did hate to leave, a couple of hours later. Here we could take off our "mits" and have no fear of blue fingers. We listened to stories of the valley until our consciences told us that it was high time to return to the cottage.

Although it was not so cold as on the previous night, we went to bed in the midst of a noise like that of bedlam. The windows, doors, and very roof creaked and rattled and seemed to be straining at every nail to free themselves from their iron fetters. The whistling of the cold wind and the straining of the house reminded me of the experience of the party

which spent a winter on Mount Washington.² The members of that party found that the noise of the incessant wind became an almost unbearable strain upon the nerves.

A warm, dazzling sun beating into our faces, woke us next morning. The sun was so welcome, the wind so still and the bed clothes so warm that we had nothing to rouse us from our perfect contentment. We just lay there, as Harry Lauder says, "doing nothin' and wasting our time." About half-past ten a thumping and pounding told us that "Jim" was there, but bed was too inviting. We watched him drive up the Old Mast Road and bring back to our piazza several sled-loads of wood, before we felt in duty bound to get up and greet him.

Although not the perfect day of Sunday, yet it gladdened a pair of campers' hearts. The deep snow glittered, and every little while the wind would sweep it across the valley in a cloud and would rattle the snow against the house and windows like hail. All day long we could see the mountains flying their white flags.

The mercury registered twenty-four below. We lost no time in piling up the wood which "Jim" had brought. While reaching above his head, Bob accidentally knocked down a package of butter. With a resounding thud it struck the floor. But the butter was so solidly frozen that the floor made no impression upon it. Whenever we needed butter for imme-

² See Mount Washington in Winter, by J. H. Huntington and others.

diate use, we would cut off a corner by hammering a knife through the lump.

On the eastern end of the porch, partially sheltered from the wind and blowing snow, we engaged in a shooting-match, spending a portion of the morning thus. The guns were scarcely cleaned and oiled when Tom put in an appearance. In the afternoon it commenced to snow hard again. Jim came over and regaled us with stories. The hours slipped away enjoyably, though not comfortably, for it was bitingly cold in spite of the two fires in the house. Jim left at dark, but Tom and I got to reminiscing, narrating anecdotes and swapping "Old Jack" stories.

Loath to break up our conversation, Bob had volunteered to go over to the Passaconaway House for the mail and water. The mail goes and comes every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Unfortunately he brought back news that we must return the next day. Under such conditions a bed seemed welcome, so after Tom left, at midnight, I retired. The mercury was see-sawing around the thirty-below mark and the wind seemed to penetrate to our very vitals.

Bob had received several very interesting letters and remained a few minutes to read them. At length he came upstairs and had just put on his pajamas when I reminded him that he had not extinguished the lamp downstairs. Down he went, bare-footed, on the frosty stairs and floor, blew out the light and scampered upstairs "as fast as two Jack-rabbits." For a long time after I could hear him tossing and turning in an endeavor to warm his feet.

Wednesday morning was as clear as a bell and cold—thirty-five degrees below zero tells the story! After a hot breakfast we packed the trunk. Then, taking the camera, we struck across the field to the lumber-railroad. On previous days we had seen the smoke of the engines as they plied back and forth, but, except in very few places, they were hidden from us by the huge banks the snow-plow had thrown up. In places we could walk easily, but just as we were about to think how fortunate we were, down we would go, the full length of our leg, and even then not reach the solid ground. In the fields the average depth of snow was at least four feet; while at the edge of the woods drifts about the pines and spruces were far higher than our heads. These little hills of sparkling white to the northwestward of every little tree presented a beautiful picture. Wherever it was possible, we kept in the valleys or the hollow spaces between these snow-dunes, but often we were forced to cross a drift and that was a task long to be remembered, but not to be unnecessarily repeated. We would sink so deep at every step that it was all but impossible to extricate ourselves from the soft snow. Upon reaching the ridge made by the snow-plow we nearly came to a standstill. So soft and deep was this ridge that the more we struggled to force our way through it, the deeper we sank. Once or twice we fell down. Perseverance at length won and we stepped out upon the smooth road-bed.

Locomotive "No.2" stood before us, lazily steaming and smoking, a mere toy as compared with the



Photo by J. T. Porcell

FORTY BELOW ZERO

huge locomotives such as whisk our "Twentieth Century" trains along; but, for a dwarf, it is a powerful little kettle and strong and fast enough for this humpy little railroad. We took several snapshots of Tom's brother, the brakeman, the engine, and of each other perched on the unique logging cars. We followed the track for half a mile or more and then returned.

The thermometer was taken down, we washed up (for the first time since coming into the *intervale*), got into our city clothes, and, locking up, bade adieu to the dear little cottage, and waded over to the hotel for dinner.

While we were dressing up, Fred Sawyer's pung, from Conway, swung into the hotel driveway. Because of our hasty departure we could procure no conveyance in the neighborhood and, therefore, had communicated with Mr. Sawyer by telephone. We all sat down to a piping hot dinner, served with a salad of stories. I recall only one of these stories. In substance it was as follows:—"Not long ago there came a couple of stormy days, followed by a holiday and a Sunday. After three days of loafing the lumberjacks sat back in their chairs and refused to work on Sunday. The boss, a little man, noted for his energy and efficiency, came in and delivered an ultimatum to the effect that the company had been paying out large sums of money to feed them all the while they had been loafing, so that to-day they must get out and work, even if it was the Sabbath. Several of the 'half-way' men went to work, but the others, great surly giants, never left their places by the stove.

The boss informed them that he would give them just five minutes to go to work. Not one of them had stirred when the fourth minute had passed, whereupon the little man procured from the storehouse a stick of dynamite and a piece of fuse. Placing these under the cabin and lighting the fuse, he informed the mutineers of their situation. In the wink of an eye the camp was emptied and with shouldered axes the recalcitrants hastened to their work. Calmly the boss stamped out the lighted fuse and put the dynamite back into the storehouse."

After dinner we bade our generous hosts "Good-bye until next summer," and, bundling up warmly, were soon whisked down the road, round the turn, and the hotel was lost to view. I don't think I ever rode behind a finer pair of horses than on that downward trip. They kept up a steady, swift gait for the whole sixteen miles. Up-hill and down-hill and around curves we fairly flew. Now we were balancing at the Devil's Jump, as if pausing for a new start down the other side of Spruce Hill. At length the Ham Farm was reached and from here on we reeled off mile after mile of wriggling road.

Yet none too quickly did we travel. So clear was it that almost every tree on the mountains was visible. But the cold was indescribably biting. My foot seemed to be asleep, and Bob's nose and chin were beginning to look chalky. By stamping my feet I was able to revive them, and by continually clenching my mittened fists and driving them deep into my pockets I could keep them from stiffening. I noticed that my companion was

similarly occupied. But for the cold we might have enjoyed this wonderful ride. Vainly did I try to point out Washington and several of the other noted peaks, but all to no avail; my chum would not even turn his stiff neck to view them. At length he remarked that all the information he desired was to know just how far we were from the station.

At W. Colby Chase's we saw his cattle standing in four feet of snow, all huddled together and emitting clouds of steam. From Mr. Chase's we had a fine view of the Peak House, perched high up on the icy ridge which runs up into Chocorua's jagged tooth.

Now we pounded and thumped our benumbed limbs and now, like tortured martyrs, we patiently endured the cold. If only we could have gotten out and walked for a stretch—but we had no time to lose if we were to catch the train for Boston.

There never existed a more thankful pair than we were when we rounded Potter's Farm and pranced down the streets of Conway towards the station. Although the ride down from Passaconaway took only two hours, the ride up in the blizzard had been a negligible quantity compared with this cold. On the following morning the thermometers reached forty-six degrees below zero in the mountain region, and during our ride it must have been forty below. After entering the train we found Bob's face to be slightly frost-bitten. My heel did not get thawed out much before we reached Portsmouth.

It is long after dark when our train pulls into the North Station, Boston. Once more we are home from

the mountains. But how different has this trip been from those with which hitherto we have been familiar—our annual summer pilgrimages! And now, having returned in safety from our winter expedition of nineteen-hundred-and-almost-froze-to-death, let us bid adieu, until next July, to Passaconaway and to Passaconaway-land in the White Mountains.

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